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Pennsylvania Angler

JANUARY, 1968

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THE FUTURE—

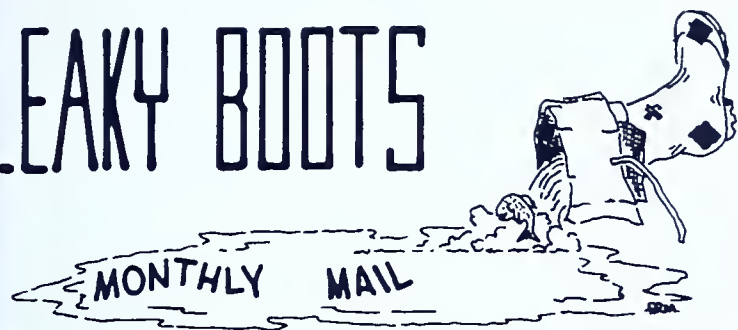
Your January ANGLER ushers in not only the New Year but also a new editor. Tom Egger, a former Penn Stater and news writer and staff photographer-writer for the past year, has moved into the ANGLER editorial position, succeeding George Forrest.

ANGLER readers will be pleased to know that George will continue as our Chief of Public Relations and Conservation Education. A quick look back points up the startling fact that George Forrest has edited the ANGLER for almost 15 years, with only a brief period out during a prolonged illness. All of us with the Fish Commission thank and commend George for the hundreds of wonderful ANGLER issues he has so painstakingly presented over the years.

Looking ahead to coming editions of the ANGLER, we predict a steady series of changes in an effort to bring you more direct information about our fishing and boating programs, our problems, accomplishments and plans for the future. Another proposed feature will be a monthly editorial on matters of serious concern to fishermen, boaters, conservationists and outdoor enthusiasts.

It's pleasant to reminisce and to look over the past but the excitement of our lives lies in the present and in the future. We believe the future of fishing and boating recreation in Pennsylvania never has looked brighter. All of us on the Commission staff look forward to helping shape that future and to reporting it to you in your copy of the ANGLER.—Robert J. Bielo, Executive Director.

LEAKY BOOTS



HOW TO CATCH FISH

Sir:

I see on page one of the November issue of the "Angler" that you have a booklet titled "How to Catch Fish in Fresh Water."

In view of my record this past summer I am sure I would profit by having and reading a copy so please send me one.

Also please tell me who the warden is for this district so I can ask him about your "Fishing Schools."

Alex. Crawford, Jr., Haverford

We DID have a booklet titled "How to Catch Fish in Fresh Water." Our supply has been depleted and, according to George Forrest, Commission Public Relations Director, no more can be obtained from the Fishermen's Information Bureau which published it. Sorry!

On our map Haverford appears to be in Delaware County so the man you want to contact is Ray Bednarchik, R.D. 1, Glenmore. His phone number is 215-942-2830. His "Fishing Schools" are fun, and should help you catch more fish!

GOLDFISH CONTRADICTION?

Dear Sir:

On page 10 of the November Pennsylvania Angler I read where they are spawning goldfish at the Linesville Hatchery in Crawford County for the purpose of feeding muskies and northern pike.

On page 10 of the 1967 Fishing Regulations and Summary of the laws it reads: Prohibited Bait, goldfish and carp may not be used for bait.

What is the meaning of this? To me one is contradicting the other.

Yours truly

Charles F. Stout, Nescopeck

There's no contradiction. The goldfish being raised at Linesville are not being used for bait—instead they're being used as a food supply for young muskies and north-erns. In the past—and even now—fathead minnows have provided a large part of the diet for these muskies and north-erns. However, expanding production and better survival has made it necessary to seek an increased food supply for them.

Goldfish are prolific spawners and spawning can be controlled, as the article states—providing a constant and increased food source.

In no sense of the word are they being used as a bait for the catching of muskies or north-erns (it should be pointed out that these muskies and north-erns being fed are usually not more than an inch or two long).

CANOE

Gentlemen:

Attached is a gift subscription order. Also I would like to thank you for the fine article in the November issue on "The Canoe" by Ed Atts. I would like to see more articles on canoes as most people don't realize how much fun they can be and what a good fishing craft they really are.

I think the biggest drawback to a canoe is that the user won't take time to learn how to use them. They rent one (without any experience in handling it), then have an unwieldy experience floundering around and swear—never again!

The secret lies in the proper use of the paddle and proper loading. You could do readers a real service by suggesting they get a copy and read the excellent publication by The American Red Cross titled "Canoeing" before trying one out.

We combine cruising in the canoe with fishing. The sport of a lively run through rapids or just plain sightseeing combined with a period of restful, relaxing fishing can make for variety in a day's outing.

If fast water is to be considered the canoeist would do well to order a copy of "A Whitewater Handbook for Canoe and Kayak" from the Appalachian Mountain Club at 5 Joy Street, Boston, Mass., 02108—and read it to keep out of trouble.

Another interesting publication for the canoeist and fisherman in the western part of the state is "Canoeing Guide to Western Pennsylvania" published by the Pittsburgh Council, American Youth Hostels, Inc., 6300 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh 15232. Unfortunately the "Canoe Routes" publication put out by the Department of Forests and Waters is very sketchy and not very useful.

Another excellent source of canoe information is the American Canoe Association, 1217 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia 19123.

Ask them for a list of "Canoe Source Material."

We who like to fish and like peace and quiet away from the high horsepower boys say thanks for the November article and we'll be looking for more.

Ed Holloway, Sharon

Anyone who has ever been dumped from a canoe in fast, cold water would probably be most happy to read something like "A Whitewater Handbook for Canoe and Kayak."

Anyway thanks for all the information and keep an eye open for our May issue. We hope to have more about this growing sport.

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BANGOR AREA SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL—One of the many schools contacted by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. To the left in the background can be seen the Delaware Water Gap.

EDUCATION

NEW PROGRAM HELPS SCHOOLS

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL CHILDREN are getting a chance to expand their knowledge and interests in the world of water under a relatively new program being conducted by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

Commission representative John Ogden of the Public Relations Division has been contacting high school principals, school librarians, biology teachers and other school officials for the past year presenting information about commission activities and available educational material.

"Most of the school officials I've contacted have been more than pleased with our school oriented programs and materials," Ogden says as he reflects about his work.

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DR. TREVOR WILLIAMS, principal of the Bangor School listens as Pennsylvania Fish Commission representative John Ogden explains publications available from the Commission.



ON TOUR of school, Dr. Williams, Ogden, Stan Paulakovich and Board member C. Williams.



LIBRARIAN Florence Giaquinto and School Board member Charles Williams go through copies of publications with Ogden.

by STEVE SZALEWICZ

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE . . .

Ten years ago this month, printer and outdoor writer Steve Szalewicz started writing a story about the oil boom era in northwestern Pennsylvania of 100 years earlier. Szalewicz, now night composing room foreman for the Venango Newspapers Inc., and outdoor editor of the Franklin News-Herald and Titusville Herald, says he became interested in the bygone oil activities as he fished favorite streams such as Oil Creek, the Allegheny River, and wild Pithole Creek where occasional traces of this interesting past could be found.

Historically correct, it is based on research Szalewicz did in the dusty files of many now defunct newspapers of the era.

Published in booklet form at the time of its completion a week before the opening of trout season in 1958, PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER readers can now read the complete serialization beginning this month and continuing through April.

We enjoyed it—we think you will—just read the first chapter!



BOOM DAYS when practically overnight hundreds of wooden derricks sprung up to pump "Black Gold."

Chapter One

ANNIE SHULTZ squeaked open the door on her shanty in the wilderness above Stewart Run in Venango County. She expected to be swallowed in the blackness. It was two hours after sundown. Through the night she would run quickly, sure-stepped a hundred paces to the shed. Inside her husband, Frederick, attended a cow that gave promise of dropping a calf before morning.

She knew the path. Annie had made many runs to the shed on other nights. Always a sliver of light greeted her when she approached half-way. No matter whether Fred hung the oil lantern on a nail above his forge or placed it beside his milking stool, its smoky fingers punched through the slits caused by warping pine planks. Fred worked late many nights—to sharpen the axes and fashion digging tools with which he waged a daily battle with the forest. Down crashed virgin white pine, defiant black oaks and squat beeches. Chestnut trees were spared where possible in the clearing around his home and shed. Their sweet nuts were a delicacy. He threatened to lay the other trees down one by one. Then with his oxen he would tear the woody innards out of the sandy, black soil, burn the roots and tree tops and scatter the rich ashes, and encourage the sun to warm his seed. On this wooded plateau on a hill west of the tall timber of Tionesta in Western Pennsylvania Fred dreamed of his farm—to surpass the lands his father had hewn out of a similar wilderness near Fryburg, 25 miles to the southeast. The year was 1866. The month was February. In two years, so occupied, the Shultzes had blazed only two paths. The other followed an old deer trail along the shoulder of a hill above roaring Stewart and brought them their needs from the outside world. A mile south of their shanty ran, east to west, a logging road known as the O'Donovan Trail.

Fortunes could be made in each direction. Four miles to the east lumbermen assaulted what in those years were considered endless stands of hemlock, pine, oak, beech, ash, hickory and sycamore. The bottomlands for miles up Tionesta Creek were piled high with logs. Six miles to the west of the Shultz home through Pithole and on to Plumer, Miller Farm,

Titusville, Pleasantville the earth rumbled as men beat and punctured its sands for flowing black gold—oil. The Shultzes spurned oil and lumber. They would be farmers. And having made a choice, they beat of necessity a path between the shed and the shanty. Two years ago in Petroleum Center, 10 miles west in the valley of Oil Creek, Annie O'Brien, maid in the Central House and before that an adventurous lass from western New York state, met and married Fred, an oil teamster who left his father's farm in Clarion County. They escaped from the backwash of Petroleum Center, soon to become a "wild city, without government, without a conscience and with the devil himself sitting on its steep hillsides."

And now on this night of February 8, 1866, expecting blackness pricked with bright stars, Annie was bathed instead in the red glow to the west.

"Mother of God!" she gasped. It was an eerie light. The sky appeared to be burning and boiling above her.

"Another fire at Pithole," she said softly and made a sign of the cross.

Now she knew. But a few months ago, in October, 1865, under a similar crimson reflection in night clouds she quaked. It was the Day of Judgment sure, she thought then. For three days she kept her fears to herself. She was relieved that it was Sam Haslett, trapper and hunter, who appeared out of the wilderness and not a messenger bearing a summons from the Lord. The fire was at Pithole City, Sam knew from wagoners on the log road. Twelve wells burned, including the famous Grant Well—a fountain of petroleum that in its first outburst produced 450 barrels of oil in a day.

This was Pithole's first big fire. After that followed other blazes illuminating the skies to the west of the Shultz home. Pithole was burning, shanty by shanty, rig by rig, oil tank by oil tank, hotel by hotel. Her 15,000 people were leaving. Soon only ashes would remain. It was a punishment, thought Annie. And in each instance she quaked with the thought that each terrifying fire was the signal for the end of the world. How was she to know otherwise? Each following dawn she would promise

herself to take Fred away from the axe and get him to church in Titusville or to the new "Irish church" as the trapper had described a Catholic building just dedicated in Pithole. In her greatest fears she recalled the words of her mother: "Always remember the Day of Judgment is coming, Annie. Don't let the time catch you too far or too long from the sacraments."

She hesitated in the red glow as in a self-imposed penance. She remembered that the trapper had mentioned an O'Donovan family. They lived on the Trail, two miles away, and Mrs. O'Donovan had the same kind of "peculiar" statue of the Blessed Virgin that the Shultzes had in their shanty.

So old Sam said.

When the log road hardened and the day lengthened, she now promised under the red sky to visit Mrs. O'Donovan. Perhaps together they might light a candle and say the Rosary. These were wicked days. And Annie and Fred both had known and seen all the wickedness in the cradle of oil—in the valley of Oil Creek between Titusville and Oil City. She tightened a wool scarf about her ears. If the trumpets should sound she would not hear.

"Hail Mary, full of grace..." she repeated audibly and ran toward the shed stumbling, almost falling at the "Amen" within the yellow circle of the oil lantern.

Chapter Two

IF IT COULD have been done at a profit, Abraham Shalof would have carried an oil lantern. Now its yellow beams would pry aside the darkness of the long, lonely road leading from Pleasantville to Pithole City. The night was also the same February night that terrified Annie Shultz. And it was the same red sky, except that the glow was much stronger, nearer and directly south of Shalof. Not a thought of a judgment entered Shalof's mind. He was almost thankful—for whatever was burning in Pithole again made a heavenly beacon, with its crimson plumes bouncing off the clouds and illuminating the muddy woods-road.

Abraham was a pack peddler. Afoot he traveled through the oil towns of northeastern Venango County. Through Pleasantville, Pithole City, Oleopolis and Eagle Rock he made a regular pilgrimage of small profits. Early that morning he had walked out of Titusville. His first selling visits would be made at Pleasantville, six miles east and uphill. His morning pace was fresh, quick and anxious. But he soon slowed to a slog. Oil wagons, their destination either the depot at Titusville or Corry, came at him with abused, leaking barrels sloshing oil onto the road, now quickly turning into a lane of mud. Downhill came the wagon trains, sometimes forty wagons passing without a break in the moving segment. Abraham was forced off the road—to wait. The road turned into a slippery, odorous paste—a double rut of floating oil and water with a high crown of horse manure. For three steps ahead Abraham was penalized one. Each step soon became a torture. But Abraham had long ago learned to accept torture. And as to manure, now he had it underfoot. Five years ago every youngster in the village of Yanow in Poland pelted him with dried horse dung. At least he did not have those brats at his heels shouting, "Zyd... Zyd... Jew... Jew," and the village curs did not nip at his trousers.

Five years ago he arrived in Titusville to live with his brother. Since the cold weather came on the sixth day of November and the first snow limited his selling ventures to the city, he looked toward the cleared plateaus and steep ridges to the east and to his customers. He gambled that the thaw of the first week of February had broken winter's tight hold. Temporarily at least the snow was gone except where the sun could not reach it under thick stands of evergreens on the northern slopes.

Now he was on his way to show the wares he had accumulated during the winter, to sell everyday necessities, the wooden combs, needles, thimbles, thread, buttons, scissors, new linen kerchiefs, Holy Bibles and the crosses to bury with the dead. His pack glistened. But it was bulky and heavy, and the straps cut into his shoulders. Business was good in Pleasantville. Three new oil wells had been drilled into the healthy soil of the airy community. But the village which once boasted of the "purest air" in Pennsylvania was now inhaling whiffs of pungent petroleum gas. The three new wells produced some oil, another street, more leaning shacks, new customers. And one Abram James claimed that some day a spirit would guide his hand to a fabulous oil strike. He waited on the spirit and the moment while others punched deep holes that produced only weak sputters of oil.

Shalof prospected the new street, his hand-bell resounding between the shanties. Women called him in and for them and for wide-eyed children he unrolled a new-smelling oilcloth and revealed his treasures, each piece wrapped carefully. Many times the peddler rolled and unrolled his wares. He stopped often. "You like, you want, I bring," were his limited but best selling phrases. They sold hair clips here, buttons there and promised that orders would be delivered in two weeks unless winter returned. The bell tired unused muscles in his elbow and hand, the ringing pounded his ears. He wrapped the noisy cone tightly into the oilcloth, already cracked and wrinkled, to muffle the clang. Tomorrow, as he worked the streets of Pithole City, he would listen to it again.

By mid-afternoon Abraham had canvassed Pleasantville. He left. Four miles directly south he would cross the Franklin-to-Warren turnpike. After that, two miles of twisting, narrow road would drop him over a brow of a hill near the Morey House in Pithole City. He should arrive as dusk settled on oil tanks and derricks and supper was being served. He longed for Boston cod cakes. But he was delayed time and again as wagon after wagon forced him to wait by the side of the road. All wagons and carts were loaded with oil barrels going out and passengers and furniture, flour and oil barrels coming to Pithole City.

None offered a seat for the Jew with the bundle. An hour before sundown the overhanging canopy of immense pines and hemlocks lining both sides of the road had already closed out the traces of daylight. Abraham wished for a lantern. But a lantern would lessen his payload. The interval between wagons lengthened with the shadows. The road became deserted, lonely. He recalled how frightened and panicked he became on his first walk down this same road last October. On that day very few wagons appeared to be moving.

Abraham was amusing himself with pleasant thoughts about the comfortable profits he had collected that day in Pleasantville and of the orders he had accepted. Someday soon he would need a cart. After the cart might come a place of business like brother Sam had in Titusville. But first he must pay Sam for the ship passage to America. He was a happy man that October day. In Pleasantville, however, there had been much talk about bears. It had a bear habitat. They were seen foraging in the streets and in the fields on the outskirts. The blackberry crop had been heavy. Farmers had cut bee trees, and the bears were pawing up the waxy remnants. And then Abraham thought he had heard a growl. A bear's growl. It came again and Abraham looked back quickly over his pack and stepped up his pace. He was sure that he saw a bear. Almost so sure that he was ready to toss his precious pack as he started running. Fleeing and trembling, he flashed one last look at the beast before he dumped his fortunes. A big black dog was within three bounds. When Abraham stopped, the dog stopped. It turned, with tail low. The peddler drove the shaggy creature away with a hastily scooped-up clod.

Abraham laughed now. Distracted on this February day, he had given so much thought to profits and bears and the darkness that he passed the intersection of the Warren Pike and was swinging downhill on the twisting road before he became aware of the red sky. Before him lay yet a landmark known as the "Tight Pinch." Then in half an hour he would be at the Morey House, one of the best of Pithole's many hotels. Under gas-light, with steam heat to reclaim his half-frozen feet, he would examine his orders, count his profits. They should be sufficient to pay for sleep on a spring mattress. Shalof ate wisely, slept well...the few luxuries he permitted himself. If he were to be a future businessman, he wanted to be healthy also.

Two huge boulders, as big and bigger than many oil town shanties, loomed up before him. This was the Tight Pinch. The road came between them. Only one wagon could go through at a time. There was no room for a wagon to pull off and let another by. Neither could the road be rebuilt and rerouted to avoid the squeeze. On each side of the boulders nature had thrust up a long, rocky belt, impassable by horse and wagon. Teamsters raced each other to see who would squeeze into the pass first. If the line of wagons and horses, nose to tail gate, heading north with oil barrels got into the Tight Pinch, the southbound trains with empty barrels must wait. On some days, with breakdowns and bogdowns, the wait seemed to last for hours. Tempers flared, profanity flourished, fists flew in the Tight Pinch.

continued on page 24

ICE FISHING—A FROZEN LAKE WITH HOLES IN IT, ATTENDED BY MANIACS—ANONYMOUS YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY, BUT—

by JIM HAYES

MY FRIEND HENRY had been off work all week with a severe case of the flu. One evening I dropped in to wish him a speedy recovery.

When I arrived, he was sitting in the refrigerator. He was wearing only his underwear. He had both feet immersed in a tub of ice water. An electric fan was blowing cool air over him.

"I'm glad you stopped in," he said. "I'm getting in shape to go ice fishing. My wife thinks I'm crazy. Maybe you can explain to her how it is."

I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't help him out. All my life, I've been trying to figure out "how it is" with ice fishermen. I'm no closer to an understanding than Henry's wife.

Ice—frozen water—has many uses. On hot summer days when I was a kid, we used to run after the ice wagon and beg small chunks of ice to suck on.

Ice is marvelous to skate on. It's unexcelled for chilling beer. When you are going on a weekend fishing trip, you can load a cooler full of ice to keep your food and drinks cold. If there's any ice left when you go home, you can put your fish in the cooler.

My favorite use for ice is to fill a tall glass with ice cubes, pour in several jiggers of a favorite fluid, add a touch of pineapple juice, and fill the glass to the top with club soda or ginger ale.

I like to sit in the backyard with a tall glass in my hand and swish it to and fro, listening to the ice cubes tinkling against the sides of the glass.

Some people like Bach and Brahms. Others attend grand opera or symphony concerts. I maintain that the sound of ice tinkling against the sides of a tall glass is the sweetest music known to man.

I love ice. I also love to go fishing. But what one has to do with the other is a mystery to me.

I have nothing against winter sports. Skiing is a marvelous excuse for drinking hot-buttered rum. I can think of nothing more invigorating than to stand in front of a blazing fireplace and look out the picture window at ice skaters pirouetting on a frozen pond.

But what is it with ice fishermen?

Every winter, my friend Roger Latham and a group of friends drive seven hours to a frozen lake in Ontario. For two days they sit in a six-by-six shanty on the ice.

Day and night they squat and peer down into holes in the ice. Then they drive home again—another seven hours

—usually without any fish. One year they caught two.

You can comprehend such behavior in a drinking man, but Roger doesn't touch the stuff.

I have really and truly tried to find some sort of rationale for ice fishing.

If you had an automobile and weren't satisfied with it, and if it was fully insured, it might make sense to drive it onto a frozen lake in the pretext of going ice fishing.

If your wife was nagging and the children were crying and the house was in a turmoil and you *said* you were going ice fishing, and drove off in the direction of a lake, and instead took a detour to the neighborhood tavern—this to me would be rational behavior.

If you got a pair of thermal hunting boots for Christmas and wanted to try them out, I suppose it would be all right to stand on a frozen lake for a half hour or so, provided you didn't cut any holes to trip up the ice skaters.

But what is it with these people who seriously try to catch fish through holes in the ice?

A friend of mine was ice fishing on Conneaut Lake when he hooked a fish so big it wouldn't fit through the hole. He had to break the line; the fish got away.

The next day he returned with a saw. He began sawing a large, circular hole in the ice. He was standing within the circle when he completed the cut. I'm told that the expression on his face was priceless.

And he *still* goes ice fishing!

Ice fishing has no status. It is worthy of note that angling literature, down through the years, has totally ignored the subject.

Izaak Walton doesn't mention it. To Theodore Gordon, Edward R. Hewitt and George La Branch, ice fishing does not exist. Charlie Fox continues to carry on in the same proud tradition.

Ask me to name several great fishermen and I will start with George Harvey, myself, Al McClane, myself, Buss Grove, myself, and continue on like this for maybe five minutes.

But can you name a single great *ice fisherman*?

Can you imagine Vince Marinaro—him with his favorite fiberglass rod—casting a dry fly into a hole in the ice?

Can you picture Ernie Schweibert trying to "match the hatch" with a No. 18 snowflake?

Can you conjure up a vision of Charlie Fox sallying forth to the Letort with an auger in one hand and a can of worms in the other?

I return to my original premise. The best fishing in mid-winter is accomplished at fireside, and while there are many ingenious uses for ice, fishing through holes in it is not among them.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

READY FOR WINTER SEASON

LOADING trout for stocking for the winter season, Robert Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, and Bob Ross, a driver for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, empty netful of trout into tanks for transportation to the lakes while on the right club member Robert Rankin, also a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, keeps count.



CO-OP PROJECT P.C. ANGLER'S STOCKING

EACH FALL members of the Potter County Angler's Club supplement Pennsylvania Fish Commission stocking in their area by turning loose a goodly number of trout for the winter season fisherman.

This year was no exception—unless the trout released by the group were even larger than they have been in the past.

Starting early one cold Sunday morning in November members of the club began netting and loading trout to be stocked in Potter County's Lyman Lake and in Tioga County's Beechwood Lake. Most of the fish were two year olds and many ran 12, 14, and 16 inches. Some, taken from the group's display ponds, ran 20 to 25 inches. Nearly all were

either brook trout or rainbows.

The club, one of the state's leading cooperative nurseries, stocked some 2400 of the fish before the day was over. They were evenly divided between the two lakes.

Potter County district fish warden Ken Aley, who helped with the stocking, summed up what the day's work will mean for fishermen at either of the lakes this winter:

"I can see right now I'm going to have some good catches to check this winter," he said.

Raymond Hoover, Tioga County district warden who was also on the job, agreed with a "I wonder how they'll get some of those through the ice."



BIG ONES like this brookie (left) should make some interesting fishing at Lyman and Beechwood Lakes. Above club members bring net of trout to shore of one of the club's ponds for loading into transport tank truck.

FOR HANDYMEN

HOMEMADE ICE RODS

By ED ATTS

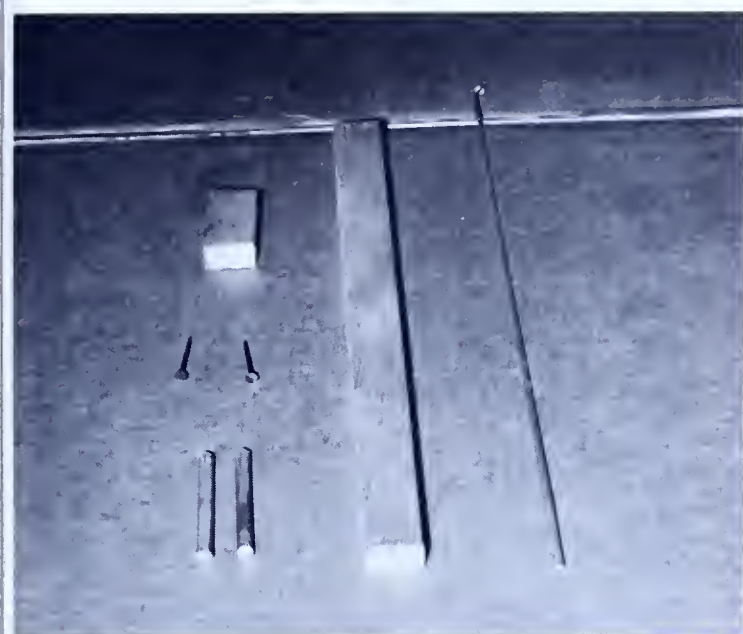


HOMEMADE ROD IN USE BY AUTHOR

Ice fishing appeals to different people for a variety of reasons, but the limited amount of equipment needed to get started is certainly one of the prime considerations. For just about what it costs to purchase one good fly rod an angler can get fully equipped for ice fishing with the exception of the insulated clothing which he probably already has for deer hunting.

When fishing for pan fish such as perch, crappies, and bluegills small ice rods are best. These can be purchased at most of the stores handling ice fishing bait, but it is a simple matter to turn some of these out with the aid of the tools found in most home work shops.

1. The basic material needed for building an ice rod: Two pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pine—one should be 2 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, the other 12 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; two eight penny box nails; two eleven-thirty second inch dowels 3 inches long which can be cut from an old arrow shaft; a one foot fiberglass rod tip which can be taken from a broken rod or purchased from a tackle supply house for a couple bits each.
2. Nail the two pine pieces together as shown with the eight penny nails.
3. Drill a hole in the end shown large enough for the fiberglass tip to fit in, taking care not to drill deep enough to hit the nails. Then cover the fiberglass tip with glue and insert in the hole.
4. Drill two more holes three inches apart for the wooden dowels to fit in. Cover the ends of these with glue and fit in the holes.
5. A coat or two of varnish over the wood seals it from moisture and also lessens the possibility of picking up splinters from the wood.
6. Tie the end of a coil of 8 or 10 pound test monofilament to one of the dowels and then wrap a sufficient amount (usually 30 feet will suffice) around the two going in a clockwise direction.
7. The jig rod in use. A small minnow or mousie grub is attached to the hook and lowered into the hole. A small bobber can be attached to the line to hold the bait at the desired distance off the bottom. Generally a half foot is best for most pan fish.



1. BASIC MATERIALS



2. NAIL TOGETHER



3. DRILL FOR TIP



4. DRILL FOR LINE DOWELS



5. VARNISH FOR PROTECTION



6. TIE ON MONOFILAMENT



CABIN CRUSIER warming up for late season cruise on Harvey's Lake belongs to Joseph Kovalick, Laceyville. Wife and daughter Elaine are on Pennsylvania Fish Commission dock, ready to cast off.

HARVEYS LAKE— BOATER'S BONUS

by **JIM YODER**

District Warden, Luzerne County

PERHAPS NO OTHER BODY of water in Pennsylvania lends itself to "multiple usage" quite like Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County—and it's been doing it for an awful long time. With a nine mile shoreline encircling its 658 acres of water, some of which is nearly one hundred feet deep, it is truly a boater's bonus. Beautifully clear except for an occasional plankton bloom it is really a terrific recreational area for today's boater.

At the risk of sounding ancient, I remember very well the steamers which operated on Harvey's many years ago. Visiting the lake as a boy, I remember taking time out from setting off firecrackers that Fourth of July to gaze in awe as these steamboats docked, taking on a fresh load of sightseers while the previous group disembarked. It is recorded in local history that at one time as many as five steamers were in operation at one time. In earlier days, their prime function was that of basic transportation, not the sightseeing chore to which they were later relegated. Now, not really too many years later we have but memories, or possibly a faded print from an ancient Kodak. Some of us have been more fortunate. One of the steamers sunk at its mooring in the Outlet area and on a clear day one can look over the shady side of his boat and see quite clearly the remains of one of these grand old boats. The keel is well imbedded in mud and vegetation, the stern is gone, no superstructure remains, only its ribs, each in place, forming an imaginary gunwale, reaching up and out as if to embrace the present from the past. This is all that's left of an era. For many individuals, a way of life; coaling the steamers, handling the lines, the endless maintenance that must have been attached to these old wooden hulls—and all the while, dress-

ing the colorful part. Skippered by bonafide Captains, each boat had its following. They were the first of the power boats and they are no more.

When first assigned to Luzerne County, I must admit to having been gripped with nostalgia at the thought of seeing again, then living with, Harvey's Lake. Now, after nine years of motorboat patrol—riding herd, so to speak, on hundreds of boat operators, I'm beginning to lose sight of some of those beautiful remembrances—being caught up in present day reality!

Taken very, very literally, the waters of Harvey's Lake are well used. Churned up as if by a thousand giant egg beaters, Harvey's outboarders keep the water in a constant state of super-aeration—only to be sliced into countless ribbons by the graceful sailing craft of the Harvey's Lake Yacht Club. The deep hulled inboards, some of them classics of another day, still provide their masters many a relaxing evening cruise. The "Blub, Blub, Blub" of their old straight line four or six lungers, leisurely plowing a deep furrow around the lake is a familiar nocturnal sound. Not to be outdone, the tiny outboard fishing craft get in their two cents' worth, whipping up an insignificant wake while trolling some of the most unorthodox lures ever devised by man. I don't think I've ever watched a lake trout fisherman retrieve his "Christmas Tree" rig without shaking my head in utter disbelief. These are multi-spinnered trolling rigs that measure up to six feet in length. With their hammer finished spinner blades of varying size, their red beads, stainless wire and swivels, they're well deserving of their name.

One would think that the onslaught of winter would give

the lake a "break." Not so! Many sailboat enthusiasts like to take advantage of the stiff breezes often available in late fall. They're a sight to behold, the mast laying over on a forty five, port side barely out of the water, and all hands high up and way out on starboard, wrapped in woolens and wishing they'd have worn one more layer, for both warmth and ballast!

And cabin cruiser owners understandably, just don't quit either. Many family groups spend autumn weekends—actually the prettiest—on the lake, taking in the scenery while getting in additional boating hours.

Perhaps the most confirmed water enthusiast is the water skier who dons the skin diver's suit to escape the biting cold while water skiing in the fall! One particularly cold Sunday last October, I observed not one, but two different boats towing water skiers in similar attire. As I passed one of the boats a bit later, there stood the skier, bare chested, calmly drying down with a towel. As I promptly set my course in another direction, shivering shamefully in my Duofolds, I vowed I'd do something about the panty-waist I'd let myself become!

The formation of ice does not necessarily stop some boaters. One observer related an incident to me a few years back which I have no difficulty believing. It seems the lake had begun to freeze over with an occasional patch of open water remaining here and there. One boater, having launched his boat, an aluminum outboard, found the limitations of his patch of water somewhat confining and set out to do something about it. Feeling the ice could

LEAVES are gone, sun is low on horizon, but this late season outboarder finds boating enjoyable anyway.



not as yet be very thick, he tried to ram a pathway to the next open hole. Minutes later, as he rested comfortably on top the ice, he realized—a little late, that his craft had not been designed as an ice breaker. It is reported that he had enough time to sit there and consider his plight until towed off by another adventurous soul.

Complete freeze-up gives the lake little rest. Sail boats are replaced by their runner-equipped winter counterparts. Outboards are replaced by power sleds, snowmobiles; water skiers by ice skaters. On a clear Sunday afternoon, hundreds of ice fishermen, chopping holes hither and yon, much to the dismay of again as many ice skaters, keep a sharp lookout at all times, ready to give way in an instant to a hurtling ice boat or a converted Go-Kart!

In normal boating season, every boating interest is well served at Harveys Lake. Water skiing is perhaps the most popular sport during the warmer months, with sailing, pleasure cruising, and fishing all affording endless recreation. Some of the most accomplished water skiers in the state can be found here. With the heavy lake traffic and the turbulence it creates, they've just got to be good. Skiing on a Sunday afternoon is really a survival of the fittest. With all its traffic, accidents are few, fatalities rare.

The ninety-six member families of the Harveys Lake

Yacht Club spend considerable time on the lake. Twenty-four regularly scheduled races, additional special Holiday races and practice for out of state competition adds up to a good bit of sailing. Having acquired the hangar which at one time housed the now defunct seaplane flying service, they have considerable housing for business and social activities, lake frontage and dock facilities. The club has more than doubled its membership in the last six years (the club was organized twenty six years ago). Commodore Ken Bayliss attributes their growth to the national trend toward outdoor recreation. "Everyone's got a bit more money in his pocket and more leisure time," he says. May be, but I believe there's a bit more to it in this particular case. Such growth can only be attributed to good programming, and that spells hard work any way you look at it. On weekends the lake is alive with Lightnings, Mob-jacks, Comets and Kites. Ken graded last year's sailing weather about average. "You've got to take the rainy week ends along with the good weather." Apparently able to take the good with the bad, he's personally had two very successful seasons in a row, both locally and in out-of-state competition.

Harveys is "home port" for Flotilla 92, U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. Dedicated power boaters, under the able command of "Ted" Bennett, their boats are an inspiration to other boaters. A far cry from equipment-shy, as are many of the boats we board, this group has established its own code which is more demanding than either state or national regulation. With Boating Safety their only aim, this group

conducts courtesy examinations on the lake with the net result that many boaters, not attached to their group, now tote the coveted courtesy examination decal.

The boats of this group run the gamut of everything from "soup to nuts." Sleek outboards, trim inboards, and swift, quiet I-O's. Pride of the "fleet" is "Noah's Ark," a converted Navy cutter built in 1917. Frequently seen lying at anchor with all hands aboard busily engaged in subduing sailor's appetites, she was very nearly lost in a dock-side fire. Another boat had caught fire and was consumed; the "Ark" tied up adjacent suffered considerable damage. With typical affection, the entire Flotilla "turned to" in restoring her in short order. Owners Don and George Berry are adding some glorious color from the past in keeping her here.

Far from a group of "fair weather sailors," this group's educational program extends right through the winter. Training Officer Ray McGarrity busys himself with lessons, teaching aids, etc., ready and willing to put forth the auxiliary's educational program. Cooperating with Civil Defense, Flotilla 92 will spend this winter refurbishing an eighteen footer to be used as a Search and Rescue craft.

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By HELEN HIGHWATER

HIGH-LARIOUS FISHING

I ONCE WONDERED why the Neanderthal half of our marriage went fishing. But since husband Bill has been taking me along I've found out for myself in one word that makes a lot of sense to a dawn-to-dusk housewife whose work is truly never done. It's FUN! It's also relaxing. Sometimes it's hilarious!

For one thing there's the eternal good-natured but barbed kidding that goes on between fishing friends . . . and strangers. We were fishing for native brook trout in the West Branch of Tionesta Creek—way up behind Chapman Dam one day. There's a fire trail there that runs beside the creek most of the way, so you can get to where you want to start fishing with ease and you can quit most any place and walk back to your car.

We'd only fished a short time when we rounded a bend in the stream to discover another husband-wife team fishing a nice pool. Cat-like I noticed right away that HE had the best spot. Bill asked him how he was making out. Without batting an eye-lash (he looked honest enough to be the local banker) he said:

"We've only caught two . . . but they were so heavy I had to put one in my wife's creel, otherwise I wouldn't be able to go on fishing under such a burden."

Well, my Bill is one of those fellows who would think up a good answer to a quip like that—in time. Usually fifteen minutes afterward when it would really be too late. So I decided that since I'd learned quite a bit about fishing tackle and techniques I might as well get my feet wet in this truth-stretching field of banter. I smiled sweetly at the gentleman and said:

"A friend of ours is coming in with a horse to help us pack ours out. If you see him, tell him we fished upstream, will you please?"

He pulled his hat down over his eyes, mumbled something, and turned his back on me. His wife giggled. Bill gave me a look that said he was proud of me and treated me almost like an equal the rest of the day. The incident started me on a fisherman's-lying-career of my own.

Like the time we were fishing Lake LeBoeuf. It had rained for several days in a row . . . one of those gentle

mid-summer rains that failed to cool the warm air and during which the atmosphere never got so saturated that you couldn't stay outdoors and fish with proper clothing. However, over the two-day period the streams that feed the lake, together with the run-off, managed to effect a noticeable rise in the water level.

It was mid-day and we had given up muskie fishing from the canoe to walk the banks with flyrods for some lunch-time panfish. Well, a fellow by the name of Lefty Kreh (a friend of the brute's) had patiently taught me how to use a flyrod the right way before Bill could imbue me with his bad casting habits . . . so I'm not too bad in the line throwing department.

Anyway, this one couple had been sitting in their car watching me fish. During a lull in the rain they walked down to the shoreline and to start the conversation the man (a very good looking man) said, "My the water seems as though it's getting dangerously high. Wonder what's causing it?"

Well, he looked like the outdoor type and I just knew that HE knew what was causing it but I figured if he was going to talk in jolly circles I would let him have a dose of the same. So I put on that mask of truth-and-light that a fisherman wears on his face just before he goes into a complicated fabrication and told him:

"O, that's natural at this time of the year. It's muskie hatching time. This lake is so full of muskies and they grow so fast as soon as they're out of the egg stage that the water goes up at about a half-an-inch an hour."

"Isn't that interesting?" he said to his wife.

"C'mon, Homer," she implored, tugging at his sleeve. They quickly returned to the car and drove off. I'll never know whether she was removing him from my influence or departing a scene where she thought the muskie hatching might put the water over the road by sundown.

The sound of the car speeding away had barely receded when Bill came huffing and puffing up . . . all out of breath. "Those people . . .," he looked blue from exertion, "The ones you were talking to . . . looked like Dutch and Anne Wambold . . . from Emmaus. . . ." He pronounced it Ee-Mouse. I said:

"You'll never make a Pennsylvania Dutchman. They call it Ee-May-Us!"

"It sure looked like them to me. He's probably been up to Erie bowfishing for carp. He's a very good archer. What did you do to scare them off so fast? I would like to talk to him and see how they made out. You'd like her . . . she's a pretty good archer herself."

Well, I couldn't tell him what I'd said but I'd been quipping so steadily all season I couldn't resist adding, "I thought a female archer was the girl in the beauty parlor who plucks your eyebrows!"

* * *

I invented a standard "funny" about our canoe, too. We have this 18-foot guide model which is very steady in the water. Bill has introduced a lot of people to canoeing in it. Until they get accustomed to paddling a bit he insists on sitting in the back where most of the steering is done. So many novices asked which end was "up front" that when it came time to paint the craft he brushed a prominent arrow on each side of the prow . . . pointing ahead, of course.

This cleared matters for the passengers. But onlookers at launching sites were—and still are—continually inquisitive as to why the arrows are there. I tell them:

"My husband and I often fish unfamiliar territory; sometimes on big water. Once we were surrounded by fog and couldn't tell which way to paddle to shore. So we installed a large and powerful magnet on the front end of the canoe . . . where it's out of sight. When we need to determine direction we just stop paddling the canoe and . . . just like a floating needle of a compass . . . the arrow in front points north. Sure is a handy gadget."

I've even had people ask where they could get a magnet of the correct size so they might do the same.

* * *

Like most women I like to get away from the house and the everyday surroundings now and then. Fishing trips that occasion an overnight stay in a motel or fishing cabin are just the ticket for this type of monotony-relief. There are modern motels near most any of the many good fishing spots in Pennsylvania. Bill says in the old days a fisherman's hotel was a place that overlooked a lake, overlooked comfortable beds and overlooked good food.

Of course many people build their own summer fishing camps along favorite trout streams. They also use them for hunting. After a day's fishing we visited such a cabin. On the way we passed a lot of other such structures.

I noticed that most of them had names painted on the outside or on signs hanging in the driveways. Some of the names were "Wolves' Hangout," "Fishermen's Hideaway," "Cabin in the Pines," and others were combinations of owners' names such as, "Joe and Gus Camp," "Freddie and Frank Camp," "M and M Camp," and such like. The one we visited was called "Four Buck Camp."

I really thought the fellows seemed a bit cool when I congratulated them on getting such a splendid bargain. Imagine! A hunting camp with electric lights, a fireplace, a bunk room and a big living room for only four dollars! Prices are certainly higher in town.

I could tell the fellows wanted to play poker so I told them to go ahead and not mind me. But they insisted I play. I don't know too much about poker. But I learned one thing . . . a lone woman should never play poker with men. She may win their money but not their friendship. Especially if she doesn't know the game very well and wins on beginner's luck. As I did. I couldn't lose!

There was one game where the dealer gave everyone five cards and said, "Open on suspicion and draw the book."

Well, I didn't suspect anybody of anything and I couldn't see what book they might be talking about. So I just did what I saw some of the others doing—keeping one card and throwing the rest in the middle of the table. I had the Ace, a two, a three, a four, and a five. This didn't look too good to me so I kept the highest card—the five. The Ace only counts as one, doesn't it? Anyway as luck would have it I got two more fives and two Kings.

Someone said, "It's a full house—you win!" Well I knew it was a full house—me and Bill plus all the regular camp members gathered around one small table but I couldn't see how that made me win. I took the money anyway.

I started to count it but caught a dirty—an EXTREMELY dirty look from Bill and just scooped it in instead. I started to put it in my purse but saw Bill's eyes roll to the ceiling in that horrible look of exasperation that tells a woman she is doing something outlandishly unforgivable. So I took a handkerchief out of my bag as though that's what I'd intended to do all the time, and kept the money on the table.

The boys were very nice about explaining when I won so I just played along each time until the betting was over. One fellow said this was the cards "speaking for themselves" but the cards never said a thing that I could hear.

continued on page 28



"See! See! I said you'd catch one with the pretty little red lure!"



BOATING

WES KELLER of Lancaster Chris-Craft Sales scrubs down a ski boat in preparation for winter storage.

READY FOR WINTER?

Prepared for Publication by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Division of Watercraft Safety

Since boats are constructed of many different materials, some of the following steps will not be required for certain boats.

Boat Care

The first step is to clean the boat thoroughly inside and outside, removing all stains, grease and dirt. This can be made easy by using strong detergents or commercial boat cleaners.

One of the most effective methods of cleaning boats and motors that have a heavy accumulation of dirt or scum is to apply muriatic acid on the dirty area with a brush and rinse *thoroughly* after a few minutes. It is best to apply it to only a few square feet at a time. Muriatic acid can be purchased at most hardware stores and is quite inexpensive. Like almost all commercial boat cleaners, this is an acid and care should be taken not to get any on hands or clothes and to use only outdoors or in a well ventilated place. This cleaner loses its strength rapidly and therefore only small amounts should be taken from the container at one time. It is harmless to wood, metal, fiberglass and rubber, but is not recommended for use on chrome parts or aluminum boats.

After the boat has been cleaned it should be checked for determining its condition. If constructed of plywood or wood, check closely for dry rot, loose screws or weak sections.

If constructed of metal, check for loose or missing rivets and bolts, dents and deep scrapes. Fiberglass boats should be checked also for loose or missing screws, nuts and bolts and chips or cracks. At this time a good grade of boat wax should be applied to preserve the white finish of fiberglass.

All defects found should be corrected before storage,

making it impossible to relaunch the boat in an unseaworthy condition.

Repair of Hulls

Fiberglass hulls can be repaired by cleaning the puncture and filling it with epoxy, such as marine tex. After it dries it can be filed or sanded and painted to match original hull color. (In large holes it may be necessary to use glass cloth as build up or filler material.)

The aluminum hull can be repaired by riveting a patch of aluminum over the hole with a rubber or canvas gasket between the patch and the hull. The rivets must be made of aluminum. A neater job can be done by welding, but aluminum welding is a very specialized skill and should only be performed by an expert. Small dents in an aluminum hull should be left as is. Deep ones can be improved (but rarely eliminated completely) by body and fender techniques.

Punctures in the plywood hull can be repaired by a method known as butt blocking. First, you square off the hole and cut a square piece of plywood to fit it exactly. You then screw this square to a piece of wood that is larger than the hole with the screw heads in the plywood patch. Next, hold both pieces of wood against inside of hull, (the patch should fit perfectly and be flush), now screw large piece of wood fast to the hull with the screw on heads in the plywood of the hull this time.

Winter Storage of Boats

If a boat can be stored on its trailer for the winter, caution should be taken to make sure that all the rollers and support braces share the weight as equally as possible. Tie downs should have absolutely no tension for prolonged storage.

If storage is to be made without a trailer, small aluminum or fiberglass boats can simply be turned upside down over support blocks.

Larger wooden boats can easily be stored by cradling with the use of six cinder blocks, six wedges and three short 2" x 6" planks. The planks should be placed so that they coincide with the cross members of the hull. The weight of the boat should be distributed on all three cross planks, the wedges merely keep the boat upright with the keel and transom supporting most of its weight.

If the boat has any compartments, they should not be completely closed, thereby allowing air to circulate and prevent dry rot. If the boat must be stored outside, it should be covered with canvas tarpaulin. This tarpaulin should be draped or secured in a manner so as to permit air to circulate through it.

Drain plugs should always be removed to prevent water from accumulating in the bilges and freezing.

All moving parts, such as controls, should be covered with a light coating of rust preventative oil or vaseline for winter protection.

Winter Storage of Outboard Motors

At the end of a season all gasoline should be removed from the motor; the type with separate tanks can be drained by removing the gas line and running the motor until it stops. The type with built-in gas tanks can be emptied by using a siphon to remove most of the fuel and then running the motor until it stops. Never turn a small motor upside down to remove the fuel because this allows water from the cooling system to drain into the cylinders and may cause rusting over the winter.

This is also a good time to clean the fuel lines and filter.

Next, drain the grease or oil from the gear case and refill it. Then remove the spark plugs, check, clean and gap plugs at this time; pour a teaspoon of outboard oil into each cylinder, replace the plugs, and crank the motor a few times to work the oil thoroughly through the cylinder.

The motor should be put in a dry place in a vertical upright position until spring.

Storage of Boat Equipment and Accessories

LIGHTS—All lights should be removed from the sockets, clean corrosion from bulb base and sockets with a wire socket brush, replace bulb in socket, and check operating condition.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS—Remove from bracket. Wipe outside clean, check nozzle for corrosion, check gauge for pressure and replace in bracket for storage. If pressure or weight is down, have recharged before storage.

LIFESAVING DEVICES—Most stains and dirt can be removed by using detergents and rinsing with clean water. Devices should be dried thoroughly before storing.

BATTERY—Clean off all acid by using baking soda, rinse with clean water and check to be sure battery water is at full level. Coat terminal with light grease or vasoline. Disconnect negative battery terminal to prevent damage by electrolysis. Renew corroded battery cables.

LINES—After cleaning and checking carefully for deteriorated condition, the line should be hung loosely coiled

in a well ventilated place; allow complete drying to prevent mildew and rot.

PROPELLERS—Propellers at this time should be checked closely and if any defects are found the propeller should be reconditioned or replaced at this time.

STEERING—The steering system should be completely checked at this time, repairing or renewing all worn parts.

HOSE CONNECTIONS—All flexible hose connections should be removed and inspected (inside and out), renew as necessary.

All other equipment should be cleaned, checked and repaired, if necessary, and stored in a dry place.

Care and Storage of Boat Trailers

All trailers should be thoroughly cleaned, with all mud, dirt, or grease removed from them. Every roller should be checked for its adjustment and condition and a few drops of oil put on the end of the roller pins.

Check all nuts and bolts to make sure they are tight and secure.

The winch should be oiled lightly and the line on it should be checked very carefully. If the end with the hook looks frayed or weak, cut off weak section, and refasten the hook. If there is no extra line, remove the entire line and reverse it end for end, putting the frayed end first on the winch and the good end on the hook. If the winch line is no longer in serviceable condition and must be replaced for safety, it should be replaced with either cable or a nylon line made for this purpose. Manila lines are not suitable because they deteriorate with age quicker. Stretchy ropes are unsuitable, but this is primarily a function of the tightness of the weave. "Basket Weave" types of synthetic ropes of whatever material are unsatisfactory and unsafe.

All light bulbs and the sockets should be cleaned, the bulbs reinstalled and checked for operating condition.

All wiring should be checked and corrections or repairs made at this time if necessary.

Safety chains and tie-downs should be checked and repaired or replacements should be made at this time.

Boat trailer wheels should be removed. The bearings should be washed by using a brush and a small amount of gasoline. At this time they can be checked for excessive wear. If bearings are missing or pitted, they should be replaced. If in apparent serviceable condition, repack the bearings in heavy grease and reassemble the wheels on the trailer making sure that the lock nut is not too tight to prevent the wheel from rolling freely, and not too loose so as to allow the wheel to have too much sideward play.

An excellent time for checking trailer tires for cracks, rot, or inside wear, is when the wheel has been removed from the trailer. Air pressure should be checked before the trailer is stored to make sure it is what the manufacturer recommends for that size tire.

If a heavy boat is to be stored on the trailer for the winter, blocks should be placed under the frame to lift the tires clear of the surface, thereby removing the load from the trailer suspension as well as the tires.

This has been prepared as a general guide to assist in boat storage and care. For more technical problems contact a reputable marine dealer or the Office of Watercraft Safety.

New Class of Officers Prepared at—

TRAINING SCHOOL



CLASS MEMBERS
—along with some onlookers — watch as biologists explain their system of checking and recording fish taken in sample nettings.

FIRST AID procedures were an important part of class training. Here student officer Joseph Houck of Alexandria practices mouth to mouth resuscitation while fellow student officer Bill Mantzell of Brookville, watches and first aid instructor Howard Triebold of the Pennsylvania State University listens.

A DOZEN new law enforcement officers have been trained by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission during the last few months at the Commission's training school near Bellefonte.

The class, which began in August, was graduated November 30 at exercises in Harrisburg.

Harold Corbin, Chief of the Law Enforcement Division, says the group has been assigned posts throughout the state where vacancies were created through retirement or promotion of other officers. In some cases the new officers were

assigned to areas of heavy population or high fishing and boating pressure where another man was needed.

Training for the class during the three month period covered such things as watercraft safety, emergency first aid procedures, research and fish management, public speaking, photography, law enforcement, and even fishing.

"We want our men to be well trained and completely capable of serving the public," Corbin said.

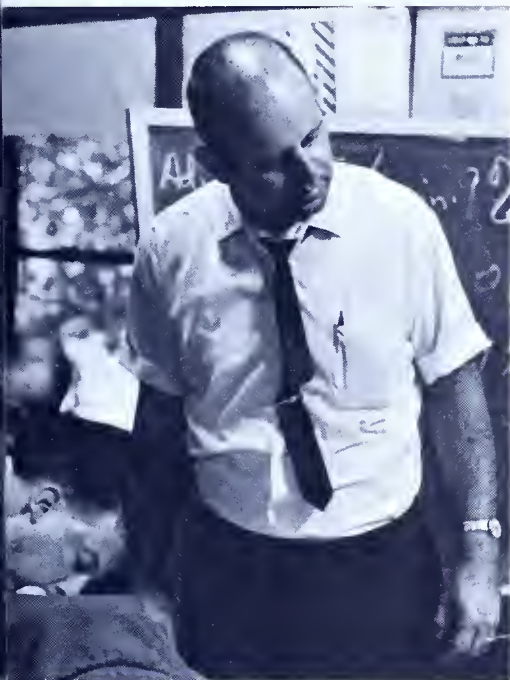
"And we think this class, the third to graduate from our H. R. Stackhouse School of Conservation, will be able to."



PUBLIC RELATIONS training included actual duty at fair exhibits. Student officer John W. Weaver of Rebersburg watches as Allegheny County District Warden Paul Sowers sells a visitor a subscription to the Pennsylvania Angler.

INTERESTING LECTURES included a wide variety of things such as this snake handling demonstration by well-known game protector and snake hunter Norm Erickson of Cameron County.

DOOL



HEADQUARTERS for the school was the H. R. Stackhouse School of Conservation at the administration building along famous Fisherman's Paradise near Bellefonte. Here John Buck, Region II Warden Supervisor, explains some law enforcement problems to the class.

QUESTIONS about curriculum gave students a chance to show public speaking ability and demonstrate how well their training was going. Paul Swanson, student officer, speaks to fellow students and reviewing staff.

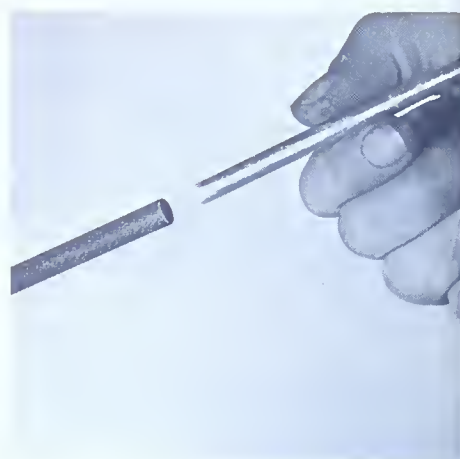




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FIXING FRACTURED GLASS RODS

by Don Shiner

ONE DAY LATE LAST AUTUMN a big pike struck my wobbling spoon with disastrous results. The arm-long pike shot straight for the boat, forcing the fiber glass rod to crash down on the gunwale. The pet rod shattered into



two pieces. I held part of the handle and reel in my hand, while the tip and remaining butt section fell into the water. But the line held. I landed the pike, but the damage to the rod had been complete! For all practical fishing, the rod was junk!

This particular hollow glass rod had been a companion on a great many fishing trips. Could it be repaired? I kicked this idea around for the remainder of the day.

I considered first the possibility of inserting a ferrule at the break, converting the two piece stick into a three piece unit. Later, I discarded this idea in favor of fitting a tough, six-inch length aluminum dowel inside the glass tube.

At home, I lathed an aluminum rod of this length, to fit the tube's inside diameter. Then, with glue applied to the metal dowel, I pushed the rod inside the tube, so that half of the dowel's length extended on each side of the break. A heavy thread wrapping covered the fracture to prevent the break from splintering.

After several days of drying time, the rod was back in service again. The rod's action was stiffer now, but it made a satisfactory "second" rod.

Tough glass rods withstand considerable use and abuse, but like older bamboo models, they break too. Hollow glass rods break when stepped upon, or car doors are slammed on the sticks, or when struck on a sharp edged boat. If the break is "clean," free of long, fibrous splinters, it is generally repairable by the procedure shown here.

We certainly hope disaster does not strike your pet fiber-glass rod. But when an accident occurs—as mine had at the hands of that pike—try the repair method illustrated here. Study the step-by-step photos, then adapt them to your particular damaged rod. It is possible for you to repair the damaged rod and take it fishing again!



4



5



6

PICTURES—

1. A BIG PIKE broke this glass rod, by bringing the stick crashing down on the boat side. It is repairable.

2. FIRST CUT the break area, to remove all splinters.

3. LATHE OR SAND a six-inch aluminum dowel to fit inside diameter.

4. APPLY GLUE, and insert aluminum dowel so that it extends at least three inches on each side of break.

5. COVER BREAK area with heavy thread wrapping.

6. COAT WRAPPING with rod varnish. Allow a few days for glue and varnish to cure.

Bottom opposite page: HERE'S THE REPAIRED rod. The action is now stiffer than originally, but it makes a good emergency or "second" rod.

THE REPAIRED rod is back fishing again!



MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

STOVES

IT WAS JUST an ordinary campstove, the type seen at every campground and picnic area. We had used it for years with not a moment's trouble. Perhaps that's the very reason we overlooked small tell-tale signs of danger in the making. We pumped the tank, struck a match—and the whole unit went up in flames!

Modern pressurized campstoves are highly dependable. Most people never give them a second thought until they fail to operate. We learned the hard way to watch for symptoms, danger signals of one sort or another. The wise person will make needed repairs before trouble starts.

Similar to gasoline lanterns, pressurized campstoves require maximum tank pressure to operate properly. Loss of air is one of the chief causes of failure. It can host any number of other, more serious problems.

After a period of use, gaskets in tank filler caps may become dry and brittle. An easy way to check for leaks is to pump full pressure, then brush soap suds over the cap. If bubbles appear, gasket should be replaced.

The pump assembly should be checked frequently. Many stoves have a leather plunger at the bottom of pump rod. Oiling is required at the beginning and end of each season to prevent dryness. If the plunger shows signs of wear or deterioration, it should be replaced immediately. An extra supply of "O"-ring gaskets will eliminate problems with encased pumps.

If you have noticed soot on the bottoms of pots and pans, you had better investigate the condition of the generator. Chances are that it will need to be replaced. Many campers carry a spare generator with them on all trips. Smoking is another symptom of generator trouble.

A screened funnel is good insurance against dirt and impurities clogging jets and orifices. Using improper fuel, for instance leaded gasoline, in stoves that specify only "white" gas will quickly clog jets and burner openings and ruin generators.

As stated, it is imperative to maintain full tank pressure during operation. Give the pump a few strokes every fifteen minutes, more often if two or more burners operate at once. You will add years of life to your stove if you release tank pressure every time the unit is turned off.

Opening the filler cap too quickly while the tank is under pressure could cause a dangerous spray of gasoline. This can be avoided by detaching the tank and holding it on

an angle with cap upwards. This places the liquid fuel at a greater distance from the opening. Unscrew the cap slowly until a barely audible hiss is heard. This procedure is important for any gasoline-operated stove regardless of manufacturer.

Dismantling a stove periodically is required to keep generator tubes and burners free of dirt and carbon. Most tubes can be effectively cleaned by swabbing with a dry cloth. Inspect orifice for nicks or scratches. Burners are usually constructed of a series of rings which are quite easily cleaned. Connecting tubes between burners should be inspected for obstructions.

All gasoline stoves should burn with a strong, blue flame. If color is orange or yellow, insufficient oxygen is reaching combustion chamber. Most units have an air adjustment. Extreme changes in altitude will also necessitate regulating air input.

New campstoves are often difficult to shut off after a period of short use. This is caused by shrinking of packing in valve stem nuts. All that is required to remedy the situation is to retighten the stem nut. In older stoves, actual leaking of gas into the burners may occur when shut off tightly. The orifice may have become enlarged from action of the needle valve. Either or both may need replacing.

Many old-time campers still use original equipment dating back many decades. Other people seem to have trouble constantly. The reason is simple; there is a right way and a wrong way to use a campstove. Life can be greatly increased by following advice of manufacturers—and common sense.

A stove should never be operated longer than necessary. Most models provide wings to deflect breezes, thereby hastening cooking. To load the cooking surface with so many utensils that use of wings is impossible will not only extend time of operation but generate above normal temperatures at the orifice and needle valve assembly. Similarly, burners should not be operated at high capacity longer than absolutely necessary.

Although designed for the outdoors, dampness is an enemy to campstoves. Experts suggest that units should be closed and placed in a dry area such as inside your car when not in use. Leaving a stove outside at night or on a damp day is an invitation to trouble. Scale and accumulated rust can cause malfunction in a hurry.

Take time to check your equipment. Spending an hour or so now will mean that your stove will be ready to fry those trout to a fluffy, golden brown next April!



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

PAYING ATTENTION!

■ The sight of an officer in uniform has an unusual affect on some people.

While on patrol one evening, dressed in full uniform, I was driving slowly down a side road. I noticed a man cutting his lawn with a riding mower. As I passed, his head did a complete turn-around as he was eyeing me suspiciously. All the while the mower was still in motion, heading directly for a large spruce tree.

Just as he turned to look where he was mowing one of the limbs caught him under the chin and flipped him backward off the mower.—**District Warden RAYMOND BENAR-CHIK** (Chester and Delaware Counties).

BRAVE BEAR

■ While traveling along the Pocono Creek, accompanied by Mr. Moyer, and Sgt. Matalevich, we saw a large bear in one of the wired areas. As we approached the area the bear walked out to the road, stood up as if to say "what are you going to do about it," and then crossed the creek into the woods.—**District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART** (Monroe County).

A THOUSAND WORDS?

■ They say a picture is worth a thousand words. I wonder. The Commission has been sending out pictures to explain how to properly place the registration number and validation sticker on motor boats and it is also contained in the regulation pamphlet but in checking boats moored at one landing on Lake Wallenpaupack I found the following. There were 34 wrong—this is bordered numbers not spaced, small letters, Validation on wrong end of number and some numbers missing. We found only 30 that would meet the requirements and 6 we didn't check due to covers over the numbers.—**District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY** (Pike County).

SHOCKING SHOW

■ Jefferson County Sportsmen had a chance to look at a typical "fished out" Pennsylvania Trout Stream during the Trout Unlimited Convention held in Brookville, this fall. Dr. Robert Butler, Pennsylvania State University, brought electro shocking equipment to Big Run, tributary to little Sandy Creek. One hundred yards of stream were shocked, turning up 13 species of fish, twenty-four legal brown trout,

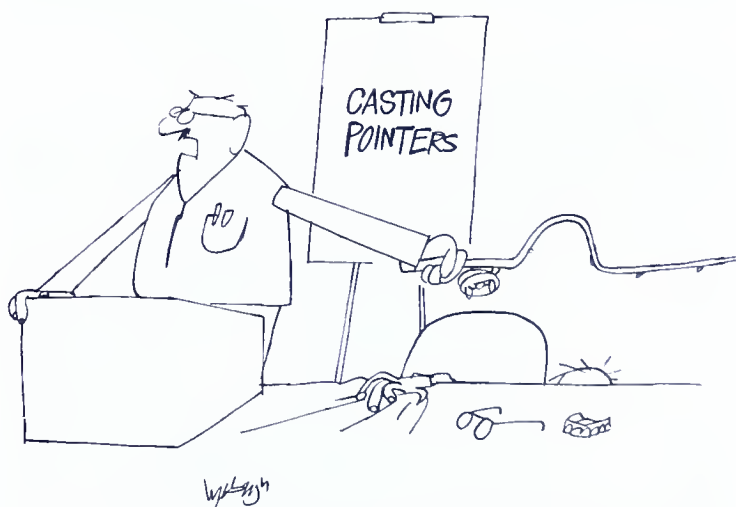
and one legal brook trout. The largest was fifteen inches, the smallest nine. Big Run receives only one pre-season stocking and sportsmen stood around most of the time with their mouths wide open!—**District Warden JAMES F. DON-AHUE** (Jefferson County).

HAPPY BOYS

■ Special Fish Warden Gordon Moser, Bedford, tells me this story.

On Saturday evening September 2, he decided to try a little walleye fishing at the Shawnee Lake, in Bedford County. A little breeze was blowing and he decided to just let the boat drift. After a while the boat drifted near a point where a short time before he had noticed five of six boys fishing. Suddenly one started to yell for a landing net—everybody thought he was just fooling and paid no attention. Soon the boy landed a nice walleye in the twenty inch class on a fly rod. Moser noticed the boys were continually catching fish and heard one of them say "Well by another year I won't be so cheap, I'll buy a license. I can't stand this." Needless to say Moser rowed the boat to shore a distance away from the boys and walked down to make a check. He found the boys—three of them between 12 and 16, two over 16. They had caught ten large yellow perch, one large catfish, a large bluegill and the walleye. One of the smaller boys told him this was better than the pay lakes they had been fishing.

Moser went back up shore, got his boat and started fishing, eventually drifting past the boys again. One of them



"DON'T BE AFRAID TO PUT A LITTLE MUSCLE IN IT..."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

asked if he was catching anything. He wasn't. With an air of pride the boy replied, "Well that just tough, 'cause we are catching them." Moser considers himself better than average when it comes to fishing, particularly for walleye so in order to save face he said, "Oh I'm fishing for muskies." The boy replied, "Well if there's one in here we'll get him too." Moser says he never saw a happier bunch of boys!—**District Warden WILLIAM E. MCILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

CATCH ROD AND PERCH

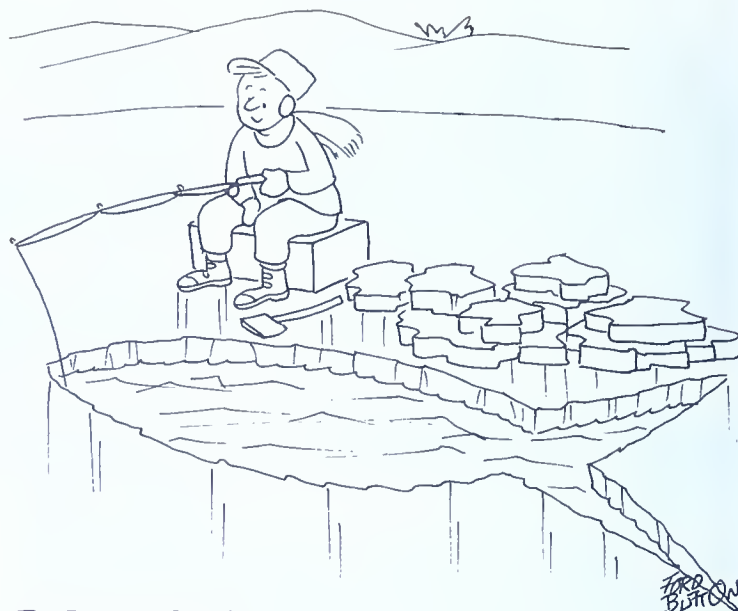
■ Harry Gorton, Sr., the father of one of my next door neighbors and Virgil Grose, another next door neighbor appeared at the South Pier to fish for perch. Grose saw Gorton rebait his two hooks with fresh minnows and, upon casting the line, the rod slipped out of his hand into the Harbor Entrance in about 30 feet of water. Grose took a hook, secured it close to a one ounce lead weight and cast it out to retrieve the lost rod. The first attempt was unsuccessful but on the second the lost rod was hooked. After bringing it up so Gorton could get a hold of it both men were surprised to find two nice perch had taken the minnows. Some way to catch fish!—**District Warden NORMAN E. ELY** (Erie County).

SPECIAL SPECIAL

■ Special Fish Warden Harry P. Decker of Dalton, Lackawanna County, has retired his badge and commission after many long years of service to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Harry, has served as a special with many district wardens and has been a help to me since I arrived in this area. He will be remembered as the fly tying expert by our fishing school grads in this area. My wife, Lorma, I'm sure will never forget the day Harry told her how to cook a carp on a pine board. Harry can really get a novice all interested—right up to the point where you throw away the carp and eat the board.—**District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER** (Lackawanna and S.E. Susquehanna Counties).

MATCHED TACKLE?

■ It is generally accepted that properly matched fishing tackle is an important factor in taking fish, but Bill Schendel of Northumberland seems to be the exception. He recently purchased a two piece spincast rod and had it glued together. A 20 lb. test spinning line, a 2 oz. sinker and large round bobber complete his fishing rig. Bill fishes a popular spot along the Susquehanna River at Sunbury. I checked his catch on three separate occasions this year and oddly enough he had more fish than his friends each time. The lecture I had given Bill on his choice of tackle is hereby withdrawn.—**District Warden ROBERT J. PERRY** (Columbia, Montour, and Northumberland Counties).



BIG MUSKY

■ "Weaker Sex"—I wonder? Mrs. Kathleen H. Rearick of 1010 Allegheny Street, Jersey Shore, landed the largest musky that has been taken from Hills Creek Lake in Tioga County to date. It weighed 26 pounds, 4 ounces and was 46 inches long.—**District Warden JAMES H. LAUER** (Lycoming County).

ISLAND BAROMETER

■ While on routine fish patrol with Warden Joe Dick, on one of his county lakes (High Point) I checked a number of fishermen who wanted to know what had happened to the "Island" in the middle of the lake. This "Island" seemed to be a favorite fishing spot to many anglers. Not being familiar with the lake I told them that I didn't know. Later that day I was checking a middle aged man and his companions and he told me the fishing was no good. It seems this same "Island" was his barometer. He said the "Island" was caught in an old barbed wire fence and when the fishing was good the "Island" would appear on the surface and float—but if you couldn't see the "Island," this meant the fishing would be poor. I was in no position to disagree because I understand on certain days he had the fish to prove his point.—**District Warden JAMES R. BEATTY, JR.** (Fayette County).

MUSKIES FROM PENNSYLVANIA

■ While vacationing at the Niauga Bridge Area of the Lake of the Ozarks in Central Missouri, I picked up the *Missouri Conservationist* and the first article I turned to was an article pertaining to that department's stocking muskies in Pomme de Terre Reservoir near where we were staying. The muskies were received from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission!—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

MUSKY STEALS PERCH

■ Mr. and Mrs. Voris of the Williamsport area were fishing Hills Creek Lake from a boat when Mrs. Voris caught a small perch. As she was pulling it into the boat—only three feet from the boat—a large fish came up and grabbed

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*

the perch. Mrs. Voris had the fish on for a short time before it decided to part company, taking along the perch and a small amount of Mrs. Voris's line. Mr. and Mrs. Voris both saw the fish when it raised to take the perch and identified it as a muskie. This was the first time Mrs. Voris met up with a muskie and, after telling her how much time some dedicated muskie fishermen spend to catch or even raise a large fish, she felt very lucky that she was able to have ahold of one.—**District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER** (Tioga County).

IT'S A DUCK!

■ While putting up "Creel Limit Six" posters along Scott's Run Lake in the French Creek State Park, Special Fish Warden Ted Ciesinski was stopped by a youngster who asked when the season on "Creels" opened.

Ted asked the lad if he knew what a creel was. The youngster remarked, "Sure mister. It's some kind of duck."—**Assistant Warden Supervisor FRANK A. KULIKOSKY**, (Region IV).

WHAT WAS IT DOING THERE?

■ While patrolling the wired areas on the Driftwood Branch, I became tangled in something and upon looking at my feet found a stick about 6 feet in length with about 8 feet of good quality fly line, and an eyelet, sinkers, and leader. This was found inside of one of the nursery areas. Wonder what it was doing there?—**District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).

EAT IT?

■ Interested in some good carp fishing? Well here is the recipe for the bait that will take them. One half cup warm water 3 tablespoons corn meal, 4 tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon corn starch. Soak corn meal 10 minutes in warm water. Mix other ingredients. Stiffen to thin pancake batter with wheat flour. Flavor with two teaspoons of vanilla extract. Bake on medium hot griddle as a pancake. Cut in pieces one-half inch square or larger, and use as carp bait. If it won't catch carp, you can always eat it, rather tasty.—**District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL** (Lancaster and Lebanon Counties).

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

■ During the summer I had to investigate a boating accident which involved injury. The accident occurred on a lake with a 7½ horsepower limit on motors. Each operator had over 300 hours experience operating a motor boat; one had attended a boating school, yet the accident occurred. Many times I have been told while checking a boat for safety equipment by the occupants, "Oh, I can swim good," or "It's just a small lake, I don't need all that equipment." It's doubtful boating accidents will come to an end, but perhaps we might all take safety regulations more seriously and regardless of our experience, use good sense

in operating our motor boats.—**District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS** (Susquehanna County).

MUSKY THEORY

■ It seems that all avid muskellunge fishermen have their favorite baits and when and where to use them. Of these three thoughts, most agree that the fall months are the better fishing months but here is where the similarity ends. Where to use what baits is the point most often argued. Last fall at Conneaut Lake in Crawford County three muskellunge over four feet were taken. All were caught at various spots around the lake using large lures not of the same type construction. Maybe the best formula to use for these lunkers is simply placing a big bait in his lair during the fall season.—**District Warden T. L. CLARK** (Crawford County).

HAPPY WITH CITATIONS

■ During the fall I personally delivered Fishing Citations to Raymond Lounsbury of Ulysses, and Gary Ransom of Genesee. Both were impressed with their citations and said it was something they would cherish. Both were grateful and thanked the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for the awards.—**District Warden KENNETH ALEY** (Potter County).

TIDIOUTE TURNOUT

■ Despite high muddy water during the State Fishing Tournament at Tidioute, this fall, some very nice catches were made. The first fish turned in was a 27 inch walleye. The contest included the categories of muskellunge, northern pike, walleye, and bass. Approximately 2,000 spectators turned out during the two-day tournament in beautiful weather. Their enthusiasm equalled that of the fishermen taking part. It would seem that fishing is still tops in the Allegheny River area.—**District Warden KENNETH G. COREY** (Warren County).



"I AIN'T FISHING—I'M DROWNING WORMS."

OIL MOON *continued from page 5*

Abraham was between the boulders when the sky flared brightly again, brilliantly red. Then followed what seemed to him like an earth-shaking explosion. Too late did the pack-peddler realize that a club beat the explosion into his head.

Chapter Three

THE PACK PEDDLER was not the only traveler who left Titusville for Pleasantville on that cold morning of February 8, 1866. In the mid-1860's Titusville began to expand into the outer ends of a Y-shaped valley formed by the confluence of sparkling Pine Creek on the east and meadow-like and meandering Oil Creek to the west. Just a few hundred less than 10,000 people lived there. Colonel Drake's oil discovery in 1859 had made this a boom town.

Pleasantville was much smaller, less than 1,000 inhabitants in that quiet borough. Somehow it had managed to detour the bustle and unpleasant features which attached themselves to Pithole City and its mushrooming suburbs. Its older streets had rows of neat white houses and spreading lawns. The oil-town shanties were yet very few and on the outskirts. But still between Titusville and Pleasantville, on any day except the most inclement, almost 1,000 travelers hurried each way. Included in this movement were the railroad workers. As many as 1,000 of them were cutting a grade for the Reno, Rouseville and Pithole Railroad north of Oil City up the narrow drain of Cherry Run to the village of Plumer and then swinging east four tortured miles through a boulder-strewn forest to Pithole City.

Other railroad builders were leaving Pithole, having just completed the major section of another railline, the Pithole Valley. This road was hacked into the steep hills along Pithole Creek and crossed and re-crossed the wild stream thirteen times in seven miles. Long wooden trestles kept it off the ground more than on.

Carpenters were en route to Pithole to repair the damage to oil derricks caused by a recent windstorm. Other tradesmen and stone masons, pipefitters, boilermakers, bartenders, refiners were finding employment and high wages at "Little Oil City," in Oleopolis along the Allegheny River, seven miles down the Pithole Creek gorge. There the Baltimore Petroleum Company straggled out 100 lots—pockmarked with boulders and infested with rattlesnakes—for development along a hillside. It promised to be a prosperous refining city.

Teamsters were still hauling barrels full of oil to the depot at Titusville. The price for this service in 1866 was \$1.25 per barrel for the 10 to 12 mile trip, depending on what roads the wagoners found passable. Some oil freighters took a turn north and east out of Pleasantville for Garland through the majestic Grand Valley. But the farsighted were already looking for new oil fields. In the days of their prosperity teamsters earned \$15 to \$30 a day for their services. But these days were running out.

On October 16, 1865, the pipeline built from the United States Well in Pithole City to the Oil Creek Railroad terminal at Miller Farm was no longer a questionable adventure but a roaring success. This metal conveyance was barely two inches in diameter. Yet in one day with pumps helping the fluid over two steep hills it passed 200 barrels of oil five miles over wild hills and valleys.

The oil line could transport as much fluid in one day as would require the attention of 120 teams. In a week 1,500 teams in the Pithole production area were without jobs. A six-inch line from a prolific well to Oleopolis followed. Another line from Pithole to Titusville would be completed by February 15, 1866. Unemployment woes were adding up for the teamsters. They were moving ahead of the long hollow iron-snakes into new oil territory north and east of Titusville.

Card sharps, investors, brokers, musicians, bankers, farm boys, lumberjacks, preachers, teachers, pretty dancing girls, dandies and prophets of doom buzzed from one oil discovery to another. Laborers could name their own terms as Pithole was building 2,000 structures. In this migration and two hours behind Abraham Shalof when that road merchant climbed the rise to Pleasantville came Tom Dunn, twenty years old and skilled in the "art preservative." He was a printer. Dunn, too, slogged up the greasy highway to Pleasantville...and to wherever fortune would take him from there. He imagined it might be Pithole City and work on "The Record," a daily newspaper. A skilled printer could always find a job. For seven



REMINDERS of bygone era still can be found scattered through the oil country such as along famous Pithole Creek.

months Tom had been setting into type and reading the almost unbelievable stories about the oil towns and especially about the explosive rise and riotous life in Pithole City. Now he could see for himself.

He hated to leave Titusville and looked back longingly at the peaceful valley. There lived decent people, building churches, schools and offering many opportunities. A young man could sink deep roots in the "Queen City." Material necessities could be had without sacrificing the cultural. Titusville was proud of Professor Charles Fitzsimmons and sent its young ladies and gentlemen to the learned man for English, Greek, Latin, French and German, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany and Instrumental Music.

Tom leaned to the cultural, having apprenticed under a wise, country editor-printer in Illinois before he came east to The Herald. At fourteen he began to feel his way among the type cases in John McDonnell's printshop. He learned about inks, papers, presses and business in the front office. McDonnell was more than an editor or just a printer. He was a teacher. During the five years that Dunn worked with McDonnell he learned as much about grammar, spelling, punctuation and word division as he did about setting a line of news type or a display.

He was told to read certain chapters of the Bible, especially those written by Luke. These he was instructed to study for simplicity of sentence structure. As training in writing the editor handed him "reporting" notes from which Tom was to compose news paragraph "from the case."

Apprentice printers in those days were trained to understand the entire shop. And many of the best writers and editors of that age were once tyros of the composing rooms.

McDonnell was proud of his writing and wanted Tom to use active, sparkling verbs. But always he was to write in a style that could be understood by "plain country folk of Illinois." The old editor scorned redundancy. Of triteness he made an example, saying, "the expression 'for love or money' is overused already. Don't let it appear in your stick of type...nor depend too much on either in life."

The happy association ended abruptly one day when the editor slumped over his cases. A new ownership did not please Tom and he wrote a "thirty" to Illinois and came east to the oil excitement in Titusville.

The Titusville Herald had just sold its first issues from its narrow brick building. Here Tom no longer wrote out of the case. Instead he followed copy on stories written by some of the most gifted journalists and flowery reporters of the 19th Century. It was a good job. Tom intended to keep it until "Telegraph Willie," a tramp printer with a national reputation for speed and an annoying habit of clicking each letter against the stick as he composed a line of type, appeared in the next bank. Telegraph Willie was a "swift," a printer who set type speedily. His fingers dipped dexterously into the partitions of the cases. His columns lengthened quickly. But in the quiet of the composing room, this click, click was unnerving. Willie had worked in Pittsburgh, New York and Buffalo, the big cities and in the small towns too. He knew the saloon keepers and could recite the capacities and the capabilities of many of the top journalists of the day. But since Willie also liked the click of whisky glasses against bottles of Old Crow and was slow with a razor and sparing with soap, he staggered around his bank many times bleary-eyed, bearded and boozey.

Shortly after, "Kokomo" Smith, supposed to have been a 49'er from California, picked up a stick in the same chapel. He mixed tobacco, whisky and invective with a reputation as a troublemaker, which harness he soon strained. Tramp printers usually left for warmer spots with the wild geese. However, Kokomo and Telegraph Willie formed such a happy drinking and arguing combination that they agreed to warm their friendship in Titusville over the winter. Then young Tom Dunn decided he had enough in February. He was leaving for Pithole City where the editor of The Record was advertised a man of temperate habits and would not hire a drinking man into his shop.

Now at the Brown Bros. Store in Pleasantville Tom exchanged the news bits with the brothers and loafed near the counters, studying the people who came for supplies. There was even a disappointing note in the news for Tom. Travelers from Pithole City said the town was breaking up. Soon there would be no need for a newspaper. But others, especially the drillers, were optimistic. They remarked that from the first day of January, 1866, until February 4, Pithole had produced a paying well every day. And yesterday, on the seventh day of February, the Morey Well No. 184 was doing 800 barrels a day. The future was not dark.

Like Abraham Shalof a few hours before, Tom Dunn also heard and was interested in the predictions of Pleasantville's spiritualist, Abram James, who claimed that some day he would be "spirit-guided" to a spot where he would drill a gusher. Others who listened to James in his divining moments detected an end of Pithole City through fires. Pleasantville was ideally situated for fire-watching. Cleared farm fields surrounded the borough. The horizon was wide. The hillridges dropped below it. Vision was almost unlimited in all directions. Its elevation was almost 500 feet higher than that of Titusville and other oil operations on Oil Creek. Pithole City, six miles away, declined 100 feet below.

So many and so frequent were the fires in the oil region in 1865-66 that a red reflection in the sky could be seen from Pleasantville on almost any night. In five months just passed the citizens had counted eight fires. Four occurred in Pithole City burning the Grant Well, the Rochester Hotel, the Continental House and the Sycamore House. Three explosive blazes burned in the valley of Oil Creek. And in January, 1866, an inferno took a dozen Titusville buildings to the ground.

Tom recalled that after the Titusville fire, a vigilante committee came into existence and a gallows to deal with arsonists and incendiaries was promised. Gossipy as the Brown Bros. store counters were, Tom felt he must be on his way. Six miles of unknown road faced him before he would arrive in Pithole City. Ahead of him two hours went Shalof, the peddler. Tom could soon see that he would not arrive at the office of The Pithole Record until sometime after nightfall.

The same wagons that delayed the peddler now delayed the printer. The same red sky that frightened Annie Shultz of the O'Donovan Trail and was seen by the peddler on the Tight Pinch pass arched-above Dunn also. He began to run. If that was another Pithole fire like those discussed at the Brown's store that afternoon, he wanted to see it. His training to be alert to news broke his long steps into a run. He would trot for few minutes and then walk to regain his breath. Once he stumbled and fell. As he picked himself up he thought the ground quaked underfoot. It was while he walked that he entered the pass between the boulders of the Tight Pinch. Above his laboring breath he thought he heard a groan.

He stopped and listened. That was a moan of pain. A few yards off the road beside a rotting pine log lay Abraham Shalof, beaten and almost naked. Tom kicked a bell as he stooped to the moaning man. He had no light. The red glow of the fire was not enough. How he wished for an oil lantern. He could be a more efficient Samaritan.

Chapter Four

JUST LIKE ANNIE SHULTZ found comfort in the smudged-light of the oil lantern in her wilderness shed off the O'Donovan Trail and Tom Dunn wished for a lantern so that he could comfort Abraham Shalof, so on the night of February 8 Alfred G. Smiley looked anxiously toward the comforting flickers of a long row of lanterns. They were spaced a quarter mile apart on the Pithole-to-Miller Farm Pipe Line.

Smiley was a very important traveler on this eventful night. He was most thankful for the lanterns. And when the red sky appeared, three miles to the east and ahead of him, he knew that Pithole City was fighting another fire. He welcomed the additional light even though it was disconcerting. The thought that this might be the final fire did not enter his mind.

Smiley had seen too many oil country flare-ups since he first came to Titusville from Union Mills (Union City) and helped "kick down" wells below Watson's Flats near the Drake

discovery well in 1860. And if the world was to be consumed by fire, "Alf" had already witnessed a preview of that event. By April 17, 1861, he had worked his way down greasy Oil Creek to Oil City and then about ten miles south to the beautiful city of Franklin. On that afternoon the Little and Merrick Well on the Buchanan Farm exploded and caught fire. Nineteen people died screaming, horrible deaths in flames. Eleven suffered painful injuries. The inferno continued uncontrolled for three days before a manure-and earth cover smothered it. Smiley traveled by train to Oil City and watched the fire with hundreds of other spectators and curious.

There was no comparison between the fire at Pithole City this night and the Rouseville fire of five years ago. The fire at Rouseville was both grand and terrifying. Oil and gas shot up from the blazing well for almost 100 feet. The entire column burned brilliantly. Huge smoke and fire clouds built up above. The clouds rolled, exposing once the fire and the next time the black smoke as if the devil himself was stoking below. Then the flames would rise another 100 feet as if they would spread and ignite all the surrounding hilltops. For days Smiley was entranced by the roar of the oil and gas and the sizzle and crisp-crackles and the challenge to snuff it out. He would never forget. All other blazes henceforth would be campfires.

Now however, a sudden possibility furrowed his brow. He worried. Supposing the red sky from the direction of Pithole City came not from a shanty or another hotel but from a blaze in the company's sprawling barrel yard! Alf was no longer an oil territory roustabout. He had worked hard and conscientiously. From Franklin he came to be manager of a pipeline known as the Van Syckel Pipe Line. His company bought, sold and transported oil. He had responsibilities. Early that day he had contracted to buy 100,000 barrels of oil from the United States Company. The price was five dollars a barrel. A condition to be met was that the sum of \$100,000 was to be delivered to Pithole City that night. There was a huge profit to be made for shipping this oil through his tube.

By telegraph to Titusville he made arrangement for that huge sum to be forwarded to him at Miller Farm. On the stage to Miller Farm, crowded with gentlemen and roughnecks alike, he was accompanied by two trusted employees. The money arrived by a passenger train and was handed to him wrapped in common grocery paper. Smiley was confident his men would not turn on him so he divulged the mission. But not taking any chances with any others he might meet he strapped on a new Colt revolver. Furthermore, he decided to make the return to Pithole City using the right-of-way along the pipeline, rather than traveling on horseback over the recently-improved plank road.

The line was well guarded, as it had to be then. Teamsters had torn it up time and again. The company appealed to the Venango County sheriff and a guard of deputies bolstered by line employees walked along the iron conductor. At night these patrols carried lanterns and the most modern rifles from New York. They paced off sections within lantern-sight and shout of each other. The situation was always explosive. At Pithole City about 1,000 teamsters still tarried near the wells, hoping the pipeline would fail. A break in the line—even failure of a valve would back up oil in Pithole tanks and make work for the teamsters. It had happened at least once before the line became efficient.

On the other end at Miller Farm in the town of Meredith, jobless teamsters loitered in the saloons and eleven hotel barrooms, wishing the line-owners bad luck, scheming and plotting. Every once in a while some hot-head excited the unemployed mob into an assault on Smiley's line. The situation was not entirely under control on the night Smiley left Miller Farm with \$100,000 in currency under his arm. And now as he crossed narrow Cherry Run, the half-way point, came this fire to add to his worries.

Were those his profits on 100,000 barrels burning? Alf urged his companions to run. This in turn alerted the guards who thought they were being assaulted. An explanation to the patrol was necessary every quarter of a mile. But although the lanterns, the backlight of the red sky, the well-worn paths used by the patrol permitted fairly fast night travel, Alf stumbled and fell once. He thought the ground trembled beneath his feet.

A "Moonlighter" shooting a well at night to avoid paying Col. Roberts a royalty for use of his exclusive well-blasting device—The Roberts Torpedo—he thought, as he picked himself up and felt for bruises. At the bridge over West Pithole Creek, one of the smallest toll crossings in the country at that time, the stream being less than 30 feet wide, Smiley excitedly asked the location of the fire.

continued on page 26

"The Tremont House is burning," came the reply from the tollgate. Smiley clutched the \$100,000 package tighter. It would soon be in the company safe. His profits were made. He considered himself a very lucky man.

Chapter Five

HE WAS VERY LUCKY, indeed, for by February 8, 1866 George Croyle had tired of hiding in his cave on Shreve Run, a half dozen miles south of Titusville. The run gushed into Oil Creek from a cold glen on a steep eastern hill. Croyle's hide-out was remote considering that even at that time almost 40,000 people lived within ten airline miles. Here the virgin hemlock and white pine grew straight and tall. The trees were so thick that two men could not touch fingertips embracing the trunks.

The gray boulders were huge, so typical of many hollows in the watershed of Oil Creek or the Allegheny River. The ravine was steep and narrow. Even the deer had not made a trail into it. Timbermen eyed the stands, but like the oil drillers, they passed up the hollow. Their horses and mules, wagons and drilling rigs could not enter either from the top of the hill or from the booming oil excitement at Miller Farm on the creek. So Shreve Run was spared the oil and grease that glazed other brooks and silt and sewage that began to pour into other creeks of Venango County in the 1860's. Croyle's secret cave was almost at the brow of the hill. Here the run tumbled over a slate outcropping, arching into a 40-foot waterfall. Trout in almost inexhaustible numbers could be caught in the waterfall's green, boiling pool.

In this ideal robber's roost Croyle fed and amused himself betimes by reaching under the moss-covered boulders of the brook and scooping out or spearing fat, blue-bodied and red-speckled fish. He watched fiendishly as the trout writhed on a sharp brittle pine twig he used for a spear. But now his supply of whisky had run out. He craved. For almost three weeks he had hidden out in this stony hole. The vigilantes in Titusville were partly to blame. And so were Ben Hogan and "Stonehouse" Jack, most notorious oil region outlaws.

Hogan, after a private vendetta, had driven Jack out of Pithole City on January 22. In turn the citizens of Titusville would not accept Jack and his exiles. One hundred of his ruffians and camp followers were given fast-freight on a special train and warned not to return to Titusville or they would dangle from the newly-built gallows.

Croyle, too, was qualified for a hanging. But he owed allegiance neither to Hogan nor to Stonehouse Jack. He was a "loner" with a bad reputation of his own making. He was another recognized terror of the oil towns, as notorious a ruffian as could be found. His first appearance into the oil territory was a subject of many debates. Some said he left no definite backtrail; that he first began to scourge the valleys and plateaus of northeastern Venango County when he arrived at the Sherman Well on the Foster Farm above Pioneer in April, 1862.

The Sherman was one of the most famous Oil Creek producers. It was tapped in March of that year and gave 1,500 barrels a day. For two years it averaged 900 barrels daily. Envious producers estimated the owner collected about \$1,700,000. From Oil City about that time a special packet called the Clipper No. 1 made a defiant ten-mile trip up the shallow creek bringing goods, freight and passengers daily. Some thought Croyle, already a ruffian, floated into the region on the Clipper. Others maintained that Croyle's actions were so unholy that he came up with the gas fumes from the deep, mysterious holes at the mouth of Pithole Creek near Oleopolis.

Croyle's misdeeds began to pop up like epizoo among the horses. He robbed dozing oil workers, out-of-the-way farmsteads, road builders, travelers, and half-drunk teamsters. But his greatest skill was employed in brow-beating other men. A huge physical brute himself, he tortured inoffensive, peaceable citizens in the oil town saloons. For Croyle the world almost ended twice. Once in Oil City he slapped a quiet man. Whereupon this individual secured a barrel stave and at the first opportunity almost crushed the Croyle skull. From the brink of death the ruffian slid back to life and resumed his evil habits. Shortly after in Rouseville he again tried to bully a man of small stature. He was surprised when this little redhead whipped out a revolver and ordered the outlaw to dance. Croyle's foot stopped a slug.

The doctor who did the charitable deed poured out too much chloroform while he probed to extricate the ball. Croyle again almost opened death's door. But he recovered as mean as before. And some people around Cherry Run were unkind to the medicine man for being so skilled as to revive this pestilence of petroliia. There were belated threats that had Croyle been caught in Oil City on the night John McFate, a highly respected citizen, was robbed of the money he received from the sale of his farm and murdered, the outlaw would have stretched rope then and there. And now with the vigilantes visiting the saloons in Titusville daily, a new lockup awaiting testing in Pithole City and the U. S. Marshal coming to pick up the trail of the post-office robbers, Croyle knew he should be leaving the oil country.

He thought seriously about Forest County and the lumber camps and hard-drinking, free-spending raftsmen and hideouts that were even wilder than Shreve Run. There he could continue his bullying and robbing. But one more robbery on the highways to add to the loot he already had cached under a slanting boulder on Pine Run, near Hunky-Dory, the resort four miles to the east of Pithole City, would serve as his goodbye to the land of mud and oil.

Early on the morning of February 8 he crawled out of the hollow, haggled a wagon and a well-fed team from a jobless barrel-freighter at Jerusalem Corners and proceeded another mile to Pleasantville. This last act of acquisition he kept honest. A theft of horses would have alarmed the countryside. The Brown Brothers store on "The Corners" in Pleasantville had a reputation for doing a large volume of daily business. Croyle stopped his team on Main Street and watched the traffic enter the store.

In a conversation with a Pleasantville native he found out that the villagers had been alarmed by a bulletin from Titusville that the post office robbers might strike anytime at the Brown store or the National Bank. Loaded guns reposed at arms-length in both enterprises. Croyle had no love for an alerted clerk or a cocked smoothbore. He began to study possible victims who were taking the Pleasantville-to-Pithole road.

The stooped road merchant with the bulky oilcloth pack appealed. Peddlers were easy prey and they were known to carry expensive watches, rings and sometimes diamonds. The desperado marked Abraham Shalof. He urged his horses past the Jew, who, head inclined to the ground by the weight of his pack, at that moment was preoccupied with his bear incident and never noticed that the ruffian Croyle had looked him over with evil, wolfish eyes.

Croyle would put the club to the peddler at the Tight Pinch pass. Since he knew the wagon traffic would not thin out for some time and he knew the peddler would still be traveling at nightfall, the outlaw drove through the pass to the outskirts of Pithole City and tied his team on the Dawson City road. Then he came through the woods to the Pass, using a lantern to guide him as night closed the woods. Just as the fire broke out at the Tremont Hotel he could see the peddler, weaving from side to side, slipping in the muddy road. The highwayman swung a wagonwheel spoke. Abraham Shalof walked into the blow in the nightshadows of the largest Tight Pinch boulders. Hastily Croyle dragged the short man into the underbrush. There in the screen of thick hemlocks he lit the lantern again and began to search the victim's pockets.

The Jew soon groaned in pain, blood began to trickle from a cut over his right eye. The red lines were lost in a thick long beard. Croyle cursed, but deftly ran his fingers through the peddler's clothes, feeling for a lump that might disclose currency. Then he ripped the oilcloth, scattering the bundle. The bell fell out, its clapper uttering a protesting alarm. Croyle answered it with a kick. The peddler was stripped to underclothes, even to his stockings. Croyle examined the soggy leather boots. Nothing in the pack was valuable. The highwayman left the peddler. With \$20 Croyle ran through the woods to his wagon, cursing his luck.

But a mile to the east of the Tight Pinch pass it was a lucky night for Alf. W. Smiley, the pipeline manager. And certainly the bad luck was with Croyle. Had he chosen another road and another victim he might have awaited Smiley and his package containing \$100,000. And still on another night, on another road, he might have robbed another peddler. John Layder, from Butler, lost \$29,000 in a robbery at Rouseville two weeks after Shalof fell in the Tight Pinch.

continued next month

APPOINTED ANGLER EDITOR

D. THOMAS EGGLER, staff writer and photographer for PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER has been appointed editor of the magazine effective with the January issue.

Eggler, a 1962 graduate of the Pennsylvania State University's School of Journalism, joined the Commission July 11, 1966. He began full time work on the magazine last March and since has initiated such popular features as the Leaky Boots letters column and the Fish Tales picture section as well as photographing and writing many of the Magazine's articles.

Previous to his employment by the Commission he worked at a variety of jobs including newspaper reporter, commercial photographer, and freelance writer and photographer.



OUTDOOR BULLETIN BOARD

Sportsmen in Belle Vernon have a real outdoor bulletin board!

Sedlak Trapper Supply posts fishing reports and news releases received from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in one of its two large display windows.

Passersby have only to stop on the street to read the latest fishing or boating information direct from the Commission.

Store owner Pat Sedlak says they "have found the window display to be better received and well-read, rather than placing them on the store counter."

NEW PROGRAM *continued from page 3*



FISH CHART is explained to class of biology students at the Bangor School. Pictured are Stan Paulakovich, John Ogden, and Charles Sandivick, head of the biology department.

"However a lot of them were not aware they could take advantage of the many resources of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission—including a variety of publications as well as an occasional streamside field trip conducted by our district wardens when requested."

Ogden, who plans to retire in the near future, says the two men chosen to replace him—district warden T. L. Clark of Crawford County and district warden Stan Paulakovich of Lehigh County—will find plenty to keep them busy.

"I never realized there were so many schools, or as much interest," Ogden says, "until I started these contacts."

At the same time as contacting schools Ogden has also been contacting State Parks, newspapers, radio, television stations and tourist bureaus. The two new men will also include these on their calls as well as assist in other commission activities.

What about the program—believed to be the only one of its kind in the country—interests school officials most?

"It's hard to say," Ogden says. "Some are interested in

our publications for classroom use such as the Reptiles and Amphibians booklet, the Stream Improvement guide, the Fish Culture in Pennsylvania booklet, our Identifying the Common Fishes of Pennsylvania booklet or any of our several technical reports. Many biology instructors find they can use these as instructional aids in their classes."

"At the same time a field trip to a stream conducted by the district warden packs plenty of attraction too. On location instructional trips give students a chance to see and understand streamlife much better than they otherwise would.

"An actual demonstration of shocking a stream, taking bottom samples of aquatic life, measuring water flow, or seeing a stream improvement device work adds greatly to the conservation understanding of youth—and they're really fascinated by it," Ogden says.

"Another thing many of them enjoy are our fishing schools where a district warden comes in and holds a class on how to use various kinds of fishing equipment, how to fish for various species and the like," Ogden says.

Future plans for the program?

Commission executive director Robert Bielo explains his viewpoint like this:

"We think Pennsylvania's youth should know as much as possible about the state's natural resources. Water—and the life it supports—is one of those resources and a very important one and we want to do what we can to help our children understand that importance. Pennsylvania's forward looking educators know that tomorrow's adults must understand conservation if society is to survive.

"This program is our contribution toward that goal. And that's why the Commission plans to expand the program in the near future by putting two men on it on a fulltime basis."

HARVEYS LAKE *continued from page 11*



CAMPER equipped pickup backs into new unloading ramp at Harvey's Lake to unload.

To be based generally on the lake, it will be available for emergency work where needed.

The men of Flotilla 92—and for that matter, their families too, are an enviable group. Perhaps the contentment which seems to radiate from these folks comes from their preparedness. I don't really know. Their love of their boats and boating is evident in their operation: smooth, courteous, purposeful. Vice Commander Phil Heycock, generally as tan as his big Larson I-O, seems to fit so well, he seems to be just one more fitting on the boat—he's that much a part of it. Phil represents a trend toward the I-O rig. More and more each year we see these combinations replacing an inboard or an outboard.

Speaking with the three major boat outfitters in the Harveys Lake area: Tony Recupero and Pat Naples of "Mr. Kleen Marine" in Exeter, Caddie LaBar in Dallas,

and Woolberts of Kingston, bears this out. These experts agree and gave many reasons. The I-O carries a price tag a good bit lower than the inboard and at the same time gives the operator some of the inboard's advantages. Similarly, the advantage of outboard drive from a handling standpoint, is attractive to many.

All agree, however, that it will never completely replace one or the other. We doubt it too. There is nothing smoother or more comfortable than a heavy hulled inboard. Handling has improved over the years and the advent of the "glass" age has added a new attraction for those who would be concerned about maintenance. With the outboard, there is nothing that can compare to the ease with which they can be serviced, trailered, launched, and retrieved. The latitude in power options is also an enticing factor.

Newest item on the Harveys Lake boating scene is the acquisition and development of the Fish Commission access area on the lake. Located between Sandy Beach and Old Sandy Bottom, this two acre lot provides ample parking on a paved lot, sanitary facilities, and three concrete launch ramps. Developed with fish funds and boating funds, it will provide perpetual access to this most desirable fishing and boating water.

So it is with Harveys Lake and her people. Sort of a watery crossroads in a recreational lifetime if you care to get romantic. Boats of every size, shape, and description ply their way through her many moods. Placid, mirrorlike one minute—angry and unrelenting the next. Folks from every walk of life and of every temperament meet here—somehow they all manage to enjoy themselves.

HIGH-LARIOUS FISHING *continued from page 13*

Like the time Fred, who is Bill's business partner, thought he had me beat in a game they called five card stud. Everyone eventually dropped out of that game at the end except Fred and me and he politely informed me that he had "Two pair—Kings and Queens." He seemed real proud.

"Well, I have two pair, too," I said. "Raise you a dime!"

"It's too late for that, honey," Bill interjected. "The betting's over now. Let's see the two pair."

"Why should I show them to you?" I asked. "You dropped out. I'll only show them to Fred."

Fred sat patiently across the table and waited. "What do I do now?" I asked him.

Straining to remain calm, he said, "You have two pair you said . . . two pairs of what?"

"Jacks!" I said.

"Jacks and what else?" he asked, raising one eyebrow su-

perciliously with one hand starting to reach for the money.

"Just Jacks!" I told him. "Two pairs of Jacks—a red pair and a black pair!"

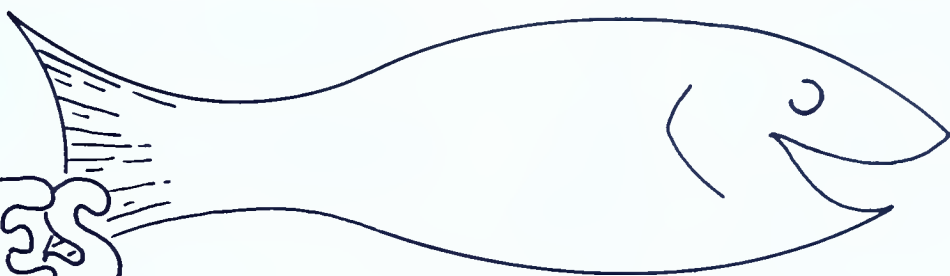
We left shortly after that. I thought Bill might bawl me out in the car but as soon as we got in and drove away he burst out laughing harder than I ever saw him laugh before. "Two pairs of Jacks," he kept repeating over and over. "Man, O man! Wait'll I tell the rest of the fellows."

"You can tell the fellows anything you want," I said. "Wait until I tell the girls I won \$58.30 from you boys tonight. They'll all take up fishing."

But I didn't do it. Instead I bought him a brand new spincasting outfit with most of the money. He thinks he has zeroed in on the living quarters of a Citation Size Smallmouth on the Allegheny River and it's probably where we'll be heading next. And we'll probably have a HIGH-larious time.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN

HUSKY MUSKY CLUB member and citation winner **Dr. John H. Bailey** of Meadville holds the fish that won him the awards. The 33 pound musky measured 49½ inches and was caught from Crawford County's Conneaut Lake.

ANTHONY KARUZIE JR. of Avoca with the 33 inch, 13½ pound walleye he caught from the Susquehanna River in Lackawanna County during the fall. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



CHARLES R. BLOOM of Sunbury holds some 70 pounds of catfish taken from the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County last summer.



JAMES CARROLL of Tinicum Marsh Wildlife Preserve, in Philadelphia, holds one of several large snappers caught in the area during the fall.



OVID THOMAS assistant to Mr. Carroll (left) holds one of the several large snappers (as on left and right) found crossing the Dike Road at Tinicum Marsh Wildlife Preserve.

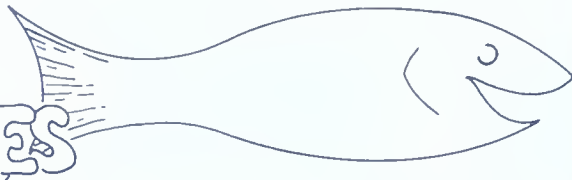


EDWARD CROWERS, a summertime assistant at Tinicum Marsh Wildlife Preserve, holds one of the several turtles spotted during September in the area.

FISH

TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN

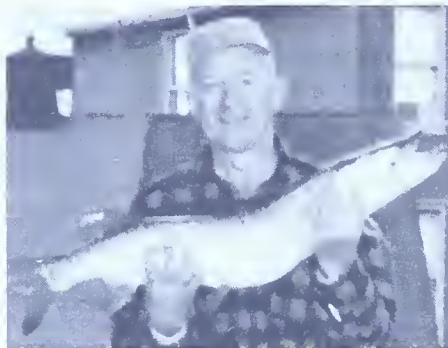


EIGHTH MUSKY caught from Conneaut Lake by Mr. Charles Osborne, qualified him for membership in the new Husky Musky Club. It weighed 29 pounds, measured 49.5 inches.

JACK PENCE of Somerset qualified for club membership with 41 inch, 14½ pound musky caught from Lake Somerset this fall.



BOWMAN'S CREEK in Wyoming County produced this fine 18¼ inch, 2½ pound Brown Trout for Exeter angler Richard Stash, 11. He won a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation for his catch.



HARRISBURG fisherman Iver M. "Smoky" Stover received honorable mention in Husky Musky Club with 11 pound, 36 inch musky from Susquehanna River at Falmouth Access Area.



BURTON BERRETTINI holds stringer of rainbows he caught at Harvey's Lake. Fisherman Berrettini who lives near the lake, caught them early during the season last year.



YOUNG DAN MORRIS, age 10, of 2811 Mercer Road, New Castle, landed this 33 inch, 8½ pound muskellunge at Cochran on French Creek in late September. It first hit a yellow flatfish, broke free, and then hit again after the young angler reloaded with a five inch chub. It qualifies him for an honorable mention position in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky Club.



ROBERT WHETSTONE holds beautiful brownie he caught from Monocacy Creek while night fly fishing last summer. It took him nearly 15 minutes to land the 3¾ pound, 21½ inch fish. He called catching the fish "a great thrill."

FORMER PRIZE FIGHTER Michael "Kid" Yench of Plains holds big walleye he took from Lake Carey in Wyoming County during the middle of October. It measured 30¾ inches, weighed 12 pounds, 1 ounce, and fell to the temptation of a sonar lure. The catch qualified angler Yench for a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



EDWARD GLAZENSKI, 13, of Nanticoke, holds 12 to 15 inch rainbows he caught from Harvey's Lake. He was using worms as bait.





ERIE COUNTY'S 20 Mile Creek produced this 22½ inch, 5 pound, 9 ounce rainbow for 15-year-old fisherman James Wright. He won a Junior Citation.



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER produced these nice muskies for Allen C. Romberger (right) and his grandson Michael of Klingerstown last winter. They measured from 31½ to 37 inches and weighed from 10 to 14 pounds. To the left Joseph Mastromatto holds Palomino rainbow caught by his father Alfie at the Loch Alsh Reservoir near Ambler in Montgomery County during the summer season. The 14 inch fish hit a small daredevil lure.



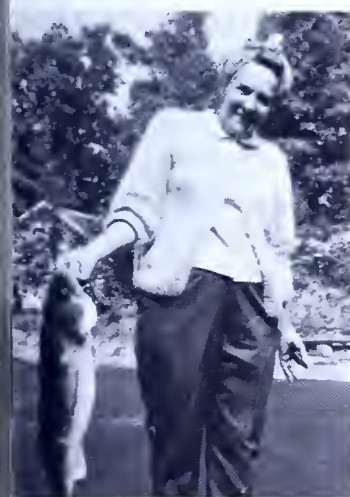
THOMAS ROTE of Sunbury holds two bass he caught last summer at the Hamilton Water Works Reservoir. The bigger one measured 19 inches and weighed 3¾ pounds. The smaller was 10 inches.



BRIAN DAVID WALTERS of Royersford received a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation for this 21½ inch, 2¾ pound brown trout which he caught from Lake Wallenpaupack during the summer.



BRADYS LAKE in Monroe County was where fisherman Charles S. Weiss of Lehighton caught this 23 inch, 5 pound 13 ounce largemouth bass. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



THE KINZUA RESERVOIR in Warren County produced this 32 inch, 12 pound two ounce walleye for lady angler Wilda Mae Gaphes of Sheffield.



CHARLES KANTZ of Selingsgrove holds 20 inch smallmouth bass that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. He caught it while fishing in Snyder County's Penns Creek.



SUSAN BLACK, 11, of Pittsburgh holds 28¾ inch, 6¾ pound walleye she caught while fishing at Pymatuning Lake in Crawford County. It won her a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation.



FOUR YEAR OLD Robert Phillips Jr., of Chester holds 21½ inch, 5¾ pound smallmouth bass he caught while on a family fishing trip to Lake Ladore in Wayne county.



Casting

WITH
THE

COOPS

A Monthly Feature About Cooperative Nursery Projects

By Bill Porter

KEN MICKLEY doesn't fish, has never had a fishing license and doesn't own a piece of fishing equipment. So who is this fellow and what is he doing in the cooperative nursery column?

Ken Mickley is a rural mail carrier in Adams County and a very active member of the Adams County Fish and Game Association. So active in fact that he has turned a good portion of his property near his home into a scenic holding pond for his club's trout. He *really* doesn't fish, claims to have never caught one, but has been instrumental in raising thousands for the pleasure of others.

His interest started about three years ago when the Adams County club had a severe water problem on Little Marsh Creek, site of its hatchery. Ken's pond was a reflector type with no fish in it, but it had a full head of water. As Little Marsh disappeared in the drought, it was natural for Ken to offer his facility. Club members did manage to save several hundred trout that year by placing them in Ken's pond. And from that time on, the impoundment was used to a greater degree each year—a thousand trout were held the second year, then 3,000, and this year 2,500 legal fish reside in the pond until stocking time. In the meantime the Little Marsh Creek has restored itself and the Adams County Fish and Game club started the current rearing season with 22,500 fingerlings from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at its original nursery.



KEN MICKLEY feeding fish at backyard pond.

Now the story would seem to end at this point, but it doesn't. Ken had a *little* assistance from the farm pond owner whose pond lay above his and whose overflow provided him with water. During the first year that the Mickley pond was used, the continuous flow of water into the small stream that fed the pond was maintained by a gradual drawdown of the farm pond above. The trout,

rescued from the Ortanna Nursery on Little Marsh Creek, survived as a result and the Adams County Fish and Game Club got through a bad time without a complete loss. Cooperation from a lot of people was the key factor.

Incidentally, Ken takes great pride in his trout and his attractive home and its setting. Visitors are encouraged to stop and spend some time with the fish and rest in the shade of the tree-lined pond. If tourists arrive at the right time, Ken might let them help with the feeding.

Now after a couple of these articles have sharpened subjective interest in the cooperative nursery program, it is time to be a bit more objective about the Fish Commission's role in the scheme of things. To begin with, interested clubs should contact Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, State Fish Hatchery, Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania. Bob is the man who sits on the program and visits all the clubs, offering advice and help as needed and coordinating the reports and requests from the supporting organizations.

A policy to govern cooperative nurseries does exist. Here are its main issues: All matters pertaining to the program are worked through the aforementioned coordinator. For a starter, a club requests a site survey from Bob. A proposed site requires several inspections to determine quality and quantity of water. Local wardens and commission biologists assist Mr. Brown in this work. A year elapses from the time of the site test until it is considered adequate and approval granted.

Quality of water must meet the following standards: pH values to be within the range of 6.0 to 8.5. Minimum dissolved oxygen is 6 parts per million. Quantity is normally not less than 40 gallons per minute. Finally, the temperature may not exceed 65°F at the source.

Trout fingerlings will be assigned only to organized sportsmen's clubs. These clubs may request the kind and number of trout wanted, but final decision rests with the Coordinator and the Chief of the Division of Fisheries, based on the size of the nursery, its water quality and quantity, and other related factors. Cooperative nurseries receive their trout before July 15 of a given year. In fact, no fingerlings are issued after that date until the following season.

And that's a start on the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's role for this issue. The basic requirements for a new nursery, besides interest and desire of club members, is to have a good supply of water. Once this has been approved and the fingerlings arrive, additional responsibilities for both the operators and the Fish Commission come to bear. It will be with these matters that this column will deal in a later issue. But newly interested clubs could be started on the road now to provide more *Casting with the Coops* for their fellow anglers.

BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

Questions on boating subjects will be answered each month in the Angler by Capt. Jack Ross of Monroeville, editor and publisher of the Three Rivers Boating Guide. Capt. Ross, who cruises extensively on the Western Rivers in his 34-foot Richardson out of Oakmont, also operates his own marine consulting business in Pittsburgh.

FROM LHB, PITTSBURGH:

"My 32-foot houseboat cavitates badly at high speed if there is even a slight buildup of algae or weed on the lower unit of the outdrive. How can I correct this?"

—This is a common fault of many outdrive and outboard boats, and is caused by a critical condition of turbulence around a high-speed propeller. I suggest getting in touch with your dealer about changing the gearing in the lower unit to allow a propeller of greater pitch which would turn slower. This should remedy the problem, and have the bonus effect of giving you better maneuverability at low speeds.

FROM AJL, ROCHESTER:

"When I beach my 18-foot outboard boat along the river, the wakes from passing boats keep pounding the bow, which is showing signs of wear. What can I do?"

—Short of finding a protected spot, there is only one practical solution. When approaching the bank, drop an anchor about 50 feet out, and pay out a line as you come in. After unloading your passengers and gear, shorten up the anchor rope, retaining control of the bow with a line to the shore. Your boat will ride easily just offshore, and you'll only have to wade about knee-deep.

FROM WCV, IRWIN:

"Aside from a compass, what should I have for operating my 14-foot runabout in fog on the Monongahela River?"

—As much life insurance as you can possibly buy. Your wife is about to become a widow.

FROM JB, BUTLER:

"If I find a boat drifting in the river and tow it back to my dock, is it mine?"

—No, an act of salvage does not confer title. Providing the service is rendered on navigable waters (those used in interstate commerce), you have a valid claim for a salvage reward, and you may retain possession of the salvaged property until the owner makes an agreeable settlement or posts a bond to guarantee the reward. As an award for salvage by the Admiralty courts will generally approximate

a fair payment for the salvor's time and trouble, no great windfalls should be expected. The advice of an attorney experienced in maritime law is also advisable. On state waters, there is no "law of salvage," and all a rescuer can expect is a "Thank You."

FROM CDS, PITTSBURGH:

"Last weekend we were chased off Davis Island in the Ohio River, where we have been picnicing for the past five years. Aren't all the islands government property and open to the public?"

—Unfortunately not. All of the islands have owners, and they may restrict boatmen's use of their property as they see fit. Happily, most of the river islands are owned by sand and gravel companies, and they have no objection to boatmen beaching on them for picnics or camping. This pleasant state of affairs is likely to continue if everyone who uses one of the islands takes all his garbage home with him, refrains from cutting down trees, etc.

FROM JLT, UNIONTOWN:

"My new outboard runabout came with a Yacht Ensign, but I don't believe this is the proper flag. What flag should I use?"

—The proper flag for a pleasure boat is the United States Ensign, the familiar 50-star flag. It is flown from the stern, between 8 a.m. and sunset, in all weathers. The yacht ensign, with a circle of stars about a fouled anchor, is authorized only for use on documented yachts, and then is more properly flown from a yardarm.

FROM LFR, EAST BRADY:

"Which is the better material for a boat hull; wood or fiberglass?"

—This question is like a basket of rattlesnakes; any way you approach it is likely to cause trouble. Wood, the traditional boatbuilding material, is inexpensive, easy to work with, and, when properly maintained, will last forever. On the other hand, wood needs a certain amount of care and protection, and is easily ruined when mistreated.

Fiberglass is more expensive, quite difficult to refinish or repair properly, but will look better for a considerable time with less care. Fiberglass boats have not been on the market long enough to determine their limit of useful life, although many show serious signs of wear after only a few years.

To answer the question, people who like wood boats should buy wood boats, and those who prefer fiberglass should stick to that material.

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Become part of the exciting scene in Pennsylvania this winter—try winter fishing.

You'll be surprised at what you'll find. Throughout the state thousands of fishermen will be turning out during the next few weeks to enjoy winter fishing.

Don't let them have all the fun, all the thrills, all the excitement.

Go winter fishing.

For information on winter and ice fishing methods write:

**THE PENNSYLVANIA
FISH COMMISSION**

Box 1673

HARRISBURG, PA.

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37, no. 2

FISHING and BOATING Angler

FEBRUARY, 1968



ANOTHER STEP AHEAD — — ANOTHER STEP TO GO

"There is a deadly menace loose in our land. It roams, almost at will, over the breadth of Pennsylvania, running roughshod over the health and well-being of each of us.

"It is both visible and invisible. And none of us knows the full effect it has on our daily lives.

"It is called waste:

- waste of our land
- waste of our water
- waste of our air
- waste of ourselves.

"And it is strange irony, indeed, that each one of us helps it grow daily."

With these words Governor Shafer last April asked the General Assembly to give early consideration to conservation legislation and more specifically to the Land and Water Conservation and Reclamation Fund Act. At that time this \$500,000,000 bond issue had just received overwhelming support from Pennsylvanians in a state-wide ballot. It already had received legislative approval in 1966 and again during the early days of the 1967 session. Presumably the major hurdles had been surmounted to assure putting this much needed program of land and water restoration into motion. All that remained was passage of enabling legislation. This hurdle turned out to be more difficult than anticipated, thus by mid-December of 1967 the Act still remained adrift in a welter of legislative controversy.

Fortunately, the bill finally passed and was signed into law by Governor Shafer who had placed high priority on its enactment.

Before saying more on this important subject—the passage and implementation of the Land and Water Conservation and Reclamation Act—a brief review of its basic intent seems in order.

The Act calls for \$100,000,000 to be used as assistance grants to municipalities to aid in financing construction and/or renovation of sewage treatment facilities. While Pennsylvania has long been a leader in taking action to provide treatment for domestic sewage, many large and numerous small communities remain without sewage plants.

Two hundred million dollars goes to the Department of Mines and Mineral Industries for the elimination of land and water scars created by past mining practices. Of this \$25,000,000 shall be used to correct air pollution problems from abandoned burning coal refuse piles. Another \$25,000,000 of the Mines Department allocation shall be used for prevention of surface subsidence above inactive mines and for fighting underground fires in abandoned mines.

With over 3,000 miles of Pennsylvania streams seriously degraded by acid and iron laden mine wastes, there can be little question of the urgent need to clean up the countless sources of acid mine water pollution. Unsightly mountains of smouldering coal refuse are to be found scattered throughout much of the coal region blighting every community they embrace. The threat of actual and impending subsidence is ever present wherever extensive deep mining has occurred.

There can be no doubt of the real and immediate need for all of the environmental improvement measures called for under the Department of Mines portion of the Land and Water Conservation Act.

A growing population, increased leisure time, and comfortable high speed transportation dictates the need for greatly expanded outdoor recreation facilities. Two fifths of the funds in the Land and Water Act provide for the development of open space areas at the community and the state level. The Department of Community Affairs will administer \$75,000,000 from the fund as grants-in-aid to political subdivisions on a matching basis for development of park and recreation lands. There is little question that most Pennsylvania communities can use financial help in developing such public recreation areas.

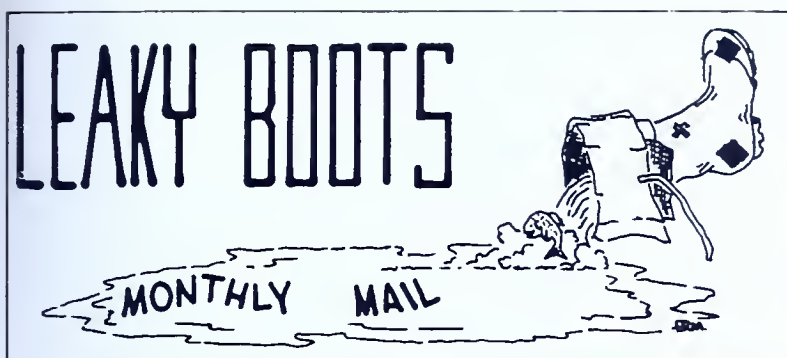
For specific and multipurpose recreation development the Land and Water Act provides \$125,000,000 to be appropriated among the Department of Forests and Waters, and the Fish, Game, and Historical and Museum Commissions. Generally, these agencies will develop parks, picnic areas, camping grounds, hiking trails, swimming facilities, new lakes for fishing and boating, public access points to existing water areas, marinas, hunting areas, waterfowl shooting grounds and wildlife sanctuaries in a coordinated effort to greatly increase Pennsylvania's outdoor recreational opportunities.

The Land and Water Conservation and Reclamation Act truly envisions a vast program of environmental restoration. Governor Shafer's comment that enactment of this legislation will bring to Pennsylvania "A Golden Age of Conservation" appears most appropriate. Everyone who has worked for this program from the Governor to each citizen can be proud that through their efforts the Land and Water Act will benefit all Pennsylvanians either directly in many ways or indirectly as our polluted waters are restored to cleanliness—as the atmosphere of many communities is freed of its burden of sulfurous fumes; as age old land scars heal over; as green parks spring up throughout our cities and towns; and as new major State parks with camping, picnicking, hiking, boating, fishing, and swimming facilities come into existence; as our land and water hunting areas improve and expand; as new fishing and boating waters are created or existing waters are opened for use, we will all truly benefit. All of these improvements to our environment will contribute to making life in Pennsylvania a more rewarding and worthwhile existence. However, passage of a law and approval to undertake a program is only a beginning—the proposed cleanup must be planned, designed and accomplished.

Another area of importance not mentioned so far has been our wholehearted commendation to former Governor Scranton for recognizing the urgent need for restoration and development of our land and water resources; to our legislators for their bipartisan support of the idea of a Land and Water Act; to the many Pennsylvanians who campaigned strongly for public acceptance of the actual legislation and to all who supported this matter in the state-wide referendum.

The passage and implementation of the Land and Water Act stands out as a major accomplishment in conservation legislation and public action. We must now all work to assure this act does bring to us a Golden Age of Conservation in Pennsylvania.

—Robert J. Bielo, *Executive Director*



WATER POWERED GRIST MILLS—



Gentlemen:

Your November issue of the Pennsylvania Angler was indeed interesting. I was especially interested in Mr. Wilbur Nathan Savage's article on water powered grist mills. This is a very favored subject to me as I am nearing 72 years old and have seen many of the old grist mills come and go. There is, however, one I have always enjoyed for its beauty and location because I used to fish there a lot.

Enclosed is a sketch of McConnell's Mill, on Slippery Rock Creek, Lawrence Co. There is, too, an old covered bridge near the mill.

As you probably know, this is a state owned park and is well worth a visit from any standpoint. The Slippery Rock at this location is one of the most beautiful spots of water in all of our great state.

Here too was one of our greatest trout and bass fishing streams in Lawrence County. I am sending you this material to point out to your readers what a beneficial drawing card we have here in attracting tourists from other states to Pennsylvania.

If you or any of your staff, including Mr. Savage, have not seen this area I would like to recommend you do so.

Vern E. Dufford, Sr., New Castle

BASIC STEPS

Gentlemen:

Just a word along with my renewal for Pennsylvania Angler. I really enjoyed my first year of receiving Pennsylvania Angler. It has been a great magazine and shall continue to be so far as I am concerned. Please publish

FEBRUARY—1968

some of the basic steps in your future issues as I am only a beginner at fishing with not much experience. Thank you for your great service.

Dean Freehling, Butler

We're working on a series of stories dealing with the basics of equipment and fishing techniques. We hope to start publishing them sometime this spring or summer.

LIKES MAGAZINE, FISHING—

Dear Sir:

I want to let you know that I really enjoy your magazine. I have enjoyed all the articles and stories I have read so far and have no doubt that I'll continue to pleaurably anticipate the arrival of your magazine.

I fish the Susquehanna River between the Dock Street Dam and Hot Rock quite frequently. Enclosed is a picture of one of the many smallmouth bass I have caught.

This bass is 21", 14½" around the gill and 5 pounds. I caught it on a Rebel Plug.

Occasionally I fish Brunner Island and York Haven. I think this area is tops in the sport of fishing.

Gerald J. Stemple, Mechanicsburg

We're happy you're happy—we'll use your picture in a coming issue of the Angler under our Fish Tales section.

NO LACKAWAXEN LUCK

Dear Sir:

In the November Issue of the Angler under Leaky Boots there is a very interesting article about fishing in Lackawaxen. Donald E. Jones is the writer of the article.

I am especially interested because I manage to get there



"It's a shame the way they're polluting the air of our cities."

continued on page 3

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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1968

VOL. 37, NO. 2

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Cover Art—Ron Jenkins

D. THOMAS EGGELER, EDITOR

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LEAKY BOOTS

continued from page 1

about three or four times a year, however, not with the success of Mr. Jones.

I tie most of my own wet flies and streamers, and I would like to correspond with Mr. Jones and exchange ideas on wet flies and wet fly tying.

Would there be any way I could get in touch with Mr. Jones?

Glenn K. Whitling, West Chester

We're sending you Mr. Jones' address. Hope your luck picks up. Ever think of attending one of our fishing schools? See pages 14 and 15 for information.

WHAT LURES

Gentlemen:

I would like to respectfully make a suggestion.

When you grant a citation for a large fish, please, if possible, have the recipient state the kind of lure or bait used. I have noticed that only a small percent give this information.

M. S. Brown, Mill Hall

Good point! We'll try to include this information more often. However, it isn't always available so don't expect us to hit one hundred percent.

A GOOD YEAR!

Dear Editor:

During the course of the 1967 bass season the Highspire Boating Association of 200 members enjoyed a great season. Numbers of large smallmouths were caught, with a few walleyes and muskeys. A great number of rock bass and catfish were also taken. The rock bass, as a whole, were in the 9" to 11½" variety, with one catfish over 14 lbs.

These gentlemen of this club and their families account for hundreds upon hundreds of bass every season. Very few fish are taken home under the 12 inch class. Many take home none. This controlled fishing is producing every year an abundance of bass. We are a little short in walleye. I, myself, fish this area regularly and have fine catches. I have seen 10-year-old Randy Weller, a game protector's son, release 17 and 18 inch bass and think nothing of it. This shows fine sportsmanship on the part of these young men.

My boat alone caught, kept or released over 300 bass. This is a tribute to the Commission and fishermen that we have today. Recently we had our regular meeting at the association. Our regular bass fishing contest came to an end. First prize went to Mr. William Zartman of Lebanon for a 21" smallmouth, with second going for a fine 20"

smallmouth, registered by N. W. Lichtenberger of Highspire.

With a membership of 200 fishermen and boaters, and members of their families and their guests, I am happy to report that *NOT ONE* violation took place, either boating or fishing in this area. We have to give thanks to this fine group of sportsmen.

Bob Hack and George Konz,
Deputy Fish Warden,
Dauphin County

That makes us happy too!

HOOKED!

Gentlemen:

I've really got hooked this time—on your magazine that is. I saw a sample copy of it once, and now I'm a believer. The first copy came today, and I was elated. After I read a few pages, I've come to realize what a great job both you and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission are doing. To the both of you my sincere congratulations.

Also are enclosed two pictures. The first one shows a pair of pickerel. One 18" and the other 19½". I caught them on a late August evening on a rebel lure. They were caught in the Lehigh River.

In the other picture, you see a days' catch on a recent trip to Canada. If you don't want the pictures, please send them back—they look nice in the album.

Edward Cislo, Jr., Dupont

We're sending back the one taken in Canada—the other you'll see in a coming issue under our Fish Tales section.



"You aren't legal size—go ahead and eat it!"

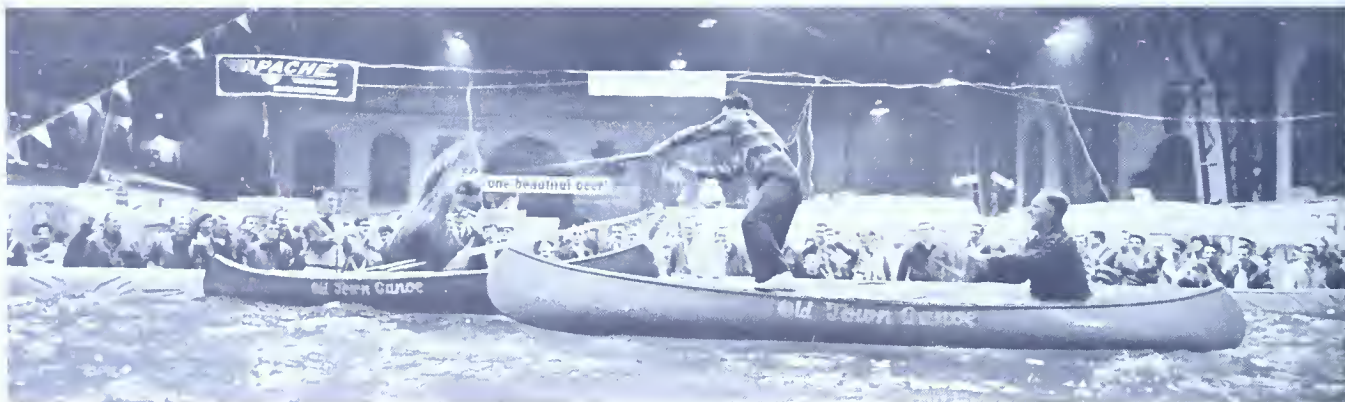
GET READY FOR

SPORTSMEN'S HOW



SEVERAL SPORTSMEN'S shows include stage entertainment as part of the program. Here (above and below) outdoorsmen outfitted with canoes try (and succeed) upsetting each other.

by
TOM
EGGLER
EDITOR



EVER WONDER WHERE YOU could look over a really large display of sporting equipment?

At one time or another every sportsman has probably gone shopping and ended up wishing he could compare "Brand A" with "Brand B," "Brand B" with "Brand C," etc. Whether you're picking out a pleasure boat, a trolling motor, a new spinning rod, a fly line or lures you may often wish you could see one beside the other.

Well, during February many Pennsylvania sportsmen can do just that. February is the big month for the "Sportsmen's Show."

Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Allentown all hold major shows that annually attract thousands of visitors.

Hundreds of companies roll out the red carpet, displaying practically everything right up to the proverbial kitchen sink (for campers). Booth after booth of fishing and hunting equipment stands ready for the searching sportsman.

Recreational boaters can look over all sizes and kinds of boats—a 30 pound canoe right up to luxurious cabin cruisers. Campers can inspect camper after camper as well as all kinds of camping equipment. There just seems to be something for everyone.

First big show in Pennsylvania is the Harrisburg Sportsmen's Show held in the famous Farm Show Building. It runs February 12 through February 17. Next comes the Allentown Sports, Vacation, Boat, and Travel Show held

February 17 through 26 in the Agricultural Building at the fair grounds there.

At the same time Philadelphia outdoorsmen can visit a show held in Convention Hall. And last month boaters could look over all the new boats at a special show. This month—February 3 through 11—Pittsburghers can also visit a special boating show.

Western Pennsylvanian's get the next chance with the Pittsburgh Sportsmen's Show held February 28 through March 3 in the Civic Arena downtown in the city.

In addition several smaller shows are held in such cities as Hanover, Lewistown, Johnstown, York, and others.

At the same time some are held in cities neighboring Pennsylvania. Biggest is probably the American and Canadian Sportsmen's Vacation and Travel Show held in the Cleveland Public Auditorium at Cleveland, Ohio, March 15 through 24. Others include the Columbus Sports Vacation Show at the Ohio State Fairgrounds, February 10 through 18; another held February 4 through 11 in Baltimore; one in Washington, March 30 through April 7; and the New England Sportsmen's and Camping Show in Boston—held January 6 through 14 and, of course, now over. Many out-of-state sportsmen come from these areas.

All in all there are enough shows being held in Pennsylvania and in nearby cities so just about any boater, fisherman, hunter, or camper should be able to visit one. Try it!



SPORTSMEN CAN VISIT any number of manufacturers' booths as well as those maintained by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Above, visitors crowd around a PFC exhibit to collect fishing and boating literature as well as to ask questions (Pittsburgh). Below right, interested women and children take a closer look at live fish display (Philadelphia) while to the left the "Queen of the Show" climbs aboard one of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Water Patrol boats (Harrisburg).



NOW'S THE TIME!

Ice Fishing

EVEN THOUGH SNOW COVERS the ground and ice caps the lakes thousands of Pennsylvania fishermen refuse to set aside their favorite sport during the winter months each year.

Outfitted with plenty of heavy clothing and then with a few of the tools of the sport, thousands of fishermen turn out throughout the state to participate in that hardy outdoor sport—ice fishing.

From Upper Woods Pond in northeastern Pennsylvania's Wayne County to southwestern Green County's Dutch Fork Lake; from Lake Erie to Levittown a sort of "special" breed of outdoorsman gives up the fireplace and the TV during the winter months to stand or sit for hours on end doing nothing more than fishing in one of the many lakes during the special winter season.

Beginning December first and extending through February 15, trout and salmon again become legal sport (in lakes of 10 acres or more). From January first through March 14, bass, pickerel, walleye, muskellunge, and northern pike can also be caught in nearly all waters. However, daily limit for most species is reduced to three except for the pike and muskellunge, the limit for which remains at two as it is throughout the year.

And, of course, panfish are also available—with no minimum size and a combined limit of 50!

Anglers joining the ranks of the winter or ice fishermen should check their "Summary of Fish Laws" handbook which they receive when they buy their license. Or, if necessary, they can write the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg for a copy of the handbook.

At the same time, another publication is available to help guide this hardy group toward success. It's called "Ice Fishing in Pennsylvania" and is available from the same office. In it, along with some tips on ice fishing, is a list of most of the popular spots for the winter angler.



SCENES LIKE THESE abound throughout the winter as thousands of fishermen chop holes through the ice and continue their sport. Above an angler pulls a perch from the water while below activity on one of Pennsylvania's many lakes reaches a weekend peak.



ONLY A FEW WEEKS AWAY—

by WILLIAM J. PORTER

There's A Skill To Suckers

THE OUNCE SINKER, trailing two worm-baited hooks, arched out over the roily Conodoguinet Creek and another fisherman was ready to take his toll of south central Pennsylvania's sucker population. Now all he had to do was wait for a bite and haul in the eager fish—at least according to some non-sucker fishermen, that was all he had to do.

It isn't that simple. There's a fine art to continued successful sucker catching as a survey of some of Cumberland County's veteran worm-dunkers would seem to prove.

For example, there is the opening line of this article to consider. Good sucker men cast a bit upstream and not just casually out into the water as it might appear. The upstream cast permits the sinker to hold and the line trails below it downstream to the rod. All of which helps to keep the hooks on the bottom where the suckers are. Furthermore, the angler has a better chance of hooking his quarry by pulling downstream against the upstream position of the fish. No bow is allowed in the line while waiting for a bite.

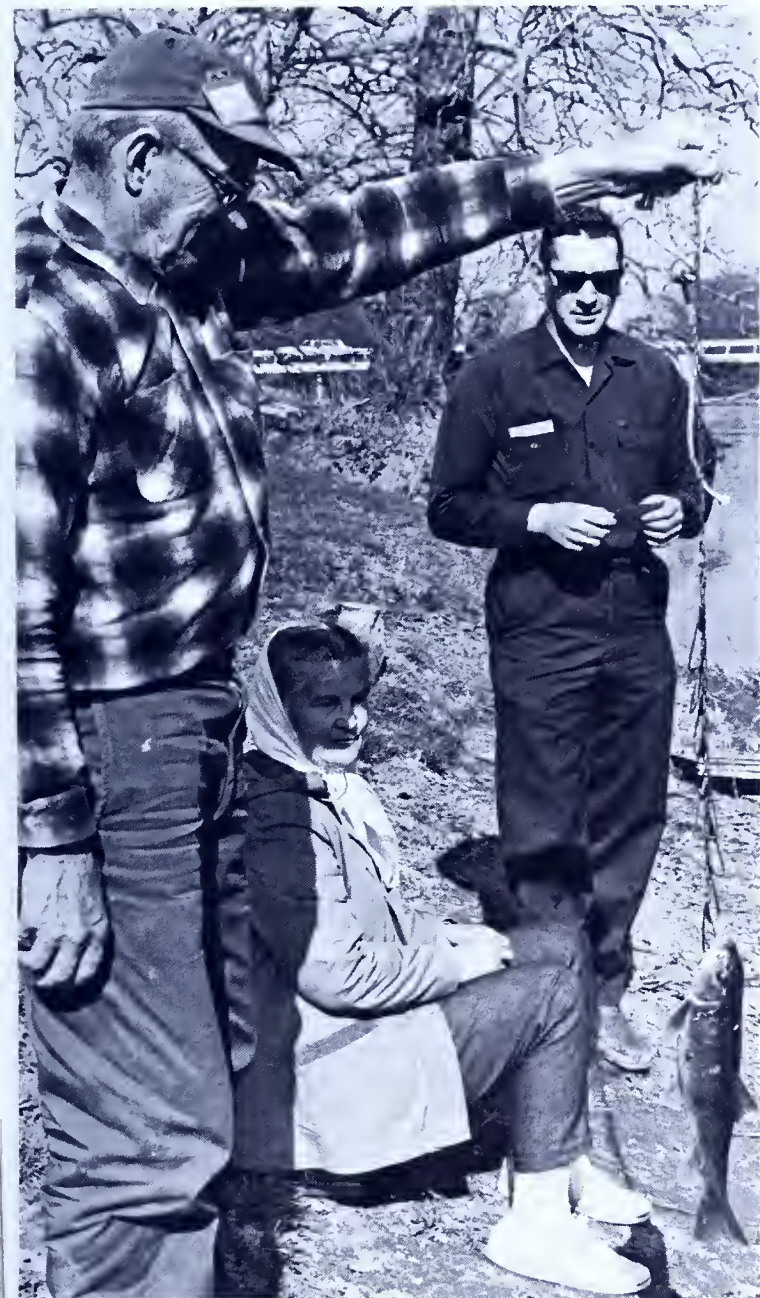
Then there is the matter of weight. A great variety of washers, nuts, dipseys and other lead forms are used. The consensus put an ounce of weight at the terminal end of the line with more being added if the current was strong enough to cause the sinker to roll.

From the sinker, the anglers discussed the next item up the line, the hook. Again considerable variety was the order of the day, but several of the veterans swore by a number 26 Cincinnati Bass hook, or a comparable number six size in the other numbering system. Shortshanked hooks were more popular than long ones, based on a knowledge of the sucker's mouth and eating habits.

Leaving the hook, the natural progression was to the bait. Here there seemed to be more accord. Worms, the black-head variety, proved most popular. Some anglers made a distinction of bait for the kind of water they were fishing. Several fishermen switched to red manure worms when fishing limestone streams and springs such as the Big Spring during legal angling days. Their claim was that the suckers would take them and the trout would not.

Settling the question of bait, the next matter was the sucker itself. When the biological and pseudo-biological arguments were over and the air cleared, it was decided

continued on page 29



FIRST CATCH OF THE DAY is held up for a check by a sucker fisherman for district warden Perry Heath of Cumberland County while below, sucker fishermen "wait for a bite" while fishing one of the hundreds of Pennsylvania streams that produce plenty of good sucker fishing.



OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

PART TWO

by
**STEVE
SZALEWICZ**



Fire in Pithole City!

Last month, in part one of our serial, Annie Shultz stepped from her farm house on a February evening and was bathed in it's light.

Alf W. Smiley, oilman, ran along a lighted wooden pipeline carrying \$100,000 and worrying about the exact location of the fire and his company's holdings in the city.

At the same time peddler Abraham Shalof hurried toward the city with his pack, thinking about new customers and new profits in the booming city. As Shalof entered the Tight Pinch Pass, along the trail to the city, a wagon wheel spoke struck the back of his head. Thief and outlaw George Croyle rummaged through the peddler's pack and cursed.

A while later Tom Dunn, 20-year-old printer on his way to a new job in Pithole City, entered the pass and heard the peddler moan.

TRANSPORTING the oil from the wells was one of the major problems of the industry. When possible, streams like Oil Creek were used to float barge load after barge load of oil barrels.

CHAPTER SIX

WHY WOULD ANYONE want to rob a peddler begging for penny profits when hundreds of thousands of dollars were being carried around backwood oil roads in northeastern Venango County on any day or night in 1866? Tom Dunn asked himself this question as he hurried and stumbled toward the fire in Pithole City, supporting the injured peddler he found in the thicket a few minutes before.

At the Titusville Herald in the last six months Tom had heard many stories about the successful financial adventures to be found in the small oil towns. Money flowed before, with and after the oil. It was common knowledge on the streets of Titusville and in the saloons also that a German farmer, John Benninghoff, became so successful an oil producer that he kept several hundred thousand dollars in a small safe in his farm house. It was rumored that in cold, damp Benninghoff Hollow the German many times had only one hired hand guarding a half million dollars. Some day, wagged the street-talkers, this Petroleum Center Croesus would be robbed. It was so speculated as rougher and rougher elements arrived in Titusville as railroad passengers and seeped into the hurly-burly of petroleum.

And when the first oil well was drilled on the Holmden Farm on January 7, 1865, the stony buckwheat fields and the rocky glens, darkened by mammoth hemlocks and filled with the roar of rushing Pithole Creek, sold for as much as a quarter million dollars for one hundred acres. Many a farmer's stone springhouse suddenly became backwoods money-vaults.

The first Pithole well gushed in with an offering of 650 barrels a day. Oil was selling for \$10 a barrel. The inference was obvious. Drill a hole and the money will pour. Two other wells were sunk. But up to the first day of May, 1865, only three wells and three houses had been established on the Holmden Farm and surrounding wilderness.

Finally the word escaped to Oil City, Franklin, Plumer, Pioneer, Titusville and to Fryburg and Clarion. Ninety days later a city of 15,000 people with 60 splendid hotels, theaters, saloons, drinking and gambling dens and box-type, warped shanties, white-painted churches and skeleton-like oil derricks, straggly pines and mammoth, almost immovable stumps pock-

marked the knolls around which flowed Holmden Run from the north, Little Pithole Creek from Pleasantville on the west and Big Pithole Creek from the eastern wilderness of Allegheny Township. Humanity in all its forms, virtues, vices and with ambitions and traveling bags and get-rich skills and schemes, from Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland and Erie poured into the railroad stations at Corry and Titusville.

Long lines of footsore and baggage-laden travelers climbed the hill to Pleasantville. Long lines of mud-splattered oil-wagons and overworked teamsters slid down the hills or mired in the upgrades to the oil depots of Corry. Long lines of hungry men waited for warm meals at hotels and restaurants. Long lines of tired men dozed in chairs, awaiting empty beds. Long lines of thirsty men awaited whisky wagons from Oil City and from Corry. Long lines of uprooted men waited letters at the Pithole post office. Long lines of girls danced at the saloons. Long lines of young and old men lost fortunes. Thin lines of the fortunate went home \$10,000 richer in a month.

Robbers, thieves, highwaymen, outlaws, lurked along each dark road. The unprotected and unarmed were clubbed into the mud. And now the muddy road for Tom Dunn and the injured Shalof, the bell tinkling in his hand, was ending at the Morey House, the first hotel on the Pithole-Pleasantville Road. As Tom and his companion entered the lobby of the Morey House he was impressed with its elegance. He had stepped out of the red glow of the cold February night into a steam-heated, gas-lit, carpeted, chair-lined entrance hall... an unbelievable new world of luxury hewn in the wilderness.

Negro porters came running to him fast. The Morey was proud of its service and hospitality. But Tom thought he might be thrown out, tramping in with the mud on his boots.

"It's Mistah Shal'f! the peddler," shouted one. "He's hurt," added the other. "Go get Dr. Sambu'g."

The doctor came out of the dining room and into the lobby. He motioned Tom to bring the injured man into the hotel's barbershop, then he ordered hot water, towels. The peddler's black beard was now matted with blood. Above the beard the bruised face already puffed out like a pillow.

"You won't be able to tell the color of his skin from the beard for a few days," said the doctor. A porter began to wash the face. A crowd gathered in the doorway of the barber-shop and winced at the scars.

Tom Dunn quietly returned to his interest in the fire. He left to see the scar it was making on the city of Pithole.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ON THE MORNING after the pack peddler had been beaten and robbed in the Tight Pinch the day dawned cloudless. Soon the flat rays of the sun sifted through the pine-peaked ridges of distant Tionesta Creek and Stewart Run to the east and began a warming assault on the frosty roof of the expansive Morey House in Pithole City.

The frost withdrew in rolling droplets and sparkling delicate icicles separated quietly from the eaves but splashed and splintered noisily on the veranda below. Disturbed in his fitful sleep, Abraham Shalof stirred in his warm bed. He shivered from a sharp, stinging pain and mumbled a moan under heavy covers. Unsuspectingly he had turned onto the beaten, swollen, swathed side of his face and forehead, the right side that had taken a glancing swipe from the George Croyle's wheelspoke.

Quickly he reacted and retreated from the pain. Then the uninjured left eye was clubbed by the strong rays of sunshine stealing through an unshuttered window. Shalof was temporarily blinded and pain shot through his head, while green, yellow-and-black dots—sun-dots—danced in his eyes. He was in misery. He felt his way under the bedcovers until his feet touched and recoiled from the cold floor. Then, bearded chin resting in his left palm, he sat on the edge of the bed trying to reconstruct the sad circumstances of the previous night... and tenderly stroking the bandages.

How similar, he thought, had been his groping in the bedcovers to the groping he had done last night after the robber had scattered Shalof's small business in the dark woods. How fortunate the young man running to the Pithole City fire had heard Shalof groan along the road. How lucky for the injured peddler that the young man wanted to help him into Pithole. How fortunate that Dr. Shamburg, the skilled oil-town practitioner who answered a call to set a broken leg suffered earlier that day by a stone mason, had lingered in good company and conversation at the Morey House last night. But Shalof's biggest stroke of luck, thought Dr. Shamburg, was that the robber's blow had glanced.

"You would have had a cracked skull, old man," said the doctor casually, accepting cracked skulls matter-of-factly since drilling tools and drillers were always dropping from greasy derricks and ruff-raff and ruffians were roosting along the backroads. Now in his warm bedroom, Shalof wished he could remember the name of his rescuer. Certainly he could not recall the face since blood had been trickling into one eye while the other had already been closed tightly. And he was told later that the friend had hurried off to the fire. The peddler hoped that he might find him among Pithole City's 15,000 coming-and-going citizens. There would be a reward. But this search would have to wait. Dr. Shamburg had recommended a few days in bed...until the dizziness disappeared.

But Shalof would allow himself such a pampered lolling on a spring mattress only until noon this day. He rolled back under the covers. He must return to the Tight Pinch rocks, soon. Then suddenly it came to him why he had groped in the darkness. Not for the thimbles and thread and wooden combs nor for the scissors or needles nor for the burial crosses or for the Bible for the McCrea family at Eagle Rock.

It was for the bell, the bell, the bell!

Slowly he turned his throbbing head on the bedpillow, not wanting to irritate his wounded face again, not wanting to disappoint his uninjured eye if the bell was not with him in the room. There it was on the washstand near the basin and soap and towel. The bell was in the room.

The peddler rolled his aches out of the bed again and staggered to the stand. He clutched at the bell and almost giddily began to unscrew the thick, black handle. Out of the cavity and into the Jew's shaking, pudgy palm rolled a dozen diamonds. The freed, precious, pea-size stones caught the rays of the sun and scattered blue-white, red and yellow dots around the walls and ceiling of the room. The diamonds were safe. The highwayman had missed. Had he taken the pack intact...Now the peddler could have danced around the room in step with the sparkling light of the gems. But his head ached.

He made his way to the bed, the bell jingling. His hand closed around the treasure, denying the brilliance. Now, too, the blow on the head and the bruised face and the pain was eased. The journey through the mud of Titusville, Pleasantville and Pithole would yet bring him a profit. Card sharps and dandies wanted diamonds for tie-pins, rings and cufflinks, earrings and brooches. Pithole's Ben Hogan, reputed "wickedest man in the world," wanted baubles for French Kate and her dancers and entertainers. And many a farmer's wife now churned butter and admired the sparkle on her fingers. Oil had poured riches into the farmsteads.

Diamonds eventually would make Abraham Shalof a rich man. But as he returned the dazzling bits into the secret recess and began to screw the handle onto the bell, he remembered that as of this frosty morning he was not yet a rich man; that he owed his brother Sam for ship-passage; that he did not have a cart nor a place of business; that little profits on thread built big business; that his head ached.

He must hurry to the oilcloth in the woods. It represented the beginning of his struggle for financial security. He would then telegraph Sam at Titusville, asking for another bundle of merchandise. These would be sent by train to Miller Farm and by stage coach to Pithole. From a window of the Morey House, Abraham could see many new streets, new homes, new customers in Pithole.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AS TOM RAN out of the Morey House into the February night he noticed that now the red glow in the sky was paling. It was not so awesome. The pulsating arc, although still dancing very lively on the clouds, seemed to be retreating into the horizon. The Morey House was located in a thick grove of black oaks on a knoll a half mile north and east of Pithole. Tom had yet to round this knoll before he would see the great new wonder of the western world.

The Morey was built on the outskirts of Pithole so that its patrons could have accommodations in a dry, healthy climate overlooking the damp, riotous, quick-paced and oily goings-on; to spare its "guests"—they included whole families occupying suites—the unpleasantness of the shacktown; to supply its patrons, and they were businessmen, industrialists, investors, actors and adventurers, with "health-giving water," a liquid free from the overload of human wastes and mineral impurities being poured, dumped and slopped into shallow dry wells or floated through the middle of the city on lively once pure, once clear but now filthy Holmden Run. In 1866 Pithole was without a sewer...and no one worried.

The Morey House advertised "never-failing pure spring in a shady grove" and promised its guests a breathless view of the forests on the five hills. And furthermore, another forest of oil derricks with dumpy, leaning stovepipes and pumphouses was out of eyeview in the Pithole Creek bottoms. But regardless of what splendors, conveniences, menus and services the Morey promised on the outskirts or the Chase House supplied in the heart of Pithole on Holmden Street or the Bonta House was building into its four stories near the railroad station where it could catch new arrivals from "any city in the United States," soon to be crowding the passenger trains on the Pithole Valley or the Reno, Rouseville and Pithole railroads, no hotel, house or tenement could escape the mud; and all-feared fire.

Once Tom Dunn rounded the knoll he could see the flames. He ran quickly now, although he was very tired. He had been traveling all day with only the pause at Pleasantville. The night air was beginning to get frosty, steadying the ruts in the road. Although his mud-crust boots were heavy, his pace became easier since the road now dipped gently downhill. The buildings in the city on the slope ahead threw contrasting square and angular outlines against the blaze. And as Tom crossed the small wooden bridge over Holmden Run—he was almost in the city now—the fire died and the red glow passed out of the sky as silently as it had appeared over him two hours before on the Warren Pike.

About 50 men were gathered around the smoking, sparkling ruins in the upper corner of Holmden Street. This principal street of Pithole ran southwest to northeast but a dog-leg turn in the middle of town bypassed a tremendous hemlock stump which had defied the strongest oxen and years of plowing and became a stone pile as the field was cleared of frost heaves each year. Business houses hoisted their identifications on planked billboards.

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MID-WINTER MADNESS

by ALBERT G.
SHIMMEL

A blasted robin started it all. It had no business sitting on the top of the big oak chirping at dawn. It was probably an anti-social, free-thinker that refused to conform and travel south with the crowd. Instead it chose to remain and protest the inch of fresh snow that covered the old crust. The snow squeaked with the cold when I stepped outdoors to inspect at closer range this harbinger of Spring—Spring? We hadn't rightly gotten into winter as yet and here was this crazy, mixed up bird, putting thoughts of fishing in a man's head.

It was Saturday, so I went into the den. Perhaps the smell of gun oil and Hoppe's No. 9 would chase away such foolish notions. Somehow the beauty of dark walnut and polished steel aggravated my restlessness. I found no pleasure in the cleaning chore. I turned to the fly tying cabinet, found the vise and laid out the materials. I needed a dozen March Brown wets. They must be the kind that would sink deep and drift along just above the bottom where the trout fed early in the season. They must be tied exactly right . . . brown, speckled wings, orange fur body with a ribbing of wide gold tinsel to add sparkle, a wood duck tail and soft, brown speckled partridge hackle that would respond to each whim of the current.

Fly tying is an art which requires a proper frame of mind, otherwise the materials become possessed by miniature demons. These cause fur to come unspun, wings to set askew, hackles to be contrary, tinsel to unwind and thread to break. It was no use. After the second attempt I unclamped the vise and swept the tangled mess into an empty drawer.

In jig time I was arrayed like a polar explorer in insulated underwear and all the trimmings. My wife looked unasked questions as I dashed through the kitchen. Perhaps there was just a touch of pity in her eyes. Only a lunatic would brave the low temperature when a comfortable house was weighed against an icebound lake. Once safely outside I looked at the oak. There was that infernal robin, sitting on the topmost branch. I swear he turned his yellow bill toward me with a sneer as I entered the garage.

The personality of the lake was changed. Instead of pad beds with their fragrant lilies, mats of lush pond weed and green cat-tail rushes the lake had become a flat hard plain, harsh and frosty cold against the dark thickets of

hemlock. The friendly snags of driftwood were dark grotesque silhouettes, naked except for their snow caps. The cat-tails rattled hollowly as a breeze crept around the point sending graceful tails of snow curling across the ice.

Behind the point where the wind was broken by the evergreens the channel swung close to shore. Here was some deep water that I found productive in summer.

Five inches of ice does not yield easily even under a double bit ax. Ice splinters stung my face and found their way under the collar and between my gloves and cuffs. At least the protected portions of my anatomy warmed to the exercise. In fact, by the time I had chopped two holes I had become uncomfortable. Using the tackle box for a seat I decided to rig a pair of lines while I rested. Did you ever try tying hooks to nylon line barehanded when the thermometer registered in the low teens? It's an experience. I struggled, made uncomplimentary remarks about that robin and even wondered what sort of a classification I would fall into if I should catch pneumonia from such foolishness. The chill was creeping from the ice, up through the soles of my boots then inching its way up my spine. I rigged the tips, setting the flags lightly after baiting the hooks with a pair of meal worms.

A few minutes later the flag on the farthest tip snapped to attention. I rushed over, slipping and sliding in my haste, dropped my gloves and grabbed the line. There was the barest quiver of movement. I twitched hard, drew in the unresisting line—and found a perch almost three inches long.

I resisted the urge to dump both the tip and the wriggling fish through the hole into the black depths.

I moved to a deep spot that in summer lay just off a dense weed mat. Again the exercise with the ax, the bombardment of ice chips, the final skimming of the hole with a fan of dead hemlock twigs. I even had enough energy and faith to chop a shallow ice well before I retired to the shelter of the nearby thicket.

I waited patiently and thought longingly of the hot coffee I had forgotten in my idiotic haste. I invented some choice epitaphs for the robin I planned to murder for the crime of luring me out to this frozen wilderness.

Just when I thought I had reached the limit of my endurance the flag went up. I was too near frozen to hurry. There was a pressure on the line and a bit of weight this time and slowly a green and gold pickerel spiraled up to be lifted out of the hole. Enough is enough. I gathered my gear and my prize and headed for the comparative warmth of the car.

If that robin perches in the oak come next Saturday I may blast him with a few choice words. But they tell me the perch are biting—and the pickerel.

BOATERS

New Lifesaving Devices Required

Edward R. Tharp, Assistant Executive Director, Watercraft Safety Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has announced that the U.S. Coast Guard recently amended federal regulations making certain plastic lifesaving devices that were previously approved obsolete after November 1, 1967.

Vinyl coated unicellular plastic foam life preservers with a solid bib front are out. Beginning November 1, they no longer meet Coast Guard requirements. When tests revealed that these preservers became stiff and difficult to put on in cold weather, they were taken off the acceptable list. The Coast Guard advises us that the head opening could not be stretched enough to easily slip the preserver on.

The same type of unicellular plastic foam preservers not slit in front, but cloth covered, will no longer be approved either. But, these previously approved cloth covered devices are still acceptable as meeting Coast Guard requirements, if they are in good condition.

Tharp pointed out, however, that the only vinyl coated unicellular plastic foam life preservers that are both approved and accepted are split in the front and have a body strap arrangement. The body strap keeps the front halves of the device together when it is worn. Low temperatures do not affect these preservers and they are still reversible.

A unicellular plastic foam life preserver that is included in Coast Guard approved numbers 160.055/1/0 through 160.055/29/0 is no longer approved. Only those preservers which bear approval numbers 160.055/50/0 or higher are acceptable under the amended regulation.

Because the Commonwealth specifies that all motor boats and sail boats shall carry an approved Coast Guard device for each person on board, this information is applicable to Pennsylvania power and sail boats.



APPROVED-ACCEPTED



NOT APPROVED
NOT ACCEPTED



NO LONGER APPROVED
STILL ACCEPTED





HANDMADE WOODEN plug has proved durable and effective throughout its long career.

CEDAR PLUGS

by **STANLEY PAULAKOVICH**
District Warden, Lehigh County

photos by DON SHINER

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL summer evening in mid July and as the sun was setting, its rays still filled the sky with hues of brilliant colors. My fishing partner Chick Dressell and I were fishing Pecks Pond for Bass and Pickerel that day. Chick is a Special Warden for me in Lehigh County and since I was transferred here about two years ago, we have patrolled and fished a lot of the waters in Eastern Pennsylvania together. Our stringers showed the strain of our day's catch as Chick maneuvered "Little Musky," his fishing boat towards the dock. I was squaring away my tackle box and rods and as I picked up one of the cedar plugs we had been using so successfully that day, I asked Chick, "How did you ever get started with this cedar plug of yours?" He gave another pull on the oars, braked a little and eased "Li'l Musky" into the dock. "Stosh," he said, "There is quite a story behind these plugs. Lets load the boat on the trailer and square the fish away and I'll fill you in as we head for home."

As we headed down Route 402 towards Marshalls Creek, Chick began filling me in on the Cedar Plug Story. "These are not my invention, Stosh, I only picked up where the

originator left off," Chick said. "These cedar plugs were catching fish here in Pecks Pond thirty years ago when I was just learning what trout were in Cedar Creek and figuring out what excuse to use this time for coming home late and soaking wet.

"The originator of the Cedar Plug is a man named Earl "Dick" Eckert of Allentown, who got the idea for these little gems, over thirty years ago," Chick went on. "It seems Dick, who was born and raised in the rural area of Danielsville, Pennsylvania, grew up with a chap named Roy Shiffert. Dick and Roy palled around together and fished and hunted the area until the time came to go out and make a living for themselves. Now, both Dick and Roy are about seventy and still both active in the outdoors. Roy moved to Allentown first, to learn the harness making trade, and later Dick followed. About this time in life, marriage came along for both and as time has it, when you're starting a family, they couldn't fish and hunt the way they used to.

"Dick Eckert was appointed to the Allentown Fire Department and started out on his new career, while Roy went to work for a baking company. After a few years, things got back to normal with the fishing and hunting and they became interested in artificial baits. About the best plug for Pickerel and Bass in the late thirties was a 'Sand Minnow,' and as Roy passes the story to me, they used to buy this at Sears and Roebuck. Now money was tight as a drum, and on a fishing trip to the Poconos one weekend, Dick mentioned to Roy he was going to start making his own plugs. Noting that all plugs in those days were made from wood, Dick started his search for the right kind, for the idea he had in mind. He tried several kinds but was not satisfied, and finally settled for cedar. While working with this wood he noted the terrific difference between the sap, or white outer wood, and the heart, red inner wood. The idea struck him that if he could fashion this into a plug, utilizing the white as the underside to simulate the belly of a fish, and red part as the top, and shape this like a fish he could simulate a fish crippled or darting in the water.

This he did, and he made several models of it. Dick consulted with Roy on the matter and together they made experiments with it.

"The results were more than gratifying on several trips to Pecks Pond and other Pocono waters, so Dick decided to make more of these. Trips were made down into the Perkiomen Valley for cedar wood which grew in abundance there, and the long hard process of cutting the logs into small lengths, splitting the logs correctly so that just the right amount of red and white cedar was present when the final product was turned out on Dick's wood lathe. There were a lot of the pieces of wood that did not come up right and the waste was concerning Dick. He decided to paint these turned out forms different colors and to design them differently and experiment with them on their next fishing trip.

"Dick Eckert decided to try and market these plugs along about 1940, and his first batch of shellacked, natural, two tone Cedar Plugs were reluctantly accepted and put up behind the bar at the Pickerel Inn, near Pecks Pond. Well, it didn't take long for the fishermen to find out what these cedar plugs could do, and the first six were soon gone. Dick brought more and more and through the sales of these found other sporting goods dealers, livery operators and general store owners who were anxious to handle them.

"He decided to call himself "Dick's Cedar Plugs." Things were going great and sportsmen were starting to carry the plugs farther up north, to Maine, Canada and out into Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota as well as south into Tennessee, Kentucky and down in the southern states including Florida. Orders were coming in from wherever the plug was used. Production was getting to be a problem so he enlisted the aid of Roy and a few of the firemen he worked with.

"In the meantime, Dick was experimenting with the painted plugs. He finally settled on the white body plugs with black stripes along the side. A friend of his, Johnny Jones of Allentown, owned a cottage at Pecks Pond and was a great enthusiast of the plugs. Along with Jimmy Morrow, a buddy of Roy's, they fished Pecks quite a bit and continued to try Dick's different innovations. The white plug seemed to have an edge over the original natural, and Dick finally settled on the black darter pattern along the sides of the white bodied plug as the best producer. The word got out about the white plug, but Dick and the boys played it down, at Dick's request. The plug business had gotten so good that it was all he could do to keep up with the natural ones. Years were moving along at a good clip and in the interim, Jimmy Morrow introduced Dick to the art of tying flies.

"While continuing the making of the plugs over the years, Dick was becoming known as quite a fishing authority and an excellent fly tier. Many of his plug customers were demanding his flies and streamers. The combination

of both these enterprises kept him stepping. One day while answering an alarm of fire in Allentown, Dick was in a serious accident. He was hospitalized and immobilized for quite some time. This put the crimp in the plug and fly business but while recuperating at home he slowly rehabilitated himself and started producing again. But things weren't the same. The accident had taken its toll and he was forced to wear a back brace to support himself. Standing at the lathe for a long period was very painful.



ROBERT "CHICK" DRESSSELL of Allentown points to some of the handmade cedar plugs he's been making. Dressell, an enthusiastic fisherman, is a special warden for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in Lehigh County.

"In the meantime, Roy Shiffert had worked his way up to become sales manager of the baking company and Jimmy Morrow had moved to New York State. The sale of cedar plugs dropped and Dick only made a couple of hundred each year. His back was on the mend pretty well and the tying of flies was a lot easier than making the lures so he spent most of his time building up this end of his business."

Along about this time Dick decided to retire from the department and soon afterwards his wife had an accident. About this time Chick Dressell was appointed to the Allentown Fire Department where he eventually met Dick. Chick had used the plugs and streamers and was pleased to make his acquaintance.

Chick had always admired and liked the lures and he asked Dick whether he planned to continue making the cedar plugs. Dick said "No, I just can't do it anymore. Are you interested in picking up where I left off?" Chick was really overjoyed as Dick continued, "I'll give you all the information you need and teach you the basics, and

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LEARNING MORE ABOUT FISHING, hundreds of fishermen across the state will attend one or more of the many fishing schools being held by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission during the winter months. Above, district warden Paul Sowers of Allegheny County and Carl Labacz, manager of a sporting goods store in the Pittsburgh area, hold up chart and explain the three basic fly lines.

February is the month to enjoy your fishing more—by learning more about it. Throughout the state a series of “fishing schools” are being held by Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel to teach anglers more about the sport. Visit one!

Contact your district fish warden for information as to when and where a school will be held nearest you.

CLASSROOM FOR FISHERMEN



DON SHOEMAKER, manager of a Lewistown sporting store as well as a fisherman and outdoor writer, explains spinning outfit to group of interested anglers at program in Lewistown. Below, optician Reed Gray of Lewistown explains progression of hatching fly. At many of the sessions experts in the various aspects of fishing—such as Shoemaker and Gray—are asked to take part.



SOME FISHERMEN DON'T KNOW the difference between a spinning rod and a spin-casting outfit. Others have never used a fly rod. What's the difference between a closed and open faced spinning reel?

Or maybe you want to catch fish. How do you catch a muskellunge, a bass, a trout, panfish?

Do you know anything about fly tying? What's the difference between a wet fly and a dry fly? How do you properly fish them?

Are fish easier to catch from a lake than from a stream? How can you land a big fish without a net? Should you troll or drift? What's the best way to catch fish while ice fishing?

Silly questions?

Not at all! They're just some of the questions fishermen have asked at a series of “fishing schools” which the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has been holding each winter.



ALL AGE GROUPS show up at the fishing schools being held by the Commission and all seem to have questions. Once finished with the three sessions those who attend all are awarded diplomas. Below fishermen attending the schools have a chance to see the variations from one style of equipment to another.

The schools, conducted by the Commission's staff of district wardens, are designed to help fishermen know more about their sport.

Many fly fishermen have never used a spinning outfit. They don't know how. And vice versa. A lot of spinning fishermen have never handled a fly rod. They're afraid to try, don't think they can catch any fish with them; and often don't because they don't know what they're doing.

That's the reason for the schools—to teach fishermen how to be a little more successful.

Most of the classes are held evenings so fishermen with daytime jobs can attend. Generally they're conducted one evening a week for three consecutive weeks, although occasional local situations may make it necessary to modify the regular schedule. Locations may be anywhere, such as high school gymnasiums, YMCA's, club meeting halls, fire halls, and the like.

Included are sessions dealing with basic equipment as well as fishing techniques for catching all the various species of fish available to Pennsylvania anglers. In some instances stress may be put on fishing for the species most readily available in the immediate area.

Throughout the sessions, which generally run two hours apiece, anglers are urged to ask questions. No age limits are specified for those attending and many districts report classes ranging in age from six to sixty and over. Many women show up and out-of-staters may also attend if they want.

Although conducted by Commission personnel a lot of the teaching is often done by local fishermen who have become experts at one phase or another of the sport. Anglers have a chance to really find out how to catch the big ones.

Upon completion of the "school" those attending all three sessions are awarded diplomas certifying they have attended and completed the instruction.

February is the BIG month for the schools so anglers interested in attending should contact their district warden as soon as possible in order to find out when and where he'll be holding a "school." A complete list of the warden staff is available by writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission at Box 1673, Harrisburg, 17120.



by **TOM EGGLER, EDITOR**

A fish management study conducted at Harveys Lake during the last two weeks of last October revealed some interesting things about the fish population there. Fishery Biologist Dave Daniels, assisted by biologists Clark Shiffer and Paul Godfrey spent some cold, wet, just plain miserable days in quest of data on the newly introduced coho salmon. While the netting was quite successful from the standpoint of its intended purpose, the incidental capture of many other species gave light to what many of us knew—or at least thought we knew—about the lake's fishing potential.

by **JIM YODER**
DISTRICT WARDEN,
LUZERNE COUNTY

SEARCH FOR SALMON

"THIS LAKE IS ACTUALLY UNDERFISHED," Dave Daniels exclaimed as we picked up one of the nets. At that point, I was in no position to dispute the statement he made, and yet it was quite a contrast from the song I've heard many an angler sing—yes, I've even sung it! "If the lake's so fulla' fish, how come I can't catch any?"



FISHERY BIOLOGIST Dave Daniels (above) holds two of the many fish checked during nettings at Harveys Lake. On the left is one of the many thousand coho salmon stocked there as fingerlings about a year and a half ago while on the right is one of the thousands of rainbows which inhabit the lake. Below biologist Paul Godfrey holds up a beauty. On the left is Clark Shiffer, the other biologist who worked during the project.



In the past nine years, I've had occasion to come upon many a disgruntled angler, about as happy as an undertaker at a health clinic, so to speak, who had been unable to connect with much more than perhaps a stray perch or bluegill. Again, anyone who has ever witnessed the opening day of trout season on Harveys Lake where we were running the survey would find the statement hard to take.

Last season's opener found 3,162 anglers (actual count by three two-man teams) fishing the lake at one given time period. How many came to fish later in the day after having spent the early hours elsewhere is anyone's guess. While this great assemblage of anglers will not be seen again until opening day a few weeks from now, fishing pressure continues quite heavy right into early summer when the motorboats make fishing a bit difficult at times. Three thousand, one hundred and sixty-two anglers on 658 acres of water averages out to 4.8 anglers per acre. (I've never seen an .8 angler, but if I do, I hope I've got a camera along!) How then, can we say such a body of water is **UNDERFISHED?**

Let's go back to late 1966, when the silver salmon (coho) were first introduced at Harveys. August tenth brought 30,000 coho fingerlings—little fellers, 3 to 4 inches. October fifth saw another 7,000, a bit larger than the first group, shipped to the lake. October 24, another 11,000 were brought in. These, having spent an additional two months feasting on hatchery goodies, had grown to as much as 8½ and 9 inches. Very few were caught before the season ended on the 31st, and not many more during the winter trout season. During the regular trout season, beginning in mid-April last spring, a few began to show up in anglers' creels.

Late September and early October were something else again! Not too long ago, I read an article by a leading angling authority in which the statement was made that after serious study he found that the best fishing occurred long after the fishermen had gone home! His reference was both to time of day—and time of year. Such was the case here. Very few anglers utilized the lake during these two months, but those that did came home with some real fish tales (and tails!).

It was gratifying to hear these anglers recount the capture of their first silver salmon. "You should have seen him leap!" "Talk about a scrap!" A stringer with just two or three of these silver beauties, then averaging 16 to 19 inches was a sight to behold. I believed they can be best described as being beautifully silver and somewhat more

CHECKING NETS during research activities at Harveys Lake in Luzerne County where biologists found abundant fish population "just waiting to be caught" as one of the trio said later. On the left is Dave Daniels, who headed the operation; in the center Paul Godfrey looks overboard at a net; Clark Shiffer handles the boat.



streamlined than our trout. Quite often the boys were convinced they had caught a rainbow in an off-color phase, until they were shown the semi-forked tail which was not completely spotted like the rainbow's.

The test netting confirmed the success of the planting—at least from an "instant-fishery" standpoint. This spectacular one year growth can hardly be matched by another species, save perhaps the larger Esocids. It is felt, however, among our Benner Springs Research staff, that planting the salmon smaller will result in greater longevity thereby sustaining their sport potential with heavier fish in the end. The salmon netted were found to be precocious, maturing (sexually) ahead of schedule. With salmon, this means sudden death! It might be said that what is *not* known about the coho would fill volumes—we'll just have to wait and see.

Largest specimen caught in the nets was a shade over 19 inches and weighed 2½ pounds. A 3½ pounder had been reported caught earlier, and I have no reason to disbelieve the report.

One of the biggest surprises was the number of walleyes which were taken in the nets. While anglers trolling for trout come up with a 10 or 12 pounder now and then, they are not taken in the numbers which our netting would indicate are available. I have yet to see a walleye taken through the ice at Harveys, though this method is productive elsewhere; and Harveys gets terrific ice fishing pressure. Our specimens ran from five to eight pounds, none smaller, none larger.

No surprise, really, was the abundance of perch and smelt, although those of us who've fished for smelt might wonder about that. I've huddled with the boys in ten below weather, patiently watching the tiny bobber for the slightest movement—an indication that a school of smelt is moving through. The season can begin with fantastic catches being made—only to stop as suddenly as it began. "Gone," we muse, "every finger-lickin' smelt is gone!" Well, what can we expect? After all—two, three hundred fishermen every night for a month catching up to a few hundred each, takes care of an awful lot of smelt!

Come late March—early April though, and they're back

—outnumbering the pebbles on the bottom of their spawning stream which runs alongside the Commission access area at Sandy Beach. These little seven to nine inchers are positively the tastiest fish I've ever eaten. I'm not alone in this appraisal. Each night, the "hottest" spots on the lake look like cities in miniature—hundreds of gasoline lanterns dot the lake 'til the wee hours of morning—and they're all after the diminutive smelt.

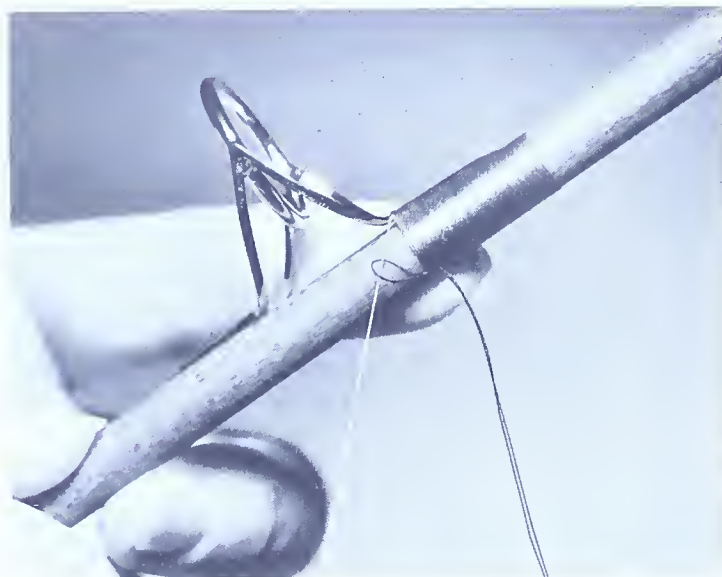
Thus far I've given little play to the trout we found in the nets—not because of any scarcity of the catch or lack of enthusiasm. Quite to the contrary. I simply believe the best should be saved until last. Lake trout in the six to eight pound class were not too rare. While we didn't come up with a twelve or sixteen pounder such as the trollers take quite regularly in spring and early summer, we were content to see these "youngsters" well on their way to being some angler's trophy in the not-too-distant future. The colorful rainbow was well represented in our catch. This fish, perhaps above all others in the lake provides Luzerne Countians with their finest sport here. They take most any bait readily and will likewise tackle anything that wiggles, wobbles, spins or flashes at the end of a troller's line.

But my greatest thrill was seeing the growth—and fair abundance—of the brown trout. While the lake normally receives a pre-season planting of 21,000 brook and rainbows, about evenly divided, it did receive a supplemental planting of 10,000 brown trout in 1962. From this single plant, consistent trophy catches have been made. Eight pound brown trout, no slackers in any league, have not been a bit uncommon in the last few years. They've been taken by smelt fishermen on tiny jigs through the ice, on red worms and nightcrawlers stillfished and by conventional trolling methods. This past season, Allen Morrow of Harveys Lake won an ANGLER CITATION for his 30", 15 pound 2 ounce brownie taken while trolling. In our nets, a 28", 11½ pounder was tops. Many here look forward to the day when Harveys will produce the brown trout that will top Wallenpaupack's recent record breaking 24 pounder. Wishful thinking? Just wait and see!

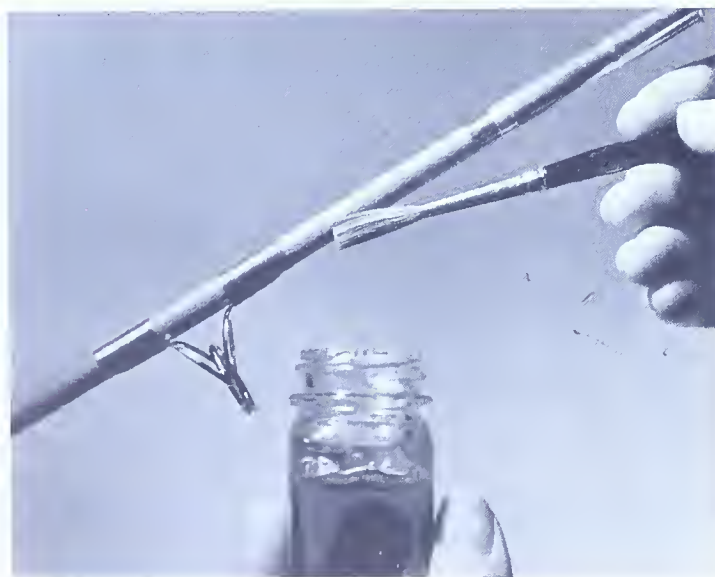
continued on page 23

MAKE WINTER—

ROD BUILDING TIME



USE SILK OR NYLON thread for the winds to hold guides into place as shown above. Then varnish the rod to protect thread wrappings as shown below. At the bottom of page is shown method for getting snug fit by draping string down over end of rod blank when mounting ferrule.

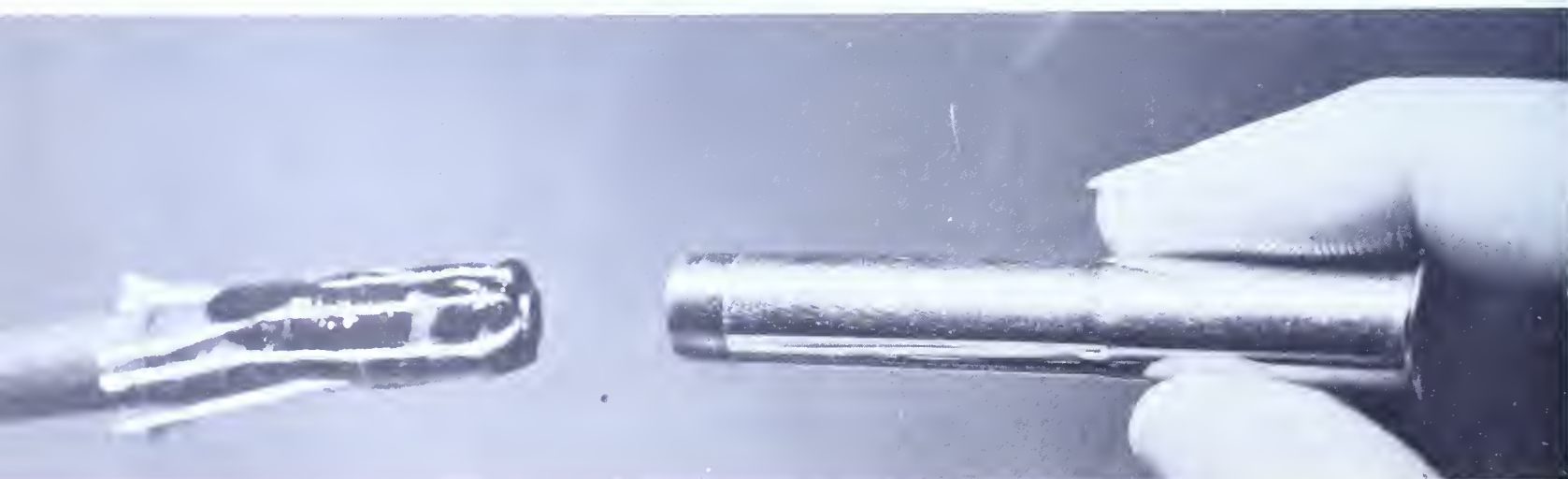


WINTER EVENINGS ARE LONG, sometimes uninteresting, with little to fill one's time except TV or a good book beside a warm stove. Ever thought about filling these idle hours with rod building? When winter winds whine, you might spend time indoors assembling a new rod. You won't invest more than a few dollars for materials, yet the rod produced should be worth many times this amount. You'll enjoy the hobby too that speeds the hours until spring arrives.

Late last fall the mail delivered a catalogue from a regional fly-tying supply house. I thumbed through the pages and to my delight found a full page listing of tubular glass blanks for fly rods, spinning rods and spin-casting sticks. Other parts were listed too, including ferrules, guides, tip-tops, winding threads, cork handles, reel seats and adjustable chuck-type, offset handles for casting rods. Faced with some long, often boring winter nights I ordered a spin-casting kit. I checked each component part, then stashed the parts to await the full onslaught of winter.

So several weeks ago the weather turning bad I dug the rod kit out and set to work; first cementing ferrules in place; then winding guides. Finally I varnished the rod and found, in action and quality, it matched one costing upward of \$15 or \$20—or even more. I felt fondly toward the rod because it was, for the most part, a product of my own hands. I dreamed of catching suckers, then trout and bass on this new rod.

Fiberglass has become a real boon to fishermen. The surprisingly low cost, coupled to its almost indestructibility, makes glass a far better material than split bamboo for the average fisherman. It has more stamina to withstand the rigors of casting lures and heavy baits. Even for fly rods, of those found in use on streams, fiberglass far out number those of bamboo today.



Fiberglass blanks have virtually replaced bamboo in all rod kits. These are available for casting and spin-casting rods in 5 ft., 5½ ft., 6 ft., and 6½ ft. lengths. Spinning rod blanks take over the lengths from 6 ft., 6½ ft., 7 ft., and 7½ ft. Fly rod blanks, in two and three piece sections, take over the range from 7 ft., 7½ ft., 8 ft., 8½ ft., and 9 ft.

A new, fairly light fly rod has recently come into being which is made 5 ft., to 6½ ft., in length. These are fitted with light reels and light lines to produce a very sporting rod. But they are tricky to use.

The pictures on these pages show how I assembled a spin-cast rod. It is really the old and much used casting rod with off-set handle, though equipped with larger guides and made a bit longer and “whippier” than the older casting model. It is designed primarily for “closed face” spinning reels.

Many fishermen dropped the time honored casting rod and multiplying reel in favor of spinning when this rod/reel came to American shores. Later, after the closed face spinning reel became available, there was a shift back to this old type casting rod. The reason being that most fishermen could gain pin-point casting accuracy with the shorter rod. But, of course, this is a matter of individual preference.

Check the condition of your rods. If they're shabby, with frayed winds, worn guides, chipped varnish, spend time during these wintry nights reconditioning this gear or if you need a new rod, consider buying a kit and assembling one yourself. A quick trip to a sports shop, or an order mailed to a supply house will provide the necessary parts. You'll take pleasure assembling the rod as the wind whines outside, and you'll be ready when the pussy willows, crocuses and hepaticas poke through the ground!



RODS IN KIT FORM, as shown in the upper right hand corner, come practically complete including glass blanks, ferrules, guides, handle, thread and varnish—everything needed, other than some time and patience, to come up with a new rod. To the right fisherman holds up finished spin-casting rod, a six footer ready for the coming summer season.

by
**DON
SHINER**



MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

DELAWARE DAM

Few Pennsylvanians realize the dynamic importance of the new Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area, or of the impact it will surely have on their lives. The park, located on the Delaware River at Stroudsburg, is one of the biggest conservation moves to hit the east. It is also one of the most expensive.

Described by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as the "largest real estate program ever undertaken by the Corps," lands totalling 72,000 acres between Stroudsburg and Port Jervis, New York are now being purchased at an estimated cost of \$90 million. Land values have sky-rocketed since inception of the project. Final cost may prove much higher.

Focal point of the recreation area will be a 12,000-acre reservoir. Construction of the dam, to be located five miles upstream from world-famous Delaware Water Gap, is scheduled for the spring of 1970. Completion of Tocks Island Reservoir project is expected sometime in late 1977.

The reservoir itself is vital. It will be the largest in an eight-reservoir flood control network. When completed, waters of the lake will stretch 37 miles up the Delaware River and nine miles up Flat Brook Valley. At its widest point, the lake will reach one and a half miles. A reservoir of such proportions, and lying at the doorstep of over a million people, caught the fancy of the National Park Service. They began a comprehensive study of the area.

Less than 80 miles south is Philadelphia, populated by over two million people. Even closer is the largest megalopolis on the face of the earth—the area surrounding and including New York City. Investigators revealed that the site, properly developed, would be within an easy day's drive (only a few hours for many) for one-third of the population of the United States!

A master plan for the development of Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area was unveiled just one year after Congressional approval of the area itself. It provides a wide variety of recreation possibilities while still preserving natural elements for future generations.

General terrain of the region adapts to a wide variety of recreation possibilities. At various points on the Pennsylvania side, hills rise steeply to about 800 feet, then graduates to a rolling plateau. Adding immensely to the scenic element, cascading waterfalls tumble through deep gorges at frequent spots. New Jersey's developments will be located mostly on gently sloping lands.

Every type of recreation facility feasibly possible has been planned for the new National Recreation Area. The weekend visitor will have miles of scenic park roads, varied points of interest and choice of sylvan picnic settings. Thirty initially-planned campgrounds will offer choice of thousands of tent and trailer sites in "community" areas, or, for those who wish to shun crowds, boat-in and walk-in camping grounds.

Three trail systems are in the planning stages for hikers: short walks from parking lots; extended routes from campgrounds; and a circumferential trail, complete with overnight campgrounds, circling the entire park. Twenty-five miles of the Appalachian Trail, longest continuous footpath in the world, lie within Park borders.

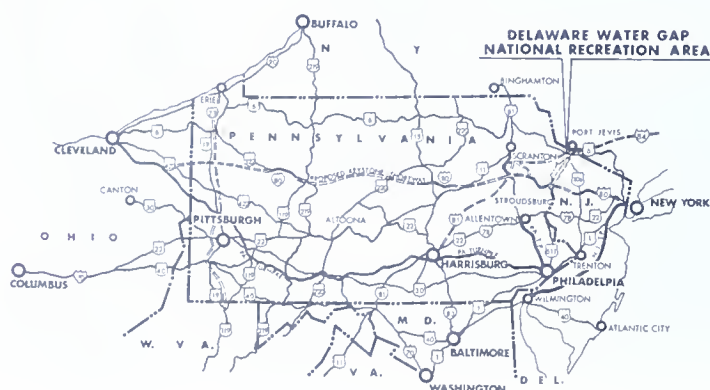
Focal point of the entire area will, of course, be the huge, man-made lake. Some authorities predict that Tocks Island Reservoir will become the most heavily-fished lake in the world in future years. Already available in the Delaware River are brown and rainbow trout, largemouth and smallmouth bass, chain pickerel, walleye pike, shad, pan fish, striped bass—more than 45 popular species.

According to the master plan, lands surrounding the lake will be divided into 10 "management sections," each developed or preserved for its own particular resources. Each section contains an abundance of boat docks, launching ramps, swimming beaches and other water-oriented facilities. Scuba divers will have their own area for complete safety.

The Bushkill Creek section is visualized as a major impact area. Located between Bushkill Creek and Tocks Island Dam, an entrance station and information-orientation facility will be constructed at the point of entry off U.S. Route 209.

One of the outstanding attractions will be the dam development area. Designed to serve 1,645 people at one time, the facility will offer splendid views and possibly tours of the dam itself. One of the Park's three major boating centers will be located at the mouth of Bushkill Creek. There will be docking for 500 boats and a 24-ramp launching area. Other management sections in Pennsylvania and New Jersey will contain similar facilities.

Completion of the reservoir project is scheduled for late 1977. Visitation is expected to reach 150,000 each day.



Stream Improvement On

GRAYS RUN

by
Richard F. Williamson

photos by Walter G. Lazusky

WINDING THROUGH A NARROW VALLEY in the mountains in the northern part of Lycoming County is a sparkling, cold stream that has for decades been a favorite of trout fishermen.

Today, through the efforts of a group of dedicated sportsmen, working under the guidance and supervision of experts of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, that stream has been given a massive face-lifting that promises to preserve it as a wild trout brook.

The stream is Grays Run, a tributary of Lycoming Creek, roughly six miles long. The upstream half is reserved for fly fishing, with special size and creel limits. The downstream half is open to fishing with bait and other lures as well as with flies.

At the point where Grays Run flows into Lycoming Creek, just east of Route 14 north of the village of Trout Run, is a large pool where many fine trout are caught each season.

In the depression days a Civilian Conservation Corps camp was located about midway along the stream and the young men assigned to the camp constructed a series of log dams that created pools and afforded excellent cover for trout. In later years, however, flood waters washed out most of the dams, and others deteriorated with the passing of time.

Last spring, restoration of Grays Run became the Number One project of the Susquehanna Chapter of Trout Unlimited, whose president is Robert W. McCullough, Jr., of Williamsport. The project quickly gained the support of all members of T.U. and of interested fishermen and conservationists.

From the very beginning, it was determined that this would be no hit-or-miss venture.

The first step was consultation with the stream management experts of the Fish Commission. That's when Walter G. Lazusky, assistant supervisor of Region Three, and James H. Lauer, district fish warden, began helping with the planning.

A thorough survey was made of Grays Run and of its



PASSING ROCKS men and boys build one of several deflectors in Grays Run.

trout population, and as a result the stream was rated as potentially one of the best wild trout streams in the central counties of the state. The entire length of the stream was carefully mapped, and again with the advice of Fish Commission experts, areas for stream improvement projects were selected. The Department of Forests and Waters also entered the picture, lending cooperation and support.

The program finally adopted called for repair and restoration of a number of dams and the installation of deflectors, gabions, channel blocks, and other steps to direct meandering branches of the stream back into the main channel. Another important project was removal of debris that over the years had clogged the stream in many places.

Three special work-days were scheduled for the low-water period of the summer. On all three days more than 200 men and boys—members of Trout Unlimited, other interested sportsmen, and troops of Boy Scouts—brought a complete transformation of Grays Run. The work covered the entire length of the stream. Each improvement was under the supervision of Commission personnel. Representatives of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Department of Forests and Waters, also helped.

Most of the effort—moving rocks, patching dams, anchoring gabions, and building deflectors and channel blocks—was done by the hands of the volunteers.

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CHECKING plans are district fish warden Jim Lauer, Robert W. McCullough, Jr., president of the Susquehanna Chapter of Trout Unlimited, and Horace S. Hand, state vice president of Trout Unlimited.





Notes FROM THE STREAMS

PLENTY FOR THE FUTURE!

■ Ed Clauser of Brookville caught and released at least a dozen fish over twenty inches in length from the North Fork Fish-For-Fun trout fishing area last season. Another angler, Carl Wyant of Sprankle Mills, reports seeing at least a dozen respectable trout in Big Run, tributary to Little Sandy Creek. Bob Davis of Big Run reports big bass in Mahoning Creek at Big Run. Dick Ruth of Punxsutawney reports seeing big bass at the Commission owned Cloe Lake. And at least six fishermen were after a brook trout estimated to weigh at least three pounds in Clear Creek. What is the point of all of this? Well, friend, there are those that say that "That there stream is, fished out." All this as of August 1, 1967! Looks like they didn't even scratch the surface. The coming year should be a good one!—**District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).

HELPFUL LIST

■ The Warren Chamber of Commerce has recently published a brochure listing attractions for vacationers. Among these are: Pennsylvania Fish Commission access areas, game lands, trout streams, warm water fishing areas, boating areas and camp sites. The brochure may be obtained by writing the Warren Chamber of Commerce in Warren, 16365.—**District Warden KENNETH G. COREY** (Warren County).

GROWING IN KINZUA

■ In the spring and summer of 1967, I stocked several thousand brook, brown and rainbow trout 8 to 10 inches in length in tributary streams (Kinzua Creek, South Branch Kinzua Creek, Chappel Fork, Sugar Run and Willow Creek) of the Allegheny River reservoir. During the regular trout season quite a few of these fish were caught from the tributaries and the reservoir, but the thing that amazed me most was the large number of rainbow trout taken from the reservoir during the month of October. These trout were from 12 to 16 inches in length! This shows a good population and a terrific rate of growth for the rainbows in the reservoir. Let's hope it will continue.—**District Warden WILBUR WILLIAMS** (McKean County).

HEADED FOR 1000!

■ Mr. Donald Day, of Karns City in Butler County, an avid fisherman if there ever was one, has found a way to magnify his fishing pleasures more than ever. Talking with him on the Fish-for-Fun section of Spring Creek, he informed me that up to the tenth month of the year 1967, he had caught and released 901 trout, ranging from 10 inches to 24 inches in length. I asked him what his secret for such

success was and he told me that he continuously changes his lures, honeybugs, streamers and dry flies until he finds what the fish want on that particular day. He was striving to catch an even thousand fish for the year and I feel sure that he will succeed. Needless to say, he is a sound booster for the "Fish for Fun" program.—**District Warden PAUL ANTOLOSKY** (Centre County).

ASK THE WIFE!

■ Every so often, in the normal performance of duties, there seems to be an unusual number of fishermen fishing without a license of their own. Having borrowed a license belonging to a friend or relative, they invariably learn (too late of course) that not too many people, within one's limit of association, will fit the same description on the license. During such a season, enforcement personnel ask a number of seemingly innocent questions which are nothing for a bonafide license owner to answer. How old are you? When were you born? These are just a couple the license borrower seldom thinks he'll ever have to answer, and quite naturally, for which he is totally unprepared. With this as background picture, if you will, the following incident, which actually happened.

Deputy Tom Roberts and I were on routine patrol one evening on Harveys Lake, when we checked a fisherman. We asked him how old he was. In all sincerity, he replied, "Oh, I don't know—you'd have to ask my wife." I replied that I had no such intention, and further, wanted to know in what year he was born. "That's something you'd have to ask her too," he said, "I just don't keep track of things like that!"

Since the license description fit this angler to a "T," I had to take for granted it was his. Tom shook his head as we left, muttering something about, "You win some, and then again, you lose some." I'll buy that!—**District Warden JAMES F. YODER** (Luzerne County).

LOST LAD—

■ While on automobile parking detail at the Benner Springs Fish Research Center at Bellefonte during Open House last fall I noticed a boy about nine years old walking down the road with a pop gun and his pet dog. I asked him if the hunting was any good and he didn't say a thing. He didn't even look my way. I watched him walk up the road over the hill and disappear. I forgot about it for the time being. Then about an hour later, down the road came the same boy with his dog and gun. This time as I talked to him he started to cry and said that he was lost. At this time the shuttle bus, which was stopped beside us, started to go to the Research Center Building. I put the boy and his dog on the bus and instructed the driver to see that his parents were called, and that he be comforted until they arrived

STREAM NOTES Cont.

for him. It all ended on a happy note.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

REAL PROOF!

■ A bear hunter fearing that his companions in camp would not believe that he had come close to a bear collected some droppings and put them in his pocket. I had an occasion to check the vehicle while patrolling Brooks Run and he excitedly showed me his prize, and explained where he had collected it. However, he had collected not bear droppings but porcupine droppings, and when he was corrected by me his buddies in the truck exploded into laughter. I'll bet he'll not be comfortable when in camp next year or a few years to come.—**District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).

JUNIATA MUSKIE

■ While fishing the Juniata River in November near Newton Hamilton, Mr. Stephen Muich of Johnstown, landed a 36 inch, 11 lb., muskie. In a fine spirit of cooperation, Mrs. Romona Linn (operator of a general store in Newton-Hamilton) not only secured a snapshot of the catch but also obtained some scales for aging.—**District Warden RICHARD OWENS** (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).

MUSKIE FOR BUCK SEASON

■ The first day of Buck season opened with a bang here in Crawford County, especially for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Mr. Edward Grey of Meadville, one of our most avid river fishermen, landed a 45 inch, 35 pound muskellunge while fishing in French Creek. A most unusual time to land a trophy fish.—**District Warden T. L. CLARK** (Crawford County).

SWEET TOOTH

■ While patrolling North Park Lake, I noticed an older gentleman fishing. I stopped to remind him that trout were not in season and if he caught one to release it. He held up a gum drop and said, "Nothing will bite anyhow, I'm using gum drops for bait." After having seen trout taken on cheese, corn, doughballs, and many other varieties, my thoughts were that there may be a fish in there with a

sweet tooth.—**District Warden PAUL R. SOWERS** (Allegheny and Beaver Counties).

ICE BREAKER!

■ As I passed Lake Fairview in Pike County on December 1, 1967, I had to take a second look when I saw a fisherman in hip boots who was using a rod and line to take trout. This is not unusual except that the lake was frozen over with about three-quarters of an inch of ice. The fisherman would walk out on the ice breaking it through until he got to the top of his boots. Then he backed up and fished the freshly cleared channel. He had two nice brown trout when I left.—**District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY** (Pike County).

TURKEY FISHING?

■ John Dover of Forest City was fishing for pickerel from shore at Long Pond, Wayne County. Beside him was a 12 gauge shotgun. I asked him what he was hunting for and he replied "turkeys." It seems that every time he came to Long Pond pickerel fishing in October he would see a turkey—therefore the gun. But the story isn't over. About four-thirty this day he killed a twelve pound hen turkey! —**District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS** (Wayne County).

HELPING THEMSELVES

■ Early in November, The Potter County Anglers Club removed some Trout from their Co-op Nursery ponds and stocked Lyman Run and Beechwood Lakes for the winter trout fishing season. Many of these fish were in the three and four pound class—a fine example of how a group of sportsmen working together can really help improve the fishing in their local area.—**District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER** (Tioga County).

MIXED FUN!

■ I have talked with quite a number of sportsmen who really took advantage of the winter trout season in Huntingdon County. Quite a few mixed trout fishing on some favorite lake with deer hunting. This should go a long way in spicing up the usually drab hunting camp meals. A nice mess of fried brook trout can take the place of a dish of beans any time.—**District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE** (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).

SEARCH FOR SALMON

continued from page 17

These were the highlights of the research work at the lake. More than once I've referred to it as a "biological gem," and such it is. Managed for trout, due to its tremendous depths—the greatest percentage of the lake is between forty and ninety-six feet deep, it is nevertheless one terrific lake to fish for all species. In the nets we found fine bullheads, "too numerous to mention," to use a well worn phrase. With pricked and bloody fingers, our biologists will no doubt sound a loud AMEN to that! Pickerel? Harveys Lake has more pickerel than you can shake a tip-up at! You'll catch your share of juveniles, but 23 to 26 inchers are taken every year through the ice. Bass?

Net-shy by nature, they're hard to come by in any netting operation, but as Dave and I returned to shore one afternoon, we met Andy Bull of Luzerne Borough. Andy had been sitting there contentedly in his boat using nothing but nightcrawlers, and came up with a limit catch of large-mouth bass, a good sized pickerel, and two perch in a little less than four hours! "November's really a better month to fish," he said—just how it could be beats the heck out of me!

Show me a lake that can survive the pressure of a county's 25,000 licensed anglers, their unlicensed children, their guests from neighboring counties, and still produce trophy trout, walleyes, and pickerel; limit catches of bass, plenty of coho salmon, bushels of smelt and some of the finest panfishing found anywhere, and—well, I'll just bet it'll be Harveys Lake!

NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA

Allegheny
Reservoir

KINZUA
DAM

Warren

Irvine

CHAPMAN
STATE
PARK

Allegheny River

ALLEGHENY RESERVOIR - TIONESTA



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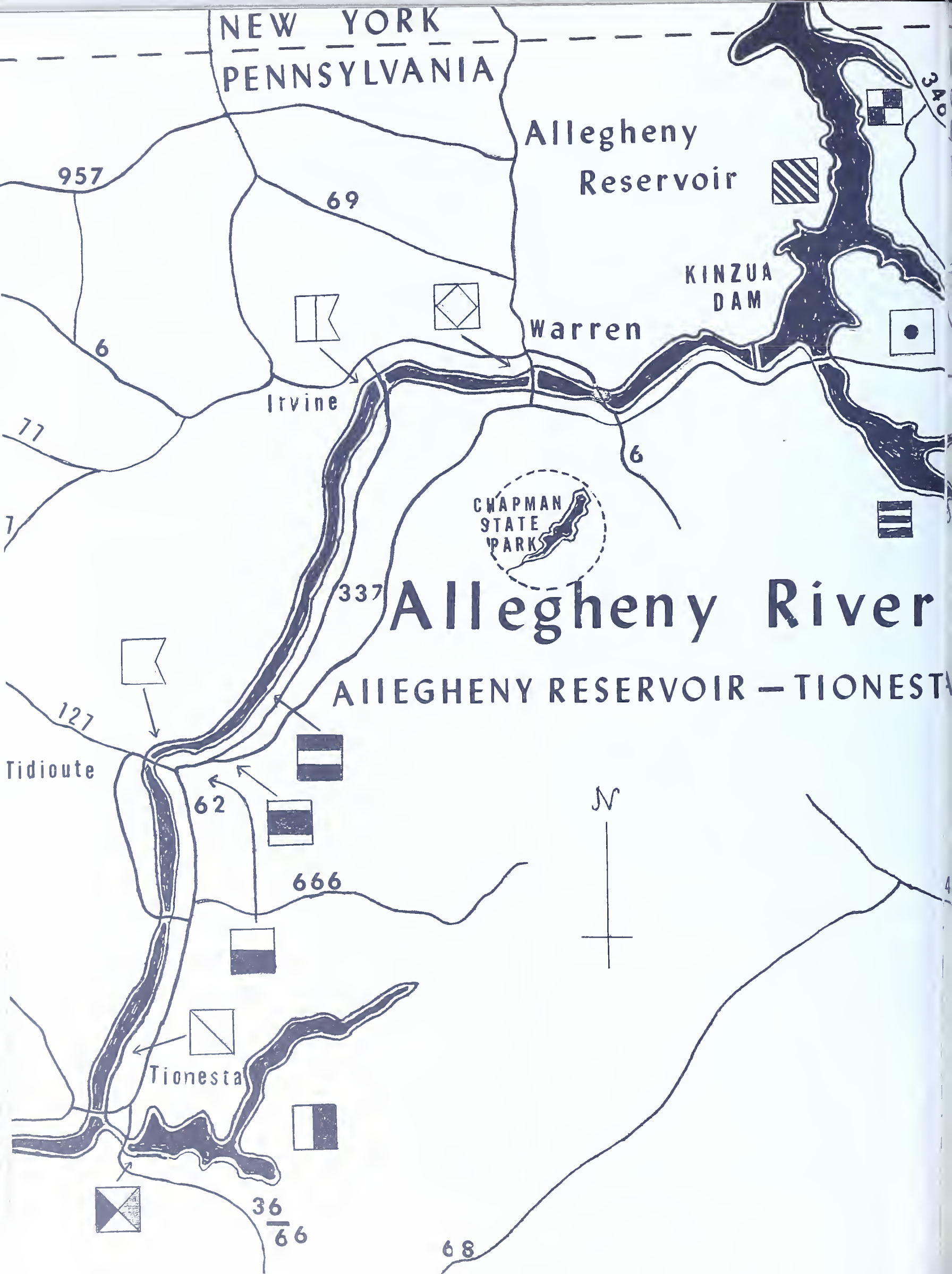
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666

Tionesta

36
66

68



BOATING

with **ROBERT G. MILLER**

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

Western Pennsylvania provides a variety of waterways for all forms of pleasure boating—the Allegheny River for the smallcraft owner and the newly developed flood control project, the Allegheny reservoir, which will provide plenty of water for almost any size pleasure craft.

Bordered on the east by the Allegheny National Forest, this segment of the Allegheny River provides a large assortment of boat launching areas, while the Allegheny Reservoir with a maximum storage capacity of 1,180,000 acre-feet

and a 91 mile shoreline (maximum summer pool) offers an extensive variety of outdoor recreational opportunities. In the midst of all this is the Chapman State Park, maintained by the Department of Forests and Waters, with facilities for boating, picnicking, swimming and camping.

The following is a thumbnail sketch of the facilities located along this stretch of waterway in both Forest and Warren Counties.

Chapman State Park

An 803-acre State Park located in Warren County, near Clarendon, off U.S. Rt. 6. The 68-acre lake provides fishing for both cold and warm water fish including brook, brown, and rainbow trout. Facilities include boat rental and food concessions, parking, tent and trailer camp sites, bathing and first aid station.

Allegheny Reservoir

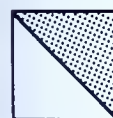
Space does not permit listing all the facilities offered in the vicinity of the reservoir which extends well up into New York state. However, the boat launching facilities in Pennsylvania, based on information received from the Corps of Engineers, are as follows:



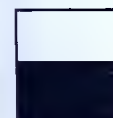
Tionesta Dam. Launching area is on south side of dam breast off Rts. 36-66 in vicinity of the picnic area, about one mile east of Tionesta. Surfaced ramp and parking facilities. No charge.



Nebraska Bridge ramp located at the upper end of the dam. Can be reached from Tionesta via the German Hill and from Clarion off Rt. 36. Located at the east end of the bridge.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission access area, located on the northern edge of Tionesta at the old fish hatchery. Located off Rt. 62, the area provides surfaced ramp and parking. No charge.



Tidioute Lookout off Rt. 337. In addition to launching facilities, area also provides picnic facilities and rest rooms.



Federal forest picnic area located about three quarters of a mile north of Tidioute Bridge, off Rt. 62. Surfaced ramp and parking. No charge.



Tidioute Chamber of Commerce ramp on the West side of the river at the Tidioute Bridge. Well-lighted ramp and parking area. Gas and oil at nearby service stations. No charge.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp on east side of the river, about two miles north of Tidioute. Off Rt. 62. Surfaced ramp and parking. No charge.



Buckaloons picnic area and ramp on the west side of the river, just south of Irvine. Camping facilities available.



Concrete ramp at Warren, opposite the Warren hospital entrance, off Riverside Drive. No parking facilities in the immediate area, only along nearby streets. No charge for use.



Kiasutha (U.S.) trailer and tent camping area with facilities for swimming and picnicking in addition to boat launching sites.



The Wolf Run concession, privately developed, which provides a marina and boat launching facilities.



Another U.S., or Federal, agency development, is the Roper Hollow boat launching area, located on the west side and south of the New York-Pennsylvania state line.



Willow Bay which has camping and picnicking facilities, swimming and boat launching. Located on the east side of the reservoir, just below the state line.

Additional information on the reservoir may be obtained from: District Engineer, Pittsburgh District, Corps of Engineers, Federal Building, 1000 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, P.O. Box 208, Warren, Pa.

Kinzua Dam Vacation Bureau, Box 844, Warren, Pa., 16365.



BOOM TOWN after boom town sprung up as oil was discovered in northwestern Pennsylvania during the 1860's. This street scene of Petroleum Center shows wooden street along center of town.

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

The Tremont house had burned quickly after the fire had been discovered at seven o'clock. Only the sprinkle that could be carried in buckets from nearby wells and springs was available to fight the blaze. The Tremont was necessarily sacrificed. Attention turned to the Chautaque Livery Stables. Thirty horses were led out and rather than being tied to the hitching rails along Holmden Street—there was some fear that the breeze from the north might sweep the fire into the middle of the city—were released in the outskirts. Now they were being rounded up.

Once the Chautaque stock was freed and the private coaches and surreys were rolled out to safety, then the volunteers of the Charter Oak Hook and Ladder Fire Company began to toss furniture from the Sycamore House next door to the Tremont. But the flames drove them away. And the Syracuse folded into the flames also. However the United States Hotel on the other side of the street from the Tremont was saved when its expensive rugs and carpets were soaked with water and stretched on the steaming roof. Long carrot-colored tongues lapped at it unsuccessfully. In the hectic effort of throwing furniture out of the United States one man got hit on the head with a bedstead. From this man Tom got his first accounts of the fire.

Later he mixed with the fire-fighters, the curious and the latecomers. The firemen discussed new strategies. There arose complaints that some of the volunteer fire-fighters were nothing more than vandals who ruined expensive furniture unnecessarily by carrying the mattresses down the stairs and throwing the brittle crockery and furniture out the windows and wielding axes like drunken woodchoppers. The Tremont had been on fire three times before. Each time the cause was established as a defective stove pipe. This time the house burned. The owner lost \$16,500 since he carried no insurance.

One well dressed man apparently more concerned than others in the group was espousing a better fire alarm system. There should be some law which would make fire fighting compulsory. Pithole needed a bucket-brigade. The city water-line ended a block away; its supply must be extended. Tonight as the city burned too many men were "lapping up the liquor, dancing and gambling in the concert saloons on First Street," just three blocks downhill. Little they cared that the breeze whipping down Holmden Run could have swept the hot tinders on the entire city.

Continued the gentleman, talking and making notes under a gaslight at the entrance of the Buffalo House, "the Pithole hook and ladder company should have axes, ropes and hooks. Hooks, above all, could be made very easily by the hundreds of mechanics in the city. Hooks could have pulled down the flimsy trappings of the Tremont before they fell and ignited the Chautaque and the Syracuse.

"I shall say so in the Pithole Record tomorrow," promised the man forcefully. And when he said that, Tom moved through the crowd. He wanted to be near the man who was talking.

"Are you from the Record?" Tom asked.

"I am The Record. I am Lee Morton, editor and part-owner," came the firm and proud reply extended on a handshake.

"And who are you, young man? A printer? I hope so. A printer who doesn't booze? I hope that also," he fired at Tom rapidly.

"If you are you can go to work for me tonight. Come on to The Record. It's down the street across from the Chase House. I need a good man, one who knows when to use agate or when to reach into the bag for "stud horse." How are you at the cases?"

Tom finally got a chance to tell of his recent work at the Titusville Herald and that he had come to Pithole City looking for Morton and The Record. He, too, admired sobriety... and Morton's reputation.

"You're hired, young man," said the editor... "if you can stay away from the hellholes and houses on Brown Street and the whisky barrels and dancers on First Street and don't get taken in by oil prospectors.

"I can't pay too much. Everybody in Pithole is making money except the printers and the editors. Even that black skinned, bowlegged scamp Bolden who runs my errands and scrapes muddy boots at the Chase when I need him most has a heavier pocketbook than I. But, young man, I can put you up at the Chase House where you will have a warm room and the best food. You can get new boots at Randolph's on First Street. He owes me a bill. And a clothier and tailor on Brown Street will fit you up with the best fitting mackinaw. And if you stick by me and don't get drunk there'll be a dollar or two bonus at the end of the week. Besides, you will learn newspaper business—complete.

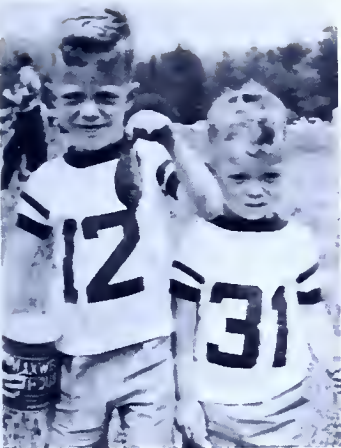
"If you are willing to accept the terms, let's go. The 'Midnight Dispatches' will soon be coming over the telegraph," he said. They started down-street. But then the smouldering hay and straw—what remained of the Chautaque livery—burst into flames anew. A shout went up. Runners came down the street to the U. S. Laundry building where a water well had supplied the dousings earlier. As the buckets were splashed on the hay it burst and roared out with new vigor. A negro who had been pumping at the laundry came running.

"Suh, I smell a lot of gas. And the watuh don't tast good. It tastes like the devil's been pouring oil into it," he said excitedly. The same discovery was made at other wells and springs. Each bucket of water spilled on the hay only enlarged the area of the fire. Someone called a halt. The Charter Oak volunteers experimented with water from other wells. The results were the same. The water burned instead of quenching the blazing hay. Editor Morton sensed something had gone wrong.

"You get down to the Record and tell old Justin Richards to put you to work. He's boss when I'm out. Tell him to pull out all the advertisements and announcements belonging to the "dead head" accounts. We will need news space. The Record may be a little late in the morning."

He sent Tom off to his new job with those orders.

PART THREE NEXT MONTH



JOHNSONBURG CONTEST

"Fun was had by all . . . especially the jaycees!"

That's what Matt Marasco, secretary of the Johnsonburg-Wilcox Area Junior Chamber of Commerce says about a fishing contest sponsored by his group last summer.

In all, some 200 children were registered for the event and in the end 175 catches were also registered. Separate classes for boys and girls in two age categories were given—up to age seven and from age seven to 12.

Each young fisherman had a double chance to succeed; a limit of two fish per angler was imposed.

For those under seven Wayne Tomaski won the boy's class with a 10 inch; Lisa Maholtz was first for the girls with a 14½ inch. Species were not listed.

In the age group from seven to 12 Wanda Launer was

SOME OF THE KIDS who entered Jaycee contest were (upper left) John Nystrom, 4, and Von Nystrom, 2. In the center is Robert Yonker, 9, who caught a 12½ inch goldfish. Above is the big winner of the day Don Mowrey with his 24 inch bowfin. (photos by Wilbur Williams, district warden of McKean County)

first with an 8 inch; Don Mowrey for the boys with a 24 inch (biggest catch of the day, a bowfin).

Second place in the overall contest went to Spish Williams while Dick Cherry took third. They caught a 19 inch and a 16½ inch respectively.

The first five to catch their limit of two were Wayne Tomaski, Lisa Maholtz, Mike Sober, Bob Parana and Bud Bloam. Winners for catching the three smallest fish were Bud Bloam, Mike Powley, and Bart Oliver.

Catches included crappies, rock bass, channel cats, bowfin, goldfish, bluegills, sunfish and bullheads.

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WHOPPER
caught on
cedar plug
later regis-
tered five
pounds ac-
cording to
photographer
Don Shiner.

CEDAR PLUGS



from there on its up to you. These are great plugs and you'll do well with them. Many of my old customers are crying for them and you won't have any trouble selling all you can make." Chick says he consented to this then went about deciding how to handle them. In other conversa-

tions he had had with Dick he had learned many tricks of the trade that had taken many years to perfect.

Then while on a fishing trip to Canada that same year Chick met Roy Shiffert, Dick's old buddy. Chick says, "I told him what I was about to do and he offered his help since he knew the plugs almost as well as Dick. During the next several months Roy and I worked on various ideas. I studied Dick's designs thoroughly and made slight modifications, tried them, and made any corrections in balance and action. There was a problem of setting up the manufacture on a production basis and improving the finish to make it hold up better. I also had to figure out a way to produce his new white model and stay with the original design that had proved so successful. The decision to manufacture 12 models of these plugs in various sizes was made and an advertising program was scheduled for the year. Things started popping as soon as the word got out about the plugs being manufactured again. Inquiries started pouring in from all over the country."

Results from the past spoke for themselves and the "Cedar Plug Company," began picking up momentum.

NEW ACCESS AREAS—

Four new Fish Commission fishing and boating access areas have been approved by the State Planning Board and Governor Raymond P. Shafer.

Robert J. Bielo, executive director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, said the areas, acquired with Project 70 funds, include the following:

Sylvan Lake Access Area—Ross Township, Luzerne County. At this site a small tract of vacant land adjacent to the existing Fish Commission access area is being acquired. This additional land will provide sufficient space to enlarge the present parking lot and install sanitary facilities along a lake which is heavily used by fishermen and boaters. The added area will also provide for anticipated future needs as recreational use of the area increases.

The Amity Hall Access Area, Watts Township, Perry County, is located on approximately one acre of land along the Juniata River near the Borough of Duncannon. The project area, which is bounded on the east by old U.S. Route 322, is heavily used by fishermen and appears well

suited for development as a public fishing and boating access area. Development of this proposed project area will include the construction of a parking area, boat ramp and sanitary facilities.

Balls Eddy Access Area, Scott Township, Wayne County. The project area contains approximately 5.5 acres of land that is currently under option to the Fish Commission. It will be developed as a public fishing and boating access area on this most scenic section of the upper Delaware River. Proposed development includes a parking area, a boat ramp and sanitary facilities.

Damascus Access Area, Damascus Township, Wayne County. The site, which will be developed as a boating and fishing access area includes a small tract of land along the upper Delaware River near Pennsylvania Route #371. The area is currently under option to the Commission. Proposed development includes construction of parking and boating facilities. Development of such facilities will help provide for future access demands on this beautiful fishing and boating portion of the Delaware River.

MAP AVAILABLE—

A NEW STREAM MAP of Pennsylvania is available to sportsmen from the Agricultural Experiment Station of The Pennsylvania State University.

The map shows over 3,000 each of streams, towns and elevations above sea level. Names of major mountains and valleys are included as are locations of forest fire control towers. Boundaries of primary and secondary watersheds are also shown in addition to swamps, lakes, dams, and reservoirs.

Measuring nearly three feet high by five feet wide the

map is claimed to be the most detailed of its type ever assembled for the state. It took about three years to produce. Its planner and maker, Howard W. Higbee, professor emeritus of soil technology at Penn State, says the map offers the ultimate in accuracy and utility for anyone interested in the state's streams and landscapes.

Copies are available either flat or folded. Sportsmen should specify which they want when ordering. Cost is \$1.00 a copy and they can be had by writing Maps, Box 6,000, University Park, Pa., 16802.

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GRAYS RUN

GABION is anchored in place and filled with rocks to direct water flow.



Boy Scouts, who were permitted to take part in the work only under the supervision of their adult leaders, camped out overnight along Grays Run prior to the final work period. At a campfire that night, special conservation awards from the national organization of Trout Unlimited

were presented to the participating troops by Dr. Alvin R. Grove, of State College, chairman of the state council of T.U. These were the first such awards ever made by the national organization.

There was no interruption of public fishing on Grays Run during the summer period—but most anglers who were on the stream during the three week-ends when the work was done laid aside their rods and lent helping hands.

Final work day was Saturday, September 16, after the closing of the 1967 summer season. Members of T.U. and other sportsmen, checking the water carefully in the areas where projects had been completed, found ample evidence that there will be an excellent carry-over of trout throughout the entire length of Grays Run and predicted that during the 1968 trout season the mountain stream will provide excellent sport.

In the meantime, the Susquehanna Chapter of Trout Unlimited is considering the possibility of carrying out a similar program during the coming summer on another stream.

STOMACH TROUBLE

TRAP NETS RECENTLY set in Prince Gallitzin State Park caught a troubled looking northern pike.

While checking nets, fishery biologists Robert Hesser and Clark Shiffer noticed the pike, which was very thin and apparently distressed. Realizing something was wrong they took it to the Benner Springs Research Station laboratory for pathological examination where it was autopsied.

Upon opening it pathologists found the fish had a hook embedded in its stomach.

The hook had penetrated the wall of the stomach, passed through the air bladder and lodged in the intestine.

Pathologists said the fish probably would have died within a few weeks for lack of adequate nutrition.



TRAVEL BUREAU WINS AWARD

Pennsylvania's Bureau of Vacation and Travel Development, Department of Commerce, is setting a pace Keystone Staters can be proud of!

The bureau walked off with the number two spot at the International Film Festival in New York City late last fall. The award was made for a promotional one minute film designed for television use in neighboring states as part of the bureau's advertising program to attract tourists to Pennsylvania. It took the award out of 800 entries made in the category.

The film stressed many of the exciting things visitors to the Keystone state can do. A rapid sequence of color pictures taken from all over the state combined with music, the film is expected to have a noticeable effect on the state's tourist trade through the additional visitors it will draw from many eastern states.



NO TRESSPASSING but fishing is permitted! That's the way Mrs. Sally Hummel who lives along the Manatawney Creek in Berks County's Oley Township feels. Standing beside the sign is Michael Kulikosky, son of Assistant Regional Warden Supervisor Frank Kulikosky of Region Four who took the picture.

Skill to Suckers

continued from page 7

that although there are several species of suckers across the country, the white sucker was the most common and representative of the group. The best season for catching this species was from January on into the trout season with some of the best fishing coming in March and early April.

But getting back to the cast made in the first paragraph, now there is an attentive hand curled under the short bait casting rod and the fisherman is intently watching his rod tip. "If it's a sucker, it's a female," he said as he brought his rod tip up with a good firm sweep to set the hook. A few moments later a 15" female sucker lay gasping on the muddy bank. "Females of any size bite more steadily than the males," he observed. "The bucks bite harder but in a jerky fashion—a little bit like a chub." Thus in effect a good sucker man can distinguish his fish by sex and sort them out by species, separating catfish from carp from sucker from chub. That takes some skill and experience.

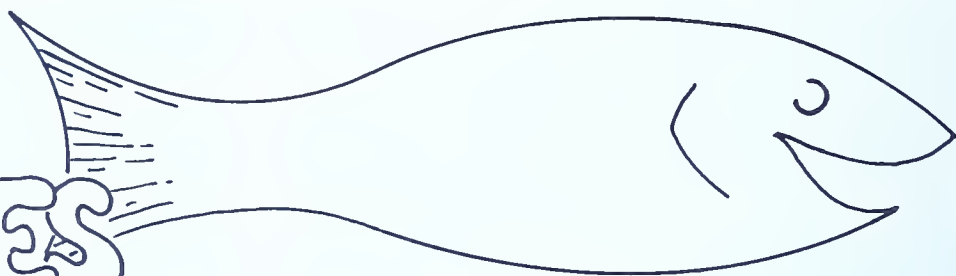
A point to return to would be the setting of the hook. Many inexperienced anglers get the bites but miss the fish. Veteran sucker fishermen all preferred a good firm sweeping motion as opposed to a short hard jerk. As one expressed it, "I want to land my fish not just give them a jaw ache." The soft mouth of the fish must be considered and the hard strike to set the steel in a musky would lose our fish here.

Sucker fishermen are a hardy lot. They don't wait for the balmy spring days of trout fishing, or the warm summer evenings for bass bugging. They're out there by the thousands in the January snows, the February cold snaps, the March winds, and the chilling early April showers. They take fish in their own quiet way and enjoy their sport and its peculiar skills. Usually they have something to show for their efforts in the form of some mouth savoring firm-fleshed fish.

A little bony—yes—but there are ways of taking care of that, too. With a little coaxing most sucker fishermen will tell you their secrets for preparing their catch—they may even invite you to the table.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



LEFT—John Kan-yuck of Centerville in Crawford County holds 24½ inch, 6 pound 2 ounce brown trout he took from Muddy Creek late last summer. It won him \$50 as the "longest trout" in the Lud Haller fishing contest in Tionesta.



RIGHT—His wife appeared last month in Fish Tales with a 46 inch musky which she caught at Hills Creek Lake in Tioga County and now Robert Rearick of Jersey Shore holds the musky he caught a few weeks later at nearly the same spot. His went a shade over 45 inches and weighed 24½ lbs. Both Rearick and his wife are now Husky Musky members as well as citation holders.



ANGLER Walter Wydra of Kulpmont holds the musky he caught which won him regular membership in the Husky Musky Club. It measured 43 inches, weighed 28 pounds, and was caught from the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County.



BILLY METZGER of Wilkes Barre holds stringer of three pickarel he took at Harveys Lake last winter. One measured 23 inches, the other two were both 18 inches.



MRS. NANCY SESEK of McKeesport holds trophy musky she caught from the Allegheny River in Clarion County, making her one of several female members of the Husky Musky Club. It measured 42 inches, weighed 22 pounds.



ED MICHURA of Conemaugh holds 15 inch largemouth bass which he caught from Somerset Lake during July. It fell to the temptation of a blue worm, according to the fisherman.



ANDY BULL of Luzerne holds limit of largemouth bass, some perch and a pickerel he took on nightcrawlers while fishing during the fall at Harveys Lake.



"I'M SURE PROUD OF MY BIG CATCH." That's what fisherwoman Mrs. Betty Allison of Osterburg says of the 27 pound, 46 inch musky she caught at Shawnee Lake during the summer. Mrs. Allison says she was trolling with a miro lure in the evening when the fish hit. It took about 20 minutes to land. She won both a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation and regular membership in the Husky Musky Club. With her in the picture are Russell Ickes of Imler and her husband, Homer Allison.



HUSKY MUSKY CLUB member is Robert Light of Hummelstown who caught nice 42½ inch, 22½ pounder while fishing the Susquehanna River in Lancaster County.



TRIO OF FISHERMEN hold stringer of pickerel and a bass taken at Harveys Lake last winter. Man on the right is Lew Jones; other two are unidentified.



BOBBY KOTWICKI, 8, and his father with stringer of fish taken at the falls of Octora Lake Reservoir at Oxford.



MARK KOTWICKI, 5, holds 16 inch, 1½ pound crappie caught on a minnow at Springfield Dam near Media.



JOHN VACULA of Pringle holds 26 inch, 7 pound brown trout he caught while fishing for smelt with "cut bait" at Harveys Lake.



ICE FISHING at Harveys Lake draws plenty of people from the Wilkes Barre, Scranton area. One is William Leiser of Wilkes Barre.



HARRY FENSTERMACHER of Milford holds 32 inch walleye he took while fishing the Delaware River in Pike County. The 12½ pound fish won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.

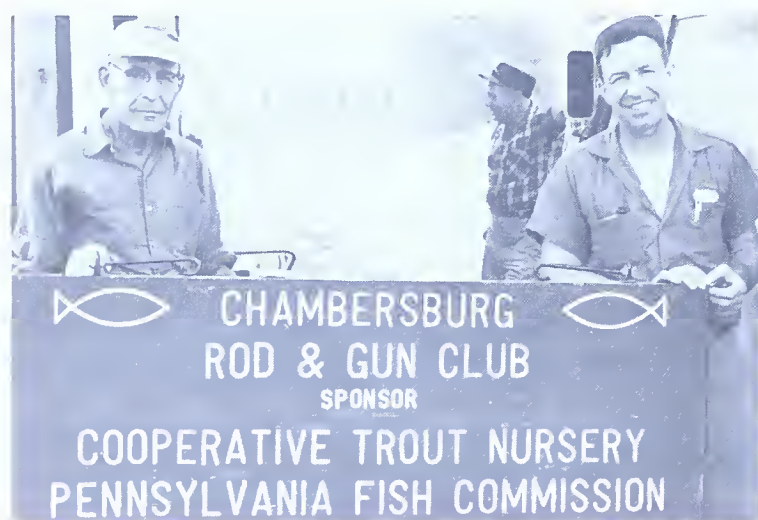
Casting WITH THE COOPS

A Monthly Feature About Cooperative Nursery Projects

By Bill Porter

JOHN LEHMAN, HATCHERY MANAGER at the Chambersburg Rod and Gun Club cooperative nursery speaks with pride about his club's project, now in its third year of operation. Located on Falling Spring Creek south-east of Chambersburg, Franklin County, the holdings include 9 ponds, 400' of raceways, a permanent building to house feed and gear, and several feed vending machines to encourage visitors to take an active part in the operation.

But John wanted to show his trout and nice ones they were, too. About 20,000 fish circled their amesite ponds in the upper portion of the raceway. There was good growth and weight on them. Downstream in the lower holding ponds were the handsome two and three year olds, the pride of the club. And there weren't just a hundred or so, but they were there by the thousands—between 3,500 and 4,000 to be more exact.



HATCHERY MANAGER John Lehman and Maynard Burkett, head of the fish committee of the Chambersburg Rod & Gun Club hold new sign naming them as a Cooperative Trout Nursery for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

With a big grin, Maynard Burkett, head of the fish committee, joined our conversation, "Nice aren't they? We scatter them out over the county with the smaller ones. Falling Spring and the Conococheague get most of them; but we stock all over the county with the help of Bryce Carnell, our local fish warden."

The operation looked fairly expensive and as though a lot of help was needed. Apparently there were no problems. According to Maynard there are between 500 and 600 members in the organization with 13 actually on the fish committee. "We get more help when we need it without any trouble, and John, here, is around about twenty-four hours out of twenty-four," he says.

Actually the nursery cost the club's treasury nothing to

build. Special fund raising projects and donations solved the money problems. Members contributed their labor at another obvious savings. And finally and perhaps most important, the folks at the Letterkenny Ordinance Depot supported the project with the loan of equipment, technical assistance and other help. Again obviously the "name of the game" is cooperation as we've been saying all along.

Thinking of the progress they've made. John Lehman mused, "We've reached the stage where we can be of some help to others. The Waynesboro Fish and Game Club started a nursery last year and some of the boys talked things over with them. They even got 600 fish from us for starters and I understand they're coming along all right." Then the speaker stopped talking and grunted a bit as he dipped his hand seine into the raceway and scooped up a net full of three year old browns to impress us. We were impressed!

But let's switch from club reports to the roll of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the obligations of the co-operating sports clubs in the nursery program. We stopped last month with the arrival of the fingerlings to the cooperating nursery. Let's pick up the story at that point.

Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, will make periodic inspections of the facilities and will check on the health and growth rate of the trout and offer advice as it is needed or asked for. Water is tested regularly and a variety of records kept by the club and Mr. Brown to help maintain quality and control over the projects.

The sponsoring club has the responsibility of establishing a satisfactory feeding program, sanitation within the nursery and the immediate area, and the overall care and stocking of the trout. Negligence in any of these matters is serious and may affect the club's continued participation in the program.

Relative to the stocking of club fish, the coordinator and the district warden must be notified of planned stockings. The fish are placed in waters open to the general public; however, the club may stock fish in waters they feel suitable for trout even though these same waters are not stocked by the Commission. Trout reared by the cooperative nurseries are usually stocked as yearlings. Some clubs, as in the Chambersburg group above, will hold some "big" fish over each year.

Finally there are certain routine matters for the clubs to do such as requesting fingerlings before April 15 of each year, securing approval from the coordinator for major physical changes in the nursery, and posting various signs designating the property a nursery with no fishing therein.

And that's about all there is to it. So if you are a member of a club that has been toying with the idea, contact your district fish warden or drop Bob Brown a letter at Bellefonte and start *Casting with the Co-ops*.



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

Question: From J.D., Ford City

Which is better, the Inland or International lighting system for motorboats?

Answer:

Both systems have their good and bad points. The Inland system requires fewer lights on boats up to 26 feet, and in every case includes a 32-point white light that can be used as an anchor light when switched separately. The Inland lights may not be used on the ocean, and the 32-point white light often creates problems, by shining in the helmsman's eyes at night.

The International Rule lights are so arranged that none glare in the pilot's eyes, but a third light is required on Class A and Class 1 boats, and there is no 32-point light for use at anchor.



Question: From B.L., Pittsburgh

My fiberglass runabout is only two seasons old, but already there are small cracks all over the outside, and the shine is gone. When I bought the boat, I was told that fiberglass needs no maintenance, but I'm beginning to doubt this. What can I do to restore the finish?

Answer:

As you correctly suspect, fiberglass is not maintenance-free. While it will not rot, it is subject to deterioration of the gel coat, or finished surface, from the action of sun and weather. You might try rubbing the hull out with one of the automotive compounds, but if this does not solve the problem, you will have to refinish the hull.

You can write to the manufacturer for paint and instructions, or consult one of the marine paint companies. For a successful job, you will have to hand sand the hull to obtain a bite for the new paint, wipe it down thoroughly with a solvent, then spray on an epoxy paint. Be sure to consult with either the boatbuilder or a paint company, to avoid getting a paint that will not be compatible with your hull material.



Question: From P.N.W., Johnstown

Why do all the engine manufacturerers recommend using a particular brand of gas and oil?

Answer:

Mainly because of advertising tie-ins, but there is a good reason for sticking to one brand of gas and oil. Every refiner mixes certain additives with his fuel and lubricants. Those used by two different manufacturers may not be compatible when in contact for long periods of time, and can cause corrosion, gum and sludge in marine engines where the fuel and oil may lie undisturbed for weeks at a time.

Question: From J.L.R., Sharon

Is it better to change oil in an inboard engine in the spring or in the fall?

Answer:

Lubricating oil should be changed at the intervals recommended by the by the engine manufacturer, but for most boats, once a year or oftener depending upon the amount of use. Changing in the fall, just before layup, is best, as this method keeps the crankcase and oil passages filled with fresh oil during the long winter.

If old, dirty oil is allowed to remain over the layup season, it causes corrosion on the bearing surfaces and shortens the life of the engine.



Question: From R.M.K., Washington

What is the best kind of line to use on a boat?

Answer:

For all-round use on pleasure boats, nylon would seem to be superior. It will not rot, it has several times the strength of manila rope of the same size, and it is easily spliced and worked.

Some of the other synthetics are cheaper, but they do not have all the good features of nylon.



Question: From J.W.B., Pittsburgh

What is your opinion of the Army amphibious 6x6 truck? Could I use one as a pleasure boat?

Answer:

The DUK-W, or 2½-ton amphibious truck, was designed for one, or perhaps two landings. It is not particularly good as a truck on land, and handles like a sick cow in the water. The hull is constructed of thin-gauge sheet metal, and any of these that are still around would probably leak like sieves. Better pass it up.



Question: From L.D.C., Erie

Should I insure my 16-foot outboard boat with a regular boat policy or is my Homeowner's coverage sufficient?

Answer:

Your Homeowner's policy will provide a certain amount of protection at a bargain rate, as the coverage is included in the basic premium. However, the extent of the protection is generally not so complete as that of a standard form outboard or yacht policy. To determine just what your Homeowner's policy does cover, and whether it meets your specific needs, discuss your coverage with an insurance broker who specializes in marine insurance.



PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
SAFETY PATROL

FISHING and BOATING

PENNSYLVANIA

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SUCKERS —OR TROUT?

BY MARCH THE WINTER sun is steadily melting away accumulations of snow and ice that have held our streams and lakes locked in for many weeks. As stream flows increase, the lazy white sucker is stirred to action and begins his annual move up countless small creeks.

The breaking of winter's grip and the sure knowledge of the good sucker fishing that awaits the hardy fisherman is a heady spring tonic for young and old alike. Certainly the March winds often are raw and chilling, but the sun's warm rays are rewarding. Streams are cloudy and the banks are usually muddy and disastrously slippery. Firewood is scarce and burns with a sputtering hesitancy—but who cares if the good old white sucker is on the move and ready to bite.

Few will disagree that a day's early spring sucker fishing is just what a man needs to get himself set to meet all those springtime chores that seem to fall due just when the fishing is best.

While the early spring weeks provide ideal conditions for successful sucker fishing there is some conflict on many streams where trout are stocked.

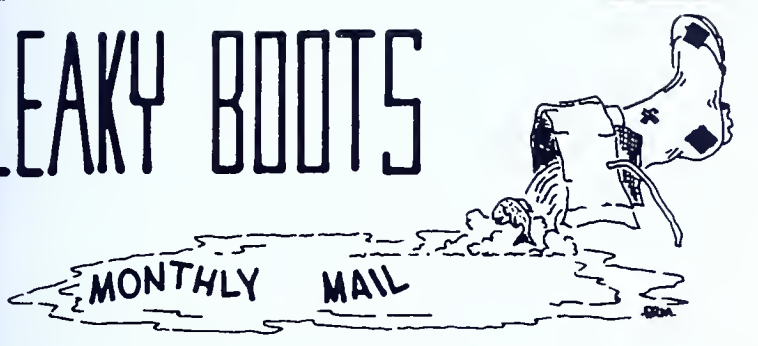
One unfortunate circumstance that conflicts with early spring sucker fishing is the presence of trout in most of the best sucker waters. By law, streams stocked with trout are closed to all fishing from midnight March 14 to the opening hour of trout season in mid-April. A simple solution would be to hold off all trout stocking at least through March. However, our trucking fleet just cannot cover the entire state in the remaining time. And, of course, there are the areas where trout are stocked prior to the closing period and quite readily grab sucker baits fished on the stream bottom.

Admittedly, we do not have a complete answer to this dilemma so that early season sucker fishermen can fish where and when the catching is best without becoming hooked to a hungry trout. We are moving each year toward later trout stocking in more waters and are specifically listing areas for sucker fishing. Our greatest hope is to develop a workable plan within the next year of opening sucker fishing in the mouths and possibly first several hundred yards of trout streams emptying into nontrout streams and lakes.

Such a plan, when finalized and put into effect, is going to do much for Pennsylvania's fishermen—but is going to require a lot of cooperation and forbearance from sucker and trout advocates alike.

—Robert J. Bielo, Executive Director

LEAKY BOOTS



CALIFORNIA FAN

Gentlemen,

One of my customers brought me one of your magazines which I enjoyed very much. In fact, I must have it to read myself and for my customers to look at when they come in to tell those "whoppers."

We have formed a fly club here. It's called The Wilderness Fly Fishers and it's a full family club with men, women and juniors all enjoying it very much. After two years we have a membership of over 100 adults and around 20 juniors. I teach fly casting each Sunday at the Santa Monica Casting pool, and we have a lot of response. We also hold two fly tying classes a month, both of which are well attended . . .

. . . all of us admire the excellent job your commission has done in your state. We are trying to get California to set aside more sections of streams for fly fishing only and we are having some small success and hope for more.

More succes to you!

Cliff Wyatt
Wilderness Shop
Santa Monica, California

Why not buy those valued customers some subscriptions to *Pennsylvania Angler*? Then they'll be sure of seeing it every month! And it only costs two bucks a subscription.



"I suppose you'll want to go home now!"

CATFISH CATCHER

Hello!

Early last fall I was fortunate enough to catch a few nice channel cats from the North Branch of the Susquehanna near Danville.

The two biggest were quite large in comparison to any I had caught in previous years with one nearly 34 inches and the other 30½ inches. Since they were of citation size I took them to the home of District Fish Warden Robert Perry in Bloomsburg who measured both and filled out a Fishing Citation form. The 34 inch cat was dead for 7 or 8 hours before I was able to find Warden Perry at home and the tail fin had dried and curled, as well as the fish's body, but Mr. Perry's rule showed the fish to be 33 inches. This fish weighed 16 pounds. The other was caught a week later, measured 30½ inches and weighed 15 pounds, this one being a plump female.

Several weeks later Mr. Perry was kind enough to deliver to me at my home a "Pennsylvania Angler Citation" for each catch—these will be treasured mementoes for me and were really appreciated. In fact I hope to collect more of these for different species and I think it is a wonderful idea.

Incidentally, if all the fish wardens in Pennsylvania are as hard working and devoted to duty as is Mr. Perry the fishing situation in Pennsylvania cannot help but improve each year. Too often we think of "the warden" as someone responsible for punishing us if we violate the fish laws and we do not realize the many other functions of his office. Mr. Perry has conducted many "fishing classes or clinics" in our area, which were certainly appreciated by all those attending. These in addition to stocking fish, patrolling streams and lakes, checking licenses and fishing procedures, delivering "citations," etc., keep him very busy. Here is one fisherman who would like to say "thanks" to Warden Perry and all like him in the state.

Now then, I have a little gripe. The two fish I previously mentioned were pictured in the December issue of the *Angler*. It was a pleasant surprise to me that you chose to print this picture, however, you inadvertently gave the lengths of the fish as 30 and 30½ inches when they were 33 and 30½ inches.

Never, never, never shorten a fisherman's fish even by a fraction of an inch. This is practically an insult to my piscatorial integrity. It took me an hour and a half to land this 16 pound catfish, but I spent days telling anyone who would listen about the 33 inch catfish I had caught. Then, lo and behold, in print for the whole world to see, you give the length of my fish as 30 inches. Oh, the shame of it all!

Seriously, I would appreciate it if you could find a little space to correct this in print. I have enclosed a picture of the fish if you deem it worthy of using.

Thanks for the many, many hours of pleasure that I have received from the pages of the "*Pennsylvania Angler*."

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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1968

VOL. 37, NO. 3

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Cover Art—Ron Jenkins

D. THOMAS EGGELER, EDITOR

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LEAKY BOOTS

continued from page 1

The only way you could improve it would be to add many more pages.

Forgive me for rambling on.

Ralph Oberdorf, Danville

We'll forgive you for rambling on if you'll forgive us for cutting three inches off that fine trophy catfish. And just to show how nice it is we'll run it in our Fish Tales section in a coming issue.

POKER PLAYERS PROBLEM

In your January issue of the Angler I enjoyed your "High-Larious Fishing" by Helen Highwater, although most of those jokes have long before grown beards. However, someone doesn't know much about poker.

Referring to page 28 where Fred was proud of his two pair, "Kings and Queens" and she had two pair too—two pair of Jacks.

This is not possible, as in five card stud he would have known he was beaten and had no reason to be proud of "Kings and Queens" as she would have had to have three Jacks showing on the table to have two pair of Jacks in five card stud.

In other words her "High-Larious" line of reasoning did not fit the plot of things. If she had called the game seven card stud then everything would have fit. As stated, it doesn't.

... I really enjoy the Angler.

Charles E. Marks, Carlisle

We don't play poker and Helen Highwater is in California so we can't ask her. Therefore we'll have to leave it up to other Angler reader poker players to decide whether you're right or wrong.

FINE FISHING

Dear Sirs,

Since my subscription to the Angler expires in February I find myself thinking about past and future fishing. I have a close friend in Berwick who doesn't believe the story attached to the enclosed picture although I have told and retold it to him many times. He is a great conservationist in action and thought, so perhaps he feels that the fish before my five year old boy (who is now nine and an ardent fisherman) went to waste. They did not!

I grew up on Ohio's Lake Erie in the 1930's and enjoyed the finest smallmouth bass fishing any man or boy could experience. However, two hours on the Delaware River one morning in July 1963 between the hours of 5 to 7 a.m., gave this writer the utmost in smallmouth bass fishing. The six bass represent a small percentage of additional fish caught and released and the smile on my son's face is only a flicker of my enjoyment at the time and a small portion of the memory I so dearly cherish.

Enclosed is my check for two more years of your magazine. Pennsylvania has fine fishing!

John Brewer, Saint Davids.



Young Brewer with catch

DECEMBER PICTURE

Gentlemen,

... that picture inside front cover of the December issue of the Pennsylvania Angler strikes a responsive note. We are indebted to a certain Bob Brown for his interest in us as well as his good photography. However, we would appreciate some recognition for such a good picture.

A caption could have identified the youngsters as Terry Wood of Fort Louden with an 18 inch rainbow trout and the curious little girl as Tina Wood also of Fort Louden. This splendid trout was caught by young Wood last May on a Sunday during the annual rodeo held by the Mercers-

continued on page 28



"For the fifth and last time, you can not play poker with the boys tonight."

by
DON
SHINER



A NEW SEASON BEGINS WITH...

A PEEK into an early spring setting shows fishermen lining banks in quest of suckers.



HERE'S a dandy for the pan.

SPRING SUCKER SEASON

AFTER A LONG WINTER'S PAUSE in streamside activities it's good to get outdoors in late February or March when the first hint of warmer weather is in the air. Already traces of spring are to be found. Furry catkins of pussy willows are beginning to unfold. Flocks of geese are seen winging northward. Spathes of early skunk cabbage poke through leaf mulch in marshes. But the foremost harbinger of spring, one that coincides with the strong urge to unwind fishing gear, is the crowd of anglers lining river banks everywhere in Pennsylvania. The last chunk of ice barely pushes from shore when early-bird fishermen move in to catch suckers. These early fishermen find fish hungry and have little trouble hauling in big strings of suckers.

You may know blubber-lips as the May sucker, or white sucker, or by another name such as buffalofish, quillback or just plain 'ole sucker.' Whatever the handle, this family comprises a large number of fresh water fish which are

characterized by a mouth located beneath the snout and surrounded by large fleshy lips. They are adapted for sucking in diatoms, algae and protein material from rocks and stream bottom. Most attain a length of less than 20-inches, though a few, namely the buffalo and redhorse grow beyond 24 to 28-inches. Most are dark brown to olive over the back, covered with silver scales on the sides, and have a white underside.

Almost a hundred species of suckers are known. Most are found in North America, and almost all of them are spring spawners. It is during this spring spawning run that most are caught by fishermen. Flesh is firm and sweet at this time of year offering some of the best fish dinners of the year.

It is traditional with most fishermen to gather on banks to angle for suckers as soon as there is open water. They haul out a variety of gear—old fly rods, spinning and spin-casting equipment and simple handlines—and use heavy sinkers to anchor baits on bottom. Despite the fact that water is often roiled, old blubber lips moves in quickly to nudge lines.

Those who have a mind for comfort while waiting for the suckers to bite usually include camp stools or folding lawn chairs. Some also tote gas-type camp stoves or portable charcoal grills to the river bank to boil pots of coffee or prepare a full course meal. Lacking these, small fires are often built on shore with whatever driftwood is available. With a log seat rolled up between the fire and the fishing lines, any chill in the air is quickly melted away. When old blubber-lips moves about and finds the bait, a fisherman is kept busy tending lines and keeping the smoking fire going at the same time.

Fresh panfried spring suckers are a real treat. Most

continued on page 6

SPRING SUCKER SEASON



THERE ARE nearly 100 types of suckers, most of which are found in North America. All have large fleshy lips on the under side of the snout.

early fishermen will attest to this fact. Later, as weather and water warm, flesh turns soft and tastes of sand. Small bones in the meat give only a tiny annoyance.

Grab your gear now. Get back into fishing by digging worms and baiting lines for this early sport. Having caught a mess of suckers, fix them for the table by following any one of the following recipes. Everything considered, spring suckers have a lot going in their favor. They offer a good way to get in tune with the new season.

Recipes

Steamed Sucker

Select thick slices of freshly caught suckers. Wipe with damp cloth. Season with salt and pepper. Place in steamer. Steam 40 to 45-minutes until tender. Serve at once with any desired sauce.

Broiled Sucker

Small suckers may be broiled whole. Heads and tails are removed and fish otherwise cleaned for the pan. Large fish may be cut into fillets. Season with salt and pepper. Rub with melted fat or bacon drippings. Broil, turning frequently until golden brown in color. Serve at once.

Baked Sucker

Large spring caught suckers are delicious when baked. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Stuff with any well seasoned dressing. Pack dressing lightly. Sew loosely. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay strips of bacon across top of fish. Place on baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (440°) allowing 15-minutes per pound. Baste frequently with two tablespoons of butter or butter substitute combined with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Garnish with slices of lemon, parsley and ripe olives if available.

Pan Fried Sucker

If suckers are small in size, use them whole, with head and tail removed and otherwise cleaned for the pan. If larger suckers are used, fillet them. Season with salt and hot pepper. Roll in corn-meal. Fry in small quantity of hot fat until crisp and brown.

Sucker Au Beurre Noir

- 2 average size trout or suckers
- 1 teaspoon fresh, chopped tarragon leaves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped lemon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon finely chopped rosemary leaves
- 1 teaspoon herb vinegar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- salt and pepper
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Mix the herbs with vinegar and put half in each freshly caught sucker. Heat 1 tablespoon butter in skillet, sprinkle sucker lightly with salt and pepper, and sauté, turning frequently, to brown both sides. Remove fish from skillet. Heat second tablespoon butter in a pan, stirring constantly until butter is brown. Do not let burn. Add lemon juice and pour over each sucker or trout. Serves 2.



THERE'S PLENTY of action to make everyone forget about the chill in the air.

More Pennsylvania women follow "father" into the field each year, enjoying "his" sport and catching "his" fish. For some pursuit of the new sport comes easy; for others it takes some doing. Mother—and fisherwoman—Pat Eisenhart tells Angler readers about some of her fishing experiences and gives the ladies a little advice which poppa may not enjoy.

leave the dishes in the SINK —GIRLS

THIS STORY IS FOR WOMEN so put the book down, call the wife away from her work and let her relax for a few minutes. Fishing season is drawing near and before she becomes a fishing widow again I have a story I would like to tell her.

I am not a good fisherman, or woman in this case; in fact, if the truth be known, I often think of myself—and am thought of—as being the worst. I've had the best teacher possible, a man with the patience of Job, the stamina of a workhorse, the talent of a Jason Lucas, and the sense of humor of a Corey Ford. Being married to him helped.

He has taken an untalented young girl and after ten years of careful tutoring transformed her into an untalented young woman. They say that anything improves with age but in my case I went from bad to worse. In the beginning I could be excused for mistakes for I was a novice, but after ten years, my friends expect perfection and the dismay clearly shows on their faces combined with the silent pity for my dear husband. His friends wonder why he puts up with me and I can't say I blame them.

Let me tell you about some of the mistakes I make.

When I am fly fishing with a fly rod, I'm fairly good. Snarls and tangles don't annoy me, in fact, I rarely get them. I can roll cast with the best of them and dry fly fishing is a breeze. BUT, give me a bubble, flies and a spinning rod and I suffer a persecution complex and acute paranoia sets in. I feel that the world, the fish and especially the rod and reel are against me. Perhaps it could be because I don't especially care for trout fishing. I know that many ardent fly fishermen are right now reading this and thinking "some nut must be writing this." But I like to surface fish. True you can dry fly fish but it's not nearly so exciting as seeing the wake of a pickerel as he comes from the nearby weeds, or to have a largemouth bass slash your chatterbug as it hits the water. To me that's fishing!

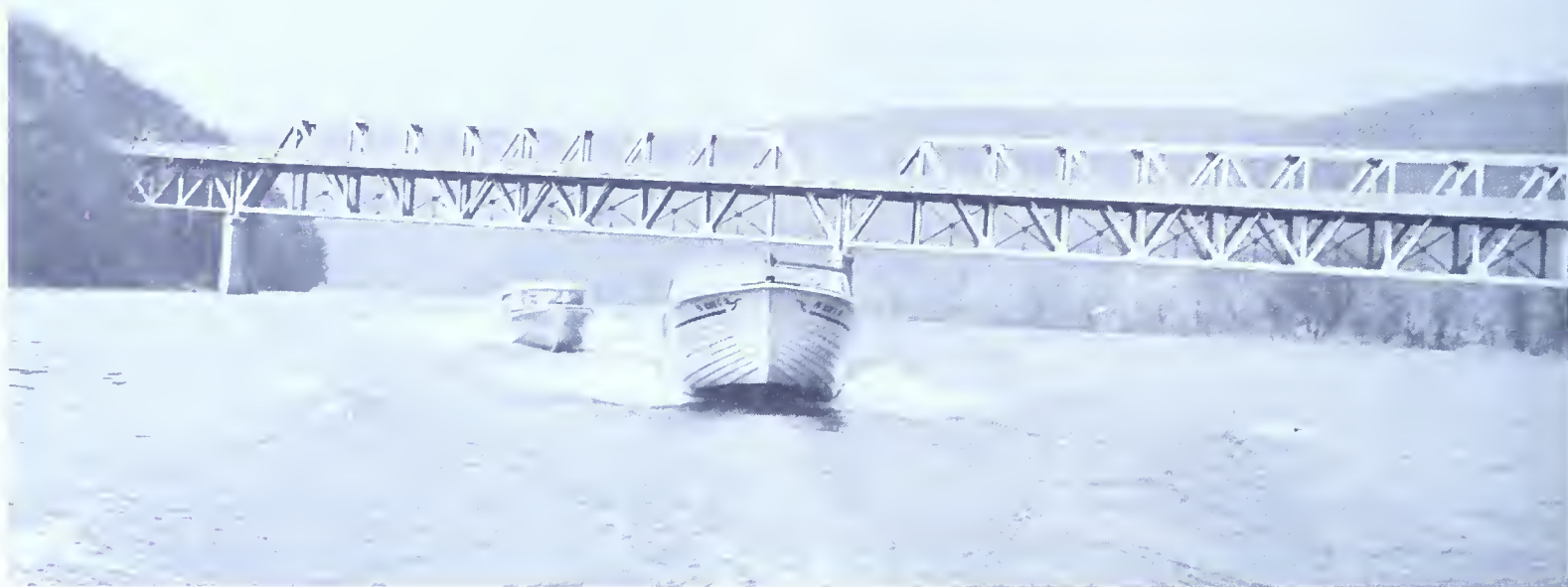
continued on page 23



by PAT EISENHART

ABOAT ON THE ALLEGHENY

Although March may be a little early for prolonged boating trips, Pennsylvania boaters should be interested in a spring trip made in northwestern Pennsylvania from Franklin upriver to the Kinzua Dam and back. As soon as the weather warms a few degrees and often before the leaves are on the trees one group gets a day's taste of the outdoors.



PART OF BOAT HEGIRA steaming past one of a half dozen bridges which cross the Allegheny along the trip. Bridges passed were those at Franklin, Oil City, Hunter's, Tionesta, West Hickory, Tidioute, Youngsville, and Warren. Gas refills were only available at the Tidioute Bridge for the 100 mile (one way) trip.



VIRGIL SCHWIMMER, chairman of boating for the Northwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, and Norman Sickles, public relations representative of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, talk over preparations as the group prepares to depart. Schwimmer planned and organized the trip.

KINZUA BOAT HEGIRA

THE ALLEGHENY RIVER between Franklin and the Kinzua Dam provides a group of Northwestern Pennsylvania boaters with a one way near 100-mile thrill every spring.

When the river hits the correct stage boaters are usually hankering for a "no holds barred" journey. They get it on the Allegheny between Franklin upriver to the giant walls of the 180 foot high Kinzua Dam.

Boaters of the Northwest Division, Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs made such a trip during the past spring. The trip at this time of year interferes with no other river activity.

The excellent boating access site at Franklin served as the starting point.

Virgil Schwimmer, boating chairman for the Northwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, planned the 14 boat hegira last April. Most boats

by **THAD BUKOWSKI**

were geared with 75 or 100 horsepower motors but even 40s came along.

Full throttle travel up the big Allegheny means about 36 miles per hour according to some of the experienced boaters. If one is unaccustomed to that type of boating he must admit to a bouncing and exhilarating thrill.

The accompanying countryside shows hogbacks of hardwoods and hemlocks, giving the Allegheny of this area a "Wilderness River" aspect. Cabins line the banks at many places but some of the stretches of the river are shorn of civilization. One can "get lost" on it during the summer also with a drifting canoe or boat, a pack, frying pan and fishing tackle if he has time on his hands. Enough fish for the pan can be caught to keep boater-fishermen happy.

The Tidioute to Warren area has islands usable for camping and our boat group weaved through these without incident. Only one motor breakdown interrupted the trip somewhat and scattered the boats.

Travel by boat with wide open throttle from Franklin to Kinzua takes at least four hours. The group left at 10 a.m., had a picnic rendezvous at Kinzua at 2, and returned again to Franklin at 6:30 in the evening.

The Allegheny is a pleasurable trip for any Pennsylvania boater . . . provided he has enough stamina to sit for eight hours enjoying the passing river countryside and enough gas for the engine. All he has to do is to head for Franklin in the spring, launch his boat and head upriver.

However, boaters should check river stages and weather forecasts before the start of such a trip.



TRIP TOOK boaters through towns of Oil City and Warren. Shown above is a section of Warren. Below is scene of the Franklin boating access and parking area where the tour began.



FINAL DESTINATION and turn around point for the trip was the Kinzua Dam, about 100 miles upstream. The boaters stopped here for a mid-day lunch before making the return run downstream. It took approximately four hours to make the run.



MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

FISHING SEASON

NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO, opening of trout season climaxed weeks of preparation if camping was involved. Tents had to be rewaxed and patched, wooden cots repaired and more often than not, hours were spent reshaping smokepipes for woodburning stoves.

Today's camper with modern trouble-free equipment is ready to go "at the drop of a hat." His concern is not equipment or even a place to stay.

Although state parks also open their camping season April 15, the trend over the last several years has been to utilize private areas. It's no accident that campground owners in trout country plan their opening to accommodate fishermen. Anglers have readily learned to appreciate the luxury of electrical facilities, especially in the chill of early spring.

Located in Blair County near such popular trout streams as Bald Eagle Creek, Big Fill Run and others, Bald Eagle Campsite offers the early-season angler excellent accommodations. Situated four miles north of Tyrone on Route 220, the area contains just ten sites, but reservations will insure camping space. There is no charge for electricity. As an added bonus, Bald Eagle Creek flows directly through the property. Write: R.D. #3, Box 230, Tyrone, Pa. 16686.

In the high mountain country of Potter County, Deer Lick Camping Area provides just about the finest facilities

found anywhere. Four miles southeast of Coudersport on Route 872, the 50-site area is centrally located to over 700 miles of mountain trout streams including Oswayo Creek, Big Moores Run, Cross Fork Creek, headwaters of the Allegheny River and many others. Write: Box 29, Coudersport, Pa. 16915.

Stony Fork Creek Camping Grounds (R.D. #5, Wellsboro, Pa., 16901) lies just south of the famed Pennsylvania Grand Canyon and near popular Pine Creek, long noted for its elusive rainbows and browns.

Campers are just discovering Hecla Park, a new spot, which recently opened in the Nittany Mountain section between Bellefonte (home of Fishermen's Paradise) and Lock Haven on Route 64. Fine streams are found nearby including Big Fishing Creek, one of the top trout waters in the state. The area contains 20 sites, fishing on the property and full facilities. Write: Box 47, Mingoville, Pa. 16856.

Anglers frequenting the Williamsport region may wish to try Haleeka Trailer Camp, four miles south of Trout Run on Route 15. Open all year, the 50-site campground has adequate facilities for cold weather camping. Address inquiries to: R.D. #1, Cogan Station, Pa. 17728.

Headwaters of the Delaware is a favorite of many devoted trout fishermen. Twin Falls Campground, located on the Pennsylvania side of Hancock, New York, contains two campgrounds, one of which lies directly on the shore. Open all year, the area offers a heated shelter as well as complete facilities. Write: Winterdale Road, Pennsylvania Side, Hancock, N.Y. 13783.

In the southern portion of the state, West Branch of Brandywine Creek is growing in popularity among trout enthusiasts. The stream flows through the property of Brandywine Meadows. Also open all year, the campground contains 150 sites and all conveniences for cold weather camping. The area is located three miles southeast of Honey Brook in Chester County. For information write: Honey Brook, Pa. 19344.

The above private campgrounds are only a small representation of organized camping areas throughout the state. For a complete listing, write the Campground Association of Pennsylvania, Mercer, Pa. 16137.

Often, top trout fishing is found in state park lakes and in creeks feeding flood control reservoirs. While camping is usually available at the site, private campgrounds with modern facilities are almost always nearby. Parker Dam State Park, Chapman Dam State Park and Youghiogheny Reservoir are just a few outstanding examples.

Each season brings a host of new camping areas. It may be wise to first select where you want to fish, then write the nearest Chamber of Commerce or Tourist Promotion Agency for camping information in their district. You may find you have quite a wide choice of campgrounds!



"DEAR, SHALL I OPEN THE SARDINES FOR SUPPER?"

OIL BOOM days found wooden derrick after wooden derrick spring up throughout the "oil country" as shown here in this old photograph taken in John Benninghoff Run and Oil Creek in 1865.

PART THREE

OIL MOON

OVER PITHOLE

STEVE
SZALEWICZ



During parts one and two of "Oil Moon" farm wife Annie Shultz, peddler Abraham Shalof, oilman Alfred G. Smiley, printer Tom Dunn and outlaw George Croyle watched the sky over Pithole turn red with fire. Annie Shultz was headed from the house to the barn where her husband tended a new calf when she saw the glow; Peddler Shalof headed toward Pithole City with his pack and visions of new profits when outlaw Croyle waylaid him at Tight Pinch Pass, rummaging through his pack missing a handful of diamonds concealed in the handle of the peddler's bell; Tom Dunn found the peddler there and carried him the rest of the way into Pithole where he was treated at the hotel Morey House; and oilman Smiley safely made his way through the night with \$100,000.

Tom Dunn has left the peddler and the Morey House to "see" the fire and look for newspaperman Lee A. Morton for whom he hopes to work.

We begin this month just after the fire is noticed by publisher Morton and his "staff." Soon Pithole is to come even more alive with new prospects of even more wealth!

CHAPTER NINE

LEE A. MORTON was not a driving taskmaster. So that was not why Justin Richards sat down as soon as the editor hurried out to see what was burning in the next block of Holmden Street. Justin Richards wasn't the kind of man who began to slow up on his work as soon as the boss left. He was a tired man.

Shadrach Bolden, Morton's runty rascal, shouted the first alarm up the stairs to the second floor of a shaky, narrow, barnlike structure called "The Office of The Pithole Daily Record." The bow-legged Shadrach was returning from the Chase House across the street where he had picked up a revised list of new guests who had registered at the hotel during the day. Each issue of The Record carried a "Registry of Important Persons Arriving" at all the hotels of Pithole.

At the instant that Shadrach had shouted, "Fire up the street! Mistuh Morton!" Justin Richards and John Kelly, printers, had become aware that a strong red light had over-

come the yellow gas-jets illuminating the type cases and the office. The men ran to the windows.

"Richards," said the editor unfastening an apron so black it could have passed for a wiping rag at the well drillers, "We've got ourselves another fire. It looks like a big one." And then shaking his head, he added, "They're going to burn this town down yet. I'm going to see what's burning this time. You see the edition gets on."

The three had been setting type for the next issue since four o'clock in the afternoon. The daily burden had been lengthened to 12 hours now that Frankie Tarr, a bald-headed, round-bellied, tobacco-stained rule bender from Bradford had left his cases for the distractions and demonstrations of the Free and Easy Concert Saloon on First Street...and had not returned. That was three days ago.

So Richards sat down because he was tired. He was seventy years old. At his age he had no responsibilities that should tie him down to the routine of a print shop except that almost a year ago he and Editor Morton had struck up a friendship at the Moran House in Oil City. Richards did not need the inflated wage being paid printers in the oil region—five dollars a day and room and board. Common labor wheeling dirt fill on the

railroad grade in Plumer earned forty cents an hour. Richards had been enjoying the comforts and the cooking at the Moran House and watching the doughty freighters and packets churn up the winding Allegheny River and between times working with Publisher Johns of The Oil City Weekly Register when the Echo No. 3, the Urilda and LeClaire tied up in the first week of March, 1865. They came up from Pittsburgh bringing engines, boilers, tools, passengers, type cases, paper and a newspaper press...and Shadrach Bolden, a stowaway from Emlenton. Morton's mission was to start another newspaper in Venango County.

The Echo and her "sisters" had just time enough to unload freight and passengers and load again and depart for Pittsburgh when the Allegheny River froze up with an extremely cold March snap. For three nights running the thermometer dropped below zero. Immediately after came a heavy rain, a deluge. It lasted two days. The rain was general along the Allegheny River watershed and brought on one of the most disastrous floods in the memory of the valley. Both Oil Creek and the Allegheny River poured their swollen currents over the flats of Oil City. A five million dollar loss swamped the property owners. Sixty thousand barrels of oil floated from the waterfront depots at the mouth of Oil Creek.

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PENNSYLVANIA
FISHERMEN
HAVE LOTS
OF LUCK
CATCHING
BIG FISH
AND WINNING
PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER
FISHING CITATIONS

by TOM EGGLER, EDITOR

CITATIONS FROM '67

WATCH NEXT MONTH'S ANGLER FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF CITATIONS AWARDED FISHERMEN DURING THE 1967 SEASON. CHECK THIS EDITION'S INSIDE REAR COVER FOR CITATION RULES AND SIZES.

PENNSYLVANIA FISHERMEN HAD A GOOD YEAR in 1967—at least that's the way it would appear from the number of Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations awarded for catching big fish.

With the totals all in, 225 citations were awarded in the Senior Class—that's 69 more than last year's 156! And another 81 were awarded in the Junior Class which started only this year. Including both Junior and Senior Citations 306 were handed out—not far from the 367 which had been awarded from the time the program was started in 1964 through the 1966 season.

Several anglers received citations for more than one catch with several picking up as many as three.

First angler to receive a Senior Citation in 1967 was Allen L. Roen of Pottstown who caught an 18½ inch, 3½ pound Crappie from Berks County's Ontelaunee Lake. Jeff Belo, 14, of Pittsburgh picked up the first Junior Citation with an 18 inch, 3½ pound largemouth bass which he caught from Perry Lake in Beaver County.

Probably best known of anglers receiving citations was Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond P. Shafer who turned in the only entry for American Shad. He caught a 25 inch, 6¼ pound fish while on a weekend fishing trip at Lackawaxen as a guest of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers.

Most Senior Citation entries came in the smallmouth bass category with 69 fish entered. Big bullheads seemed next easiest to catch with 29 listed. Fifteen brook trout and fifteen rock bass tied for third on the list and muskellunge were fourth. Fourteen of them were entered, also making the fishermen who caught them eligible for membership in another program started during the year—the Husky Musky Club.

Another tie came between crappies and walleye. There were thirteen of each entered.

Then came eleven largemouth bass; nine yellow perch; seven chain pickerel; six northern pike; five channel catfish; four each of brown trout and carp; three rainbow trout; two each of bluegills, eels, and fallfish; one lake trout and one shad.

In the Junior Citations largemouth bass came first with twelve entries; eleven each of brown trout, bullheads, and smallmouth bass; five each of brook trout, rainbow trout, and walleyes; four carp and four yellow perch; three crappies and three muskellunge; two channel catfish; and one each of shad, pumpkinseed sunfish, chain pickerel, eel, and rock bass.

Longest of all catches was a 50¼ inch muskellunge caught by Roger Dalo of Sharon who caught it from the Shenango River in Mercer County. It weighed 34½ pounds. Heaviest was another muskellunge—a 45 pounder measuring 48 inches caught by Robert Dennis of Conneaut Lake in Crawford County.

A 10-year-old girl, Debbie Hepler of Telford, entered the longest catch in the Junior Citations—a 38½ inch, 13¾ pound muskellunge.

A 20 pound carp caught by 13-year-old John Ambrose of Girardville was the heaviest entry for a Junior Citation. He caught it from the Susquehanna River in Bradford County.

Women proved themselves adept at catching big fish during the year—ten of them entered catches for citations. Another eight girls applied for Junior Citations.

A listing of fish entered for citations including species, size, location caught, and type of tackle as well as the fishermen who caught them will be listed in the coming April edition of Pennsylvania Angler.

Fishermen interested in applying for citations may check the inside rear cover of this edition of the Angler for rules and size requirements for entering catches. Applications may be secured by contacting their district fish warden, a regional office of The Commission or by writing the Public Relations Division, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.

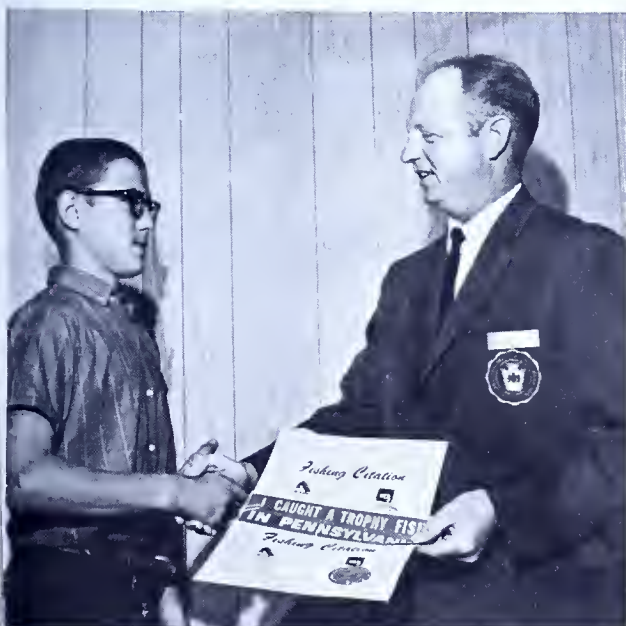


STEVE SHABBICK, district warden for Wyoming County, presents Phillip Brewer of Laceyville a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation for a 2 pound, 3 ounce, 11½ inch bluegill caught in Brown-ing's Pond at Springhill. On the right William Bowers of Connellsville is presented a Citation for the 20½ inch smallmouth bass he caught at Youghi-ogheny Reservoir by James Beatty, district war-den of Fayette County.



DISTRICT FISH WARDEN Arthur Herman presents five Citations to anglers catching big fish in his district. From left to right the fishermen are Michael Parobek of Lower Burrell for a 20¼ inch bullhead; Robert Lavelle, 13, of Jeannette for a 15½ inch bullhead; Mrs. Agnes Rudovsky of Monessen for a 37 inch northern pike; Peter Sabot, Jr. of New Kensington for three smallmouth bass of 20½, 20¼ and 20⅛ inches; and Mark L. Geyer, 7, of Irwin for a 20 inch smallmouth bass.

Below, James Donahue, district warden for Jefferson County presents Derek Plyler of Brookville a Citation for an 18¼ inch brown trout caught from the North Fork.



SOMERSET DISTRICT WARDEN Joseph Dick presents 13-year-old fisherman Eugene Gray with a Citation for the largemouth bass which he caught at Lake Somerset in Somerset County.



WALLEYE PRODUCTION—*by SHYRL HOOD* *Assistant Fisheries Chief,* *Warmwater Production*

BUSY SEASON!

SPRINGTIME IS A BUSY TIME for Pennsylvania Fish Commission hatcheries throughout the state and the Linesville Hatchery in Northwestern Pennsylvania's Crawford County is no exception.

This headquarters for warmwater species production becomes a hub of activity as the ice goes off and the time arrives for collecting walleye eggs for another year's production.

Due to the prohibitive cost and impracticality of maintaining walleye brood stock, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission takes its brood stock from a wild population in the 2,500-acre Pymatuning Waterfowl Sanctuary, an area not open to sport fishing.

Nets are set as soon as the ice goes off, usually between March 20 and April 5 to capture the needed brood fish. Nets are set on gravel and sand bars, preferably in water 5 to 7 feet deep, with the opening facing shoreward and the lead extending to shore when possible.

As catches are made records of each daily production are kept. Initially catches contain a high percentage of males with relatively few ripe females. Then, as the water temperature rises, the proportion of females increases until

EMPTYING A TRAP NET—the crib of the net is taken aboard the bow of the barge, the fish transferred into the tank and then taken immediately to the hatchery.

a peak in the number of ripe females is reached. This peak period of ripe females coincides with a water temperature in the mid-40's and usually lasts a week or ten days. In the meantime males become less abundant.

Nets are checked daily and all adult walleye are transported in tanks to the hatchery building where they are separated into males, ripe females, and green females with each category being placed in separate tanks.

Green females are checked daily and usually ripen within three days. In the meantime ripe females are spawned as soon as sorting is completed and before they can lose a large number of eggs.

A large female may produce as many as 400,000 eggs, however the number varies with the size of the fish. Usually 25,000 to 40,000 eggs are produced for each pound of fish.

Preparing for the artificial spawning, hatchery personnel place males and ripe females into separate tanks containing an anesthetic of methyl pentynol. Once completely anesthetized—about two minutes at the concentrations used—they are rinsed in clean water and spawning begins.

Three men usually help during the process. One expresses the eggs into a wet basin and simultaneously the sperm from two males is added to insure fertilization.

After spawning, a small amount of water is poured into





the basin and the sperm and eggs are gently agitated for two minutes. The fertilized eggs are then poured into a twenty gallon wooden keg half full of water. Ten quarts of eggs is considered maximum for each keg. The eggs and water are gently stirred with a turkey feather for one hour as the water is changed frequently to remove excess sperm, egg shells, ovarium material, and other foreign matter.

After an hour the eggs are thoroughly washed and by then have water hardened to such an extent that they can be placed into a wooden tub (a siphon adds a constant flow of fresh water to the tub). The eggs are stirred every ten minutes to prevent them from adhering to one another and possibly forming clumps.



MR. SHYRL HOOD, assistant chief, division of fisheries, explains to a group of youngsters the method used in spawning walleyes aided by the use of anesthetics. Hundreds of scheduled and non-scheduled groups visit the Linesville Hatchery totaling approximately 250,000 yearly.

Five hours later the eggs are considered completely water hardened and, by now, will have doubled in size. They are then placed in hatching jars after being strained through a one-eighth inch screen to remove any clumped eggs or any other material that might interfere with proper rolling in the hatching jars.

Two quarts of eggs are placed in each jar in a 72 jar battery. Approximately one gallon of water per minute enters the jar from the bottom through a vertical glass tube in the center of the jar. Flow is regulated to insure a continuous gentle rolling of all the eggs. Screen inserts are placed at the top of each jar to prevent eggs from washing away with the outflow.

Water for the hatching comes from Pymatuning Lake,

DAILY CHECK of trap nets in Pymatuning Sanctuary. Twelve nets are usually set at ice out in the spring and continued until June. Early in this period brood walleye—and muskellunge—are captured for spawning and approximately 25,000 pounds of panfish are salvaged and stocked in public fishing waters throughout Pennsylvania.



SORTING and counting the catch as it comes in from the lake. The brood fish are transferred to the hatching building for spawning.

RECORD KEEPING in connection with tagging programs. Data such as species, size, date, and location are recorded for future use.



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MUDDY CREEK LAYS TUCKED away in the hills of southern York County, near the Pennsylvania-Maryland line, almost as close to Baltimore as it is to Harrisburg. But the hills that protect the beauty of this sparkling stream create one problem—how to stock it. Roads cross the stream but are few and far between, and none parallel it for any length. Consequently York County sportsmen began looking for another way of stocking trout in their picturesque stream.

Members eventually approached the "MA and PA" railroad about utilizing the railroad since it follows Muddy Creek for some twelve miles. Officers of the line, feeling this would be a marvelous idea, enthusiastically pitched both men and equipment into the operation. Like most initial ventures there were problems to be worked out. Heat, lack of oxygen, poor access for the fish trucks and the like, but one by one these problems were ironed out. The procedure and equipment now used gets trout started from one end of Muddy Creek to the other. Like every operation the stocking requires manpower. Sportsmen representing the Federation, individual clubs in the area, plenty of plain old fishermen, and railroaders get the job done.

First a bit of background about Muddy Creek. At one time it deserved the name it now so proudly flaunts. The headwaters of the stream originating in the heavy farming area of central York County at one time—with the first sign of a cloud in the sky—ran mud. Due to the untiring

efforts of the Soil Conservation Service, the Fish Commission, a host of sportsmen, and most importantly the farmers who implemented the good farming practices that now protect both the creek and their farms, the stream today takes a back seat to none. Muddy Creek today runs cool and clear with lunker trout tucked away from stockings years ago. Today the stream or some of its tributaries are showing signs of reproduction, in that some fingerlings are appearing where none were previously stocked. The stream bottom today is mostly sand and gravel, and unique in that it's heavy in mica and pyrites making it seem to glow on a bright day where the sun cuts through the hemlocks along its banks.

The railroad which is used for the stocking has a history. It once was the hub of lower York County as the skeletons of the once thriving little villages and stations that dot the tracks as they wind their way now silently attest. Quiet mills and abandoned canneries all bear mute witness to the past. Today the railroad still faithfully serves the area carrying some freight. On weekends an excursion train gives patrons a taste of the past as it follows along the banks of Muddy Creek for part of their tour.

How about some of the people that make this unique way of stocking a reality? Ed Schneider, a postal carrier in York and the Federation representative and John Arnold a businessman in Red Lion donate their time unselfishly.

Well in advance of the season these two men contact officials of the Maryland and Pennsylvania railroads to ob-





THE TRAIN used for stocking Muddy Creek consists of work "putter" and wagon. On a warm spring day the clatter of the "putter" pulling its load of trout breaks the stillness of the little valley through which the stream runs. Fishermen will have to do quite a bit of hiking to get to some of the spots stocked by the group.

by PORTER DUVALL
District Warden, York County

TROUT ON A PULLMAN

tain permission for the use of equipment on the days it will be needed

In turn the Huntsdale Hatchery is contacted to arrange a schedule. The next man to enter into the picture is, of course, the busy hatchery superintendent who in turn juggles his schedule so the shipment of fish for Muddy Creek arrive on a day when we can utilize the railroad. This done we need only await the day for the trout to arrive from the hatchery.

When the day finally arrives everyone has his job. Mine is to meet the truck and sportsmen in Red Lion. A crew of men board the train in Red Lion and proceed to Muddy Creek Forks to pick up the barrels which have been stored at the Kaisers Store, since the last stocking. The crew, in turn, loads the barrels on the train and begin filling them with water and installing the oxygen tank aerator. The trucks, three in number, arrive in Red Lion, and from there head South on Route 74.

Looking back the cars of sportsmen and interested persons are following the truck sometimes as far as half a mile up the road. Further down Route 74 the trucks divide, two continue down 74 and one goes to Muddy Creek Forks. At the Forks the "train" is pulled along side the road and the truck backed against it. The fish are quickly transferred from the trucks to the barrels. The enjoyable job of stocking Muddy Creek begins. Unfortunately the area of the train that can carry people is limited and consequently the number that can go along on any one leg of the journey is

limited and of course on days when the weather is a bit inclement everyone appreciates a little relief.

Due to the limited carrying capacity of the barrels, the stocking must be broken down into short sections and sometimes it is even necessary to backtrack two or three miles to pick up a load of fish. The first leg of the journey begins at Muddy Creek Forks and approximately half of a three mile stretch is stocked. The "train" returns to Muddy Creek Forks, for another load and then the stocking of this first three mile stretch is completed. Next the train meets the stocking truck in the area known as Bruce Station, which lies at the upper end of Muddy Creek's "Fly Fishing Only" section, and one can see easily the reason for using the railroad—there just isn't any other way to reach the stream. Bucket by bucket the trout are carefully stocked through-out the riffle areas, by the sportsmen. Occasionally you hear a "yelp," as one of the lunker trout in the load slips out of his bucket into the new environment.

Of course no train ride would be complete without kibitzing, and there's plenty of that. Little things like harassing the fellows accused of attempting to mark each stop along the track with chalk. Someone has to fall in the stream of course, or forget to pull his hip-boots up, and merrily wade in right over the top. And just to make life interesting as the train clacks along there is always the chance that a sudden lurch will half drown you, as water splashes from the barrels. But that's all part of the game.



LOADING UP, a Pennsylvania Fish Commission "tanker" is backed up to the railway "tanker"—four barrels on flat car. Trout are transferred to the barrels and the crew starts down the tracks with Harry Dixon, Superintendent of the York office of the Maryland and Pennsylvania Railroad, at the controls. On the left is Al Fisher; on the right Ed Smith. Man in background is unidentified.

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Allegheny River

TIONESTA-MOSGROVE

FRANKLIN

OIL CITY

President

Kennerdell

Emlenton

Foxburg

East Brady

Clarion

To: New Bethlehem

Mosgrove

28
66

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

ALLEGHENY RIVER TIONESTA—MOSGROVE

Outboard pleasure craft, jet-boats and even an occasional inboard, ply the waters of the Allegheny River, between Tionesta and Mosgrove, but unfortunately facilities for launching transient craft are few and far between.

Most existing access areas along this stretch of river contain only the basic features—a beach type ramp and

some parking space. In most cases gasoline and oil can only be procured from an area service station, and one may have trouble locating a repairman in case of a major breakdown.

The launching areas, their location and facilities, are as follows:



area. No charge.

Tionesta Dam. Launching area located on the south side of the dam breast off Rts. 36/66 in the vicinity of the picnic area, about one mile east of Tionesta. Surfaced ramp and parking



Nebraska Bridge ramp at the upper end of the dam. Can be reached from Tionesta via the German Hill Road and from Clarion by way of Rt. 36. Ramp is at the east end of the bridge.



President access area along Rt. 62, about one half mile south of Hunter Bridge. A Pa. Fish Commission access area providing a beach type ramp, parking and no charge for usage.



Oil City ramp, about one half mile northwest of the community, off Rt. 8. Another PFC project, it contains a beach type ramp, parking and no charge.



Franklin, a PFC access area located off Elk Street. Facilities include a beach type ramp, parking area and open to the public at no charge.



Kennerdell, Myers Boat Sales offers a ramp for launching as well as repair work on motors and boat sales. The charge for use of the ramp is about \$1. Farther up river is a beach type

ramp located along the old railroad bed near the railroad tunnel.



Emlenton, off Rts. 38 and 208, provides a community owned access area which was originally developed for use by fire fighting equipment. At present there is a dirt road leading to the ramp where, when the water level is low, there is ample parking along the shoreline. Otherwise parking must be done on adjacent streets. A few miles below Emlenton, at Foxburg, fishing boats are rented.



At East Brady, located on Rt. 68, there are two ramps, one on either side of the river. One, at Cogley's, is on the west side of the bridge; while the other is on the opposite side in East Brady. At both, it was reported, there is a charge for usage.



Mosgrove, about five miles north of Kittanning, has an access area off Leg. Rt. 03068. This is a beach type ramp with a parking area and no charge.



A Pa. Fish Commission access area on the Clarion River on State Game Land 74, at Mill Creek. Beach type ramp, parking, no charge.

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

continued from page 11

Forty thousand empty barrels, returning to the oil fields of northeastern Venango County, bobbed down-river also. Two hundred oil-boats, 80 feet long, 16 wide and 3 deep and acres of coal barges, thousands of timber "sticks" from Tionesta Creek and even teams of horses, bridges and houses passed Oil City on the swift flood. Richards, with other guests of the Moran House and resident of Third Ward, scrambled to the higher ground of Halyday Run and Clark Summit. Lee Morton worried that his printing equipment at the Moran warehouse would get free-freight to Pittsburgh or would end up as a snag on Moran's gravel bar.

And he worried about Shadrach Bolden, who in the excitement of the flood had become lost. For a time Morton feared the black boy had drowned. But Shadrach sat out the flood in the loft of the livery and ate raw eggs. Chickens roosted with him. On the third day the highwater subsided. Shadrach reappeared like a Noah with chickens and dogs and house cats with news that the type cases and the press were safe. But the reams of paper were worthless. Oil City now had so much trouble recovering from the flood that it could hardly promise much to another newspaper. Not long after the word came of the oil find at Pithole. Morton then decided it

was time for the newspaperman to follow the banker, doctor, teacher, lawyer to Pithole. He talked Richards into joining the venture.

The press, type, new stock of paper borrowed from the Weekly Register and Shadrach were loaded on another packet and "horsed" by towline nine miles up the Allegheny River to the Oleopolis boat dock. Here the editor hired three wagons for a rough journey up Pithole Creek. It was a hot, dry July. But the twisting valley was shaded and cool. Rattlesnakes slid from their dens on the high ridges to the moisture and dampness of the creek-side boulders. Black flies were numerous. Between the snakes and the flies and the jarring ride Shadrach had a miserable journey. He dared to get off the wagon only at the Eagle Rock-Plumer Road fording where a Dutchman had set up a tent and offered travelers a stock of whisky which he cooled in a spring. Sarsaparilla was on display too. Teamsters, hauling new barrels strapped with broad, shining hoops—these containers floated 40 miles on rafts from the city of Warren where they were made out of Warren County oaks—cursed and shouted at the slow wagon train hauling the Morton enterprise.

"Pithole needs barrels, not printing tramps," shouted one.

"And Pithole needs a newspaper to tell you ignorant horse drivers what is happening," shouted Morton and employed his Civil War tactics to maintain his position at every fording.

On September 25, 1865, Pithole had its paper. Morton announced that the Pithole Daily Record was born and that "its feeble voice will be heard today for the first time in our streets. It now calls for its natural support and succor upon those to whom it owes its existence...the citizens of Pithole." The citizens came quickly with advertisements and subscriptions. Soon The Record made a dependable, daily, to-the-door delivery to 1,500 subscribers. The price for six daily numbers was 30 cents.

Morton and Richards alone could not set all the type by hand. They needed more help. Some advertisers got an over-abundant amount of white space because the columns could be filled quickly with quadding and spacing material. Frankie Tarr and John Kelly showed up to inspect the excitement and went to work in the composing room. Kelly was a broad-shouldered, stout-legged farm boy who had served an apprenticeship with the "Allegheny Mail" at Warren.

Before that he could stand in the tall timber along Tionesta Creek and hack away at the forest giants all day—and never tire. On a hot July day a few years before Kelly entered an Oldtown wheat field and cradled six and one fourth acres of the grain in 10 hours "by the watch, drill measure," he would add. He had set a Forest County record. Older men envied him.

There were some days when Publisher Morton wished that Kelly had remained in the pine needles or in the wheat field. But what was done, was done and Kelly's stubby fingers clogged

the partitions in the type cases and he stumbled over "fancy words." But he was willing and as easy-going as Shadrach.

"My fingers are raw and stiff with cold. Can't pick up thin spaces any more until I warm them up. Can you hear the roof cracking?" asked Richards when he sat down. "It's going to be a cold dawn when we get this paper out. Maybe the ink won't spread very good."

The proofs were read at a big rolltop desk of which Morton was very proud—its length could accommodate a sleeper. On it Morton relaxed when thoughts, words and sentences which would be the Record's editorials came with difficulty. And the scamp Shadrach too would curl up on this same length of Sundays—when the Record did not publish—and on those Sundays when the sun had dried the mud and Shadrach was no needed at the Chase House. Near the desk stood a big-bellie stove. Now Shadrach was antagonizing the iron beast with poker, feeding it scoops of Cranberry coal and then waiting until the black smoke broke into a flame and belched back into the shop. Then he would slam the door, rub his broad hands in front of the warming stove and melt away into the poorly-lit office—to the type cases.

The negro could not read. But the big inch-high capital letters fascinated him. He would pick up a stick and then try to match the letters on the sign of the Chase House which he could see from the window. Neither Kelly nor Richards nor Morton bothered this volunteer to the ranks of printer's devils but Frankie Tarr bedeviled the blackie. He accused Shadrach of slipping wrong fonts into the cases. But Frankie had not show up for work now for three days. Even shorthanded in the first three hours the three printers had set up and made up a full page for the next issue of the Record. It was a page crammed with advertisements.

While Publisher Morton boasted to his accounts that ever one of his 1,500 subscribers read the advertisements, Richards knew it was a reading which printers did not enjoy. Like it or not the page must be proofread for errors. Most of the announcements were ads one column wide, two inches deep, with body matter set in agate solid. "E. R. Biggs of 75 Holmdel Street sold watches and could repair them. Galey and Brown offered hardware and groceries. Leard and Wright man-

ufactured oil well supplies. The Tremont Hotel had a bar with choice liquors and segars...meals at all hours...The Free Concert Saloon at No. 36 First Street appeals to all ye lovers of music...Dr. A. McCollough will impart his skills and knowledge of medicine. Visits each \$1 to \$2. Medicine at advice in office. Ordinary cases \$5 to \$15. Teeth extracted safely, each 50 cents, without pain. Midwifery cases \$10 to \$15." As Richards' tired but trained eyes marked typographic errors or omissions, he penciled the proofs with his initial "J. R." He noted that ten more names were added to a "known standing" list of persons who had not claimed letters at the Pithole post office. Five of these new names were "ladies" who somewhere in the United States had given the new city the next address. In some issues The Record printed the names of as many as 80 "ladies" who had not yet picked up the mail.

The post office, too, was across the street from the Record. For amusement Frankie Tarr and John Kelly came to The Record early in the afternoon to watch the activities on Holmdel Street from the second floor. Whenever any "girls" entered the post office the banter and innuendos ran, "Well there's a couple not too busy to come for the mail today." It was speculated by readers of The Record that the unclaimed mail belonged to girls who were too busy dancing and entertaining the concert saloons on First Street.

Not all the proofreading was dull. Editor Morton specialized occasionally in "Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone" items...a gossip filler of the era... "John Mallory of Johnson Street was beat by John Kerr. Kerr returned home unexpectedly and found Mallory under rather embarrassing circumstance. Whereupon Kerr suspected infidelity and the worst. Kerr, however, might have lost on both counts. He paid for the beating. Another item said: "A free-for-all fight developed at the Free and Easy Concert Saloon on First Street yesterday morning at two o'clock. Anna Holmes and Charlotte Orm quarreled over the attention of a customer. Anna pushed the argument blows by calling Charlotte bad and doggy names. Charlotte's reply was very unladylike also...a fist in Anna's eye. A battle ensued and the girls showed more than the tops of their bottoms as they tumbled and rolled among the tobacco spittoon. A royal outburst of fisticuffs followed with men choosing side

nna had a mark under one eye after the disorder. Each paid five dollar fine and shook hands in front of the burgess. They parted arm in arm."

So interested had Richards become in the last paragraph at he did not notice Tom Dunn had climbed the stairs into the composing room. "Mr. Morton just hired me," he said. Are you Mr. Richards?"

CHAPTER TEN

"YOU CAN HAVE Frankie Tarr's case over there on the left . . . near the window . . . when the colored gentleman is rough playing with that sack of type," Justin Richards said as he rose to welcome Tom.

"The Record might be the only print shop in the country to keep type in a bag. But it's been there since the big flood in Pittsburg almost a year ago. When the yellow water left the flood had distributed mud and Oil Creek grease and Forest County sawdust into our type cases in the Third Ward. Some people we dumped into a barrel of raw oil and when the fonts were cleaned we redistributed them. But the big wooden sorts . . . we just poured them into a flour sack and took them along. There wasn't very much time to do more. Colonel Morton usually insists on a much tidier shop. Other than that the bag keeps Shadrach busy. However, we hope to justify dragging this bag all the way over the slippery bed of Pithole Creek. Something very important might yet happen in this oil town . . . something more important than just finding another heavy-flowing oil well. We are afraid, however, that the big black letters may yet announce a sheriff's sale.

"But forgive me . . . Tom is it? I'm talking about us. How can you have come today? You must be new here. We've turned the hole upside down looking for another printer. You look tired! Have you eaten?" asked Richards.

"Not since I ate in Pleasantville in the afternoon," Tom answered. "I'm hungry. But if you men are behind on your news copy or advertisements, I'm willing to grab a stick right now. Perhaps this colored gentleman will get me something to eat from one of the hotels."

"Yas suh, Shadrach is at your service," volunteered the brightly, big-eyed, always-smiling attache, "Soon as I get this bag hung.

"What'll you have . . . Mistuh? The Chase House had baked ham, big golden yellow yams and brown beans for supper. Do you want a quick plate? I'll be back in no time. Shadrach doesn't wait in Pithole like the rest of the people. I know the cooks."

Tom had hardly replied with an order for two ham sandwiches when the negro added, "and a big pitcher of hot coffee," and scooted down the steps.

"And charge it to The Record," shouted Richards after him.

In a few minutes Editor Morton came bouncing up the stairs, two at a time, just as quickly as Shadrach had descended. Had the two met in the narrow hallway there certainly would have been a bone-rattling collision. He stopped at the desk, reached into a cubby-drawer for a long "segar."

"Men," he announced dramatically. "It looks like Pithole will live awhile longer yet. We have a new source of oil, a new wealth, a new attraction, a new opportunity. And of all places . . . the springs and wells on the hill north and west of the last block of Holmden, especially on John Street, are flowing with oil.

"Isn't that a wonderful turn of events? Everyone says you must drill six hundred feet into the ground. But tonight you can sink your heel or draw your toe across the mud of Pithole and become a rich oilman."

Colonel Morton stopped to regain his breath and to light his tobacco root at a gas jet and then took out folded papers. Studying his notes and enjoying his segar momentarily, he continued with a report of the facts.

"It happened right after the fire. The Tremont House and the Sycamore Hotel and the Chataque Livery burned to the ground.

"Tom . . . you were there when they started to bring on more water and instead of putting out the fire they only brought the blaze up again?

"Well, I and a few others went to the wells. John Harris of the Bath House has a very good well. I guess that half of the city occupants of this city washed there in the heat of last August. We put a bucket down. And tasted what came up. It sure

tasted like oil, smelled like oil with a strong gassy flavor like the wells on the flats along the creek smell.

"Then we went to a Mrs. Ricketts next door. She is a widow who does washing for a living. Her well, she said, is 16 feet deep. A stroke of the rickety pump handle produced a good flow of oil. It too, looked like genuine oil. By the way . . . looks like the widow Ricketts won't have to take in any more dirty shirts and oily pants. Nor look for a husband. She got a bona fide proposal while I was there.

"After we left Mrs. Ricketts' place it began to appear that all 18 properties on both sides of John Street, north of Fourth, had oil-flowing wells. People came out in the streets to shout their good fortunes. It's a funny night . . . in one block we had a tragedy. In the other we find a treasure. L. L. Hill came out of his house and invited everybody . . .

"Come on down into my cellar, all of you that can get in, and I'll show you a real oil well."

"We followed him into his cold, damp hole in the ground. Hill rolled a barrel under the pump spout.

"Now watch, men. Everybody says you must dig a hole six or seven hundred feet into an oil rock, put in a lot of pipe, hew out walking beam, build a shanty and install a pump engine . . . just you watch my hand-well perform."

"He began to shake the handle. In five minutes by the burgess' watch the spout filled the barrel to the top. That's \$42 an hour at today's oil quotation on the Chase Exchange Board. Of course a barrel of oil is pretty heavy. And it has no handles.

"How are you going to get this oil out of the cellar?," jibed some of the envious bystanders.

"I'll tear the house down," said Hill. And many of us agreed that in a few days he would be able to build a better shack than already stood over his cellar.

"I don't know how many more water wells are going to turn into oil wells tonight," said the editor.

"I'm not too sure that some bright schemer is not pulling a promotion. And right now it's almost midnight. It's getting late, too late to find out. You fellows get busy on those short news items and those big ads for the oil development on the Holmden Farm. And be sure to give a column to The Chase. We've got to eat and sleep.

"I'll write out a ten-line head for the big story.

"And you, Tom, if you're not too tired, you might set up tomorrow's menus for The Chase and The Morey. They are to be delivered with the papers. Or else a lot of guests in Pithole will never know either the excellence or the extent of our cuisine."

Shadrach, meanwhile, had returned with the food and the news that "a whole bunch of people is running up the street . . ." From time to time residents of Pithole came to order special copies of The Record's next issue.

"My people back in Boston won't believe what I've seen here tonight. Send a dozen extra copies to Tom Jordan, Room 46 at The Chase," said one customer.

Another came to volunteer that Mr. Dame of the U. S. Laundry started pumping his water well seriously. He filled five barrels quickly and then ran out of containers. He preferred to keep his good news to himself, and he could since his well was in the cellar. But when he went asking about

barrels at midnight he disclosed his possession. The Record's work was disrupted periodically during the night with new reports. Editor Morton cautioned some of his more enthusiastic visitors who urged him to print the story "big."

"We better be careful this is not a trick."

"There was a gentleman, I use the term charitably, in here an hour ago who wanted me to announce that the seeping oil springs were now being found east of Holmden Run . . . Over there where the town has just laid out fourteen new blocks, hoping that we'd grow to that size."

"I just didn't like the looks of that man. And until I see the wells myself in the daylight, I won't say a word. He might be trying to sell some property. They've been trying to develop and build up those lots for some time now. Until this 'miracle,' if that's what it is, until tonight, people were leaving Pithole . . ."

The Record had its edition on the streets on time the morning after The Tremont House burned and the water wells began to run with oil. Fifteen hundred copies were worked off for regular subscribers. In addition 1,500 were sold to cash customers, many of whom waited all night outside the office.

Tom Dunn rolled into bed at The Chase at six o'clock in

continued on page 22

OIL MOON *continued from page 21*

the morning. Shadrach in his many trips to the hotel during the night had reserved a room. The dawn had already broken and silhouetted the white-painted Morey House to the east.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FEBRUARY 8, 1866 HAD BEEN a very exhausting day for Tom Dunn. Even though he was healthy, husky and young, the 12-mile walk from Titusville to Pithole, the struggling he did to bring the bruised pack peddler to the Morey House, the running and the excitement of the Tremont House fire and then the long night's work at The Record had tired Tom. Now as he rested in bed sleep would not come. His room at the Chase overlooked busy, noisy Holmden Street. At daybreak nine stage coaches would be leaving. Horses snorted and whinnied. In the valley barked the peppy pump engines. Someone shouted reservations for Miller Farm where train connections could be made for Pittsburgh, Chicago, Buffalo, New York. As one coach clattered off for that Oil Creek station over the only plank road in the oil region at that time passengers crowded into a Pomeroy Express stage making up for the four-hour ride to Titusville and for West Hickory, the latter a new oil port in the forests of Warren County fifteen miles to the north. Coaches were leaving early that morning to travel on a pavement of heavy frost. Frozen roads would permit good speed until the ponderous wagons freighting timber, engines, flour, building bricks, drilling rigs and iron stock tanks reappeared on all roads converging on busy Pithole. It seemed to Tom that he had barely fallen asleep to the calls of the stage drivers when another caller banged on his door.

"Wake up, Tom." It's three o'clock in the afternoon!

"You've sleeping through one of Pithole's most exciting days. And Pithole's has many. See you in the dining room. Ask for Colonel Morton's table, if you can't see us. The room is getting crowded. We'll all eat together," the voice trailed off in the hallway. Some time passed before Tom could orient himself and identify his rouser as his new employer and surrender his restful if unfamiliar bed.

Although the day had dawned clear clouds had rolled in from Lake Erie by midmorning. Snow had fallen. About three inches now covered the roofs of the unheated pumphouse shanties. The picture out of Tom's window was an etching of black and white, of soot on snow. Surrounding hills and trees were white. The shacks, the high, black stovepipes jutting out of each building and the 50-foot oil derricks on the flats near Pithole Creek stood out dirty-dark against the clean blanket.

Tom had a corner room. From the north window he could see a mob milling on the hillside two blocks away. Below him on Holmden Street people moved about with buckets and shovels. The buckets and shovels were to be mementos of the oil miners—participants in Pithole's greatest and perhaps last excitement. A row of barrels and containers on both sides narrowed John Street to a lane.

Liquid black gold for which people drilled deep into the earth now was flowing out of water wells and hillside springs and seeping into trenches, oozing into ditches, potholes, filling street ruts and appearing under heel prints. This was a great hour. Mother Nature now made it simple for any and all to get rich. Get a shovel and a tin bucket or a coffee pot and embark upon an oil business in Pithole.

This was a great event. It towered above all events that made Pithole the most exciting city in Pennsylvania in less than 500 days.

It was as momentous a day as the day I. N. Frazier brought \$100,000 in profits from his Cherry Run Oil operations near Oil City and came to the rolling buckwheat fields of the Holmden Farm where he started to drill the experimental well. Reward came for his gamble. Six hundred fifty barrels of oil gushed out of the Frazier on her first day, January 7, 1865.

The oil now seeping into tin buckets on John Street was causing more excitement than the re-emphasis of Frazier's find which came with the completion of the Twin Wells, on January 17 and 19, less than two weeks later. The Twins gave the wilderness eight hundred more barrels of oil each day. When the news of these three prolific producers echoed through the tall timber of Cornplanter Township to Titusville north and Oil City south and to the oil-wise valley on Oil Creek to the west, a great mob climbed the plateau country of northeastern Venango County. Seven extra trains with women clinging on

the top of box cars and as many as forty people crammed into cattle cars and with others roosting on filled oil barrels like chickens arrived in Miller Farm in one day.

But the oozings on John Street now caused more excitement than did the birth of Grant Well which spouted 450 barrels in its first offering on the second day of August, 1865, and the became more generous vomiting incessantly 1,200 barrels of liquid gold—worth then \$10 a barrel—every day. It made a millionaire in less than 100 days. After the Grant came other liberal producers and hundreds of smaller contributors until Pithole could no longer cart away, barrel, store, impound or

the surface or divert into hastily dug pits or waste the thousands of barrels of "liquid greenbacks." Seventeen monstrous 1,200-barrel iron stock-tanks were like a cup against the sea. The oil overflowed all containers and ran into scenic Pithole Creek. Down this wild glen it poured into the Allegheny River. On the riffle at the mouth of Pithole Creek were stranded lumber rafts, the hard-hewn sweat and product of the Warren and Forest County. The golden froth impregnated the oak, white pine, ash and hickory. Raftsmen cursed it and the government for not clearing a deep channel so that the rafts could have unobstructed sailing.

This day of February 9, 1866 was more exciting than the day when the Pennsylvania Tubing and Transportation Company completed its seven mile "squirt gun," a six-inch pipeline dug into Pithole Creek's twisting vein to Oleopolis. This company poured much of Pithole's wealth into pipe. Gravity rushed it along on a drop of sixty feet to a mile, seven miles to river freighters and oil barges sailing for Pittsburgh, 130 miles away. This was a greater day than any day in the last nine months when Pithole erected almost 500 buildings, where streets "more elaborate than Central Park" were planned. This seemed a more important day than the day when a locomotive built in Philadelphia with companion freight cars and long rails arrived at Oleopolis by river freighter from Pittsburgh... A greater hour than the hour when six hundred men began to build a path for this iron monster...

A more exciting day than when the announcement came just two days ago that the locomotive's smoke could be seen around the first bend below Pithole City. And this too, was a greater day than the days when the same hillside now leaking its oily treasure into buckets and contaminating water was figured in a real estate transaction that involved more than a million dollars. In July, 1865, three Titusville investors took an option to buy this greasy hillside, a part of the famous Holmden Farm, for \$1,300,000. A few days later, after furious proposals, they almost surrendered their option to a New York investor for \$1,600,000. So valuable was the farm slope that midwestern capitalists offered a block of the City of Chicago, estimated to be worth \$400,000, for a block of muddy streets, dirty shanties and cottages in Pithole which inflated estimates placed at \$175,000.

A few days ago the Chicagoans might have considered themselves lucky. Pithole's oil flow had dropped from 8,000 barrels a day to 2,000. "For Sale" signs were appearing in store windows in the block containing the Tremont Hotel, the livery stable and other buildings. People were leaving. The Record readied its own "For Sale" announcement.

On top of all came the fire which gutted some of the contested real estate. It was the beginning of the end.

But then oil flowed into the water wells.



THE REMAINS of Pithole City—a historical marker and souvenir shop.

PART FOUR NEXT MONTH



LEAVE THE DISHES

continued from page 7

When I first started fishing with a spinning rod my husband Jim explained to me about casting with the forearm not the entire arm, about holding the rod tip at 2 o'clock and casting till the tip finished at 10 o'clock. Well, I cast with my rod tip pointed at 12 o'clock finish with it as 6 o'clock, the line leaves my reel and goes thru the guides like the mating song of a love sick bull moose and lands three feet in front of me.

After repeated attempts to unsnarl it, I slyly turn my back (to get out of the glare of the sun) and removing the wivel, bubble and flies, I proceed to clip off the mess and either hide it in some adjoining bush or in my pocket. When asked if I need any help, I lie like a trooper and answer that I've got the tangles out. I can safely bet that I'm the only person in Schuylkill County that requires new line on her reel after each fishing trip.

When Jim has hooked a trout I stand by and offer him sage advice like "keep the rod tip bent, keep the line tight, don't horse him and don't scare him with the net." I've heard some of his friends (my enemies) remark to each other, "See what fun you miss when you don't bring your wife along." Insulting remarks scamper thru my brain but I reply with the remark that sarcasm ill becomes one who can't even have a baby. All men on lake or stream look with silent contempt on any female that has invaded this sacred domain.

Now then, when I'm bass or pickerel fishing, that's another thing. My line stays fairly neat on the reel because the weight of my plug helps rather than hinders. But beware of all low overhanging branches, jutting rocks or other fellow humans.

If I'm walking and fishing the shore line my technique is atrocious. I try to remain ahead or behind my husband so he can't see the things I do. If I've tried casting down the shore line as sure as God made apples, I'm certain to have casted up instead of down. Up in the air that is, they always seem to be in a tree. They come out of nowhere to ensnarl me. I just can't cast underhand, or easy, or right.

I've learned a lot of easy ways to remove my plug from a branch ten feet up in the air or from twigs and rocks sticking ten feet out from shore. I could but I won't tell you of some of my devious ways as I'm thinking of having them patented. If Jim comes upon me sitting and asks why I'm not fishing, I tell him the spot was so beautiful I thought I'd enjoy the scenery and leave the fishing to him. I conceal the fact that I've lost my plug or broken the tip of my rod.

When fishing from a boat I must say my fishing is an art in itself. I cast and my plug lands beautifully right at the shore in a little pocket of a tree stump. I let the plug sit for a second and when I go to move it I have a dandy bass take the plug. Jim is singing my praises and the guys in the other boats look on with envy. My husband is so proud that I haven't the heart to tell him that I was actually casting to the stump on the other side of the boat. Believe me, any fish I catch are pure luck, nothing else. It's as if the Good Lord Himself looks down from above and takes pity on me.

In my opinion my husband is the best fisherman there is, bar none. To watch him fish is a joy forever. It's a shame I have to tag along and spoil everyone's fun. I've taught him to criticize me with a smile on his face and to yell at me in a whisper. It's not easy to keep my Lithuanian temper dormant after being told "How the °#!°+&°? can you do such a dumb stupid thing?" in a bellow that can be heard for a two mile range. I don't mind constructive criticism—but not while all the other fellows are looking on with satisfied smirks on their faces.

When my husband takes me fishing he's not like most men. I know some who leave their wives on the bank with the admonition "Now don't bother me." Mine stands near and offers sympathy, advice and a third hand when needed, which is frequently. Not only will he render these services with kindness but a remark such as "Don't feel bad Honey, I did the same thing when I was learning," helps to a great degree.

He has made fishing the sport that it is to me. We enjoy ourselves wholeheartedly while being sportsmen in turn. We are not meat fishermen but we do enjoy bringing the big ones back, if only to prove we aren't lying.

But—and this is the important one ladies—don't expect any favor or special privileges when you do go. When a man puts a rod in his hand, he's not the same man you married. Remember how he held your arm to help you and held the branches back so you could pass? Lady, those days are gone.

He's a mile ahead of you, hurrying to get to the good spots first. It doesn't matter that you're carrying your rod and tackle box and surely the lunch and thermos. You wanted to come so be treated like an equal and like it. Besides, you can retaliate when you get him home.

I realize that all this must sound like a lot of mud to you now but in due time the fishing jargon such as a Quill Gordon tied on a #12 hook or a crazy crawler and hoola popper will become the same to you as "drop by teaspoon onto greased pan and bake at 350° for 10-13 minutes. It doesn't take long to acquire the slang and plenty of other colorful words too numerous to mention.

So fellow females, leave your dishes in the sink and the beds unmade. Get that guy to buy you a license and don't feel bad if it takes you ten years to learn.



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

TWO'S THE LIMIT!

■ Joseph Janos and Lawrence Burdick, both from Waterford, have been finding that French Creek seems to be a steady producer of walleyes for fishermen, in the month of December.

But they found that two walleyes per day seems to be the limit per fisherman, no matter how long they fished. After catching two the third just couldn't be caught until the next day, they said.—**District Warden NORMAN E. ELY** (Erie County).

TIP FOR SPORTSMEN

■ I know of no better answer to this question and I would like to pass it along to all sportsmen. Hank Andrews, editor of *Camping & Travel for Fur-Fish-Game Magazine* was asked the following question. "What single tip would you suggest for one to find good hunting, fishing, and camping?"

His answer was to "get to know the conservation officer in your home county and in nearby counties. All these men know their areas extremely well and I have yet to meet one who has run out of ideas on where to fish, hunt, camp or boat. Many can give you ideas on how to fish a certain stream or lake by suggesting what baits to use, how to use them and when."—**District Warden WILLARD G. PERSUN** (Bradford County)



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY . . . IT WAS THIS BIG!"

ELDERLY FISHERMEN

■ In checking license applications picked up from issuing agents I was surprised—but grateful—to see the number of senior citizens who are still enjoying fishing. In checking I found one lady 88 years old and a gentleman of 92 who had each purchased licenses.

This just proves age doesn't have to put a stop to enjoying Pennsylvania's number one sport!—**District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).

HELPING OUT

■ A fish warden receives many phone calls during the course of a year, many for complaints and many asking for information regarding fishing opportunities throughout the county. But recently I had the most unusual call of all.

Mr. Lewis Crull of R.D. 2, Carlisle called and asked if it was legal for him and his wife to pick up litter and trash at Commission-owned Opossum Lake which is about three miles from town.

I, of course, asked him why he wanted to pick up trash. He replied that he and his wife had had so many enjoyable hours this past summer fishing and boating at the lake that they wanted to do something for the Fish Commission in return and they felt that this would be one way they could return some payment for "the fine job the Commission is doing," as he put it.

I gave them permission to clean the area and the following day he called again to ask if I could secure a truck to haul the trash away. He and his wife had picked up over sixteen bushels of paper, beer cans, pop bottles, etc. that other persons had left who did not appreciate the lake in the same manner as the Crull's.

The Crull family deserves a big vote of "thanks" for a job well done.—**District Warden PERRY D. HEATH** (Cumbe land County).

FISHING FAMILY!

■ While on patrol last summer accompanied by Sta Policeman Adam Kachurick we came upon a man and lady fishing with a small child wrapped in a blanket at laying along a very steep cliff at Koon Lake.

We saw the child moving around in the blanket and being afraid for the child's safety, we pointed out the danger to the parents. The mother told us she was keeping an eye on the baby.

On a later trip the same family was fishing at the same spot, again with the child wrapped in a blanket along the same steep cliff.

Again the danger was pointed out. The mother asked what we thought she could do as they didn't want to leave.

the spot because the fish were biting well. We gave her rope and she tied the baby to a nearby tree.

Then again even later in the summer we found the same family at the same spot, and, of course, with the baby. But this time they'd come up with a better solution. They'd bought the child a harness and a new rope and had the rope tied to a nearby tree.

The mother thanked us for our earlier suggestions and added that it was "sure more relaxing to fish without having to worry about the baby so much."—**District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

GOOD YEAR!

The year 1967 proved an excellent year for fishing in the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County. Several Fishing Citations for big catches were awarded and most anglers reported good catches throughout the year. This has been reflected in fishermen interest and an increase in license sales. And prospects already appear for even a better 1968!—**District Warden ROBERT J. PERRY** (Columbia, Montour, and Northumberland Counties).

VIOLATION REPORTER

Special Fish Warden John Lukavitch and I had paused for a well earned cup of coffee one day after having controlled Harveys Lake in bitter cold. As we sat sipping, an angler, recognizing my car, came into the restaurant to talk for me.

"I'd like to report a violation," he exclaimed, when he saw me.

"Good," I said, stirred at the thought that finally we were getting cooperation from an aroused sportsman. Tell me about it."

"Well," he began, "I was fishing off a dock down on the lake and after I had caught my limit, I watched two other fishermen. One of them had caught his limit of trout and then he handed the *same rod* to his buddy and he too caught his limit. Now there were two limits of trout caught with that same rod, and that's illegal!"

As I explained to the fisherman that this did not constitute a violation of the fish laws I couldn't help notice John, a veteran of over thirty years in fish law enforcement, sitting there shaking his head slowly from side to side.

Later, as we left, he said, "You meet them all, don't you?"—**District Warden JAMES F. YODER** (Luzerne County).

ENTHUSIASTIC NON-RESIDENT

The December first opening of winter fishing season creates more and more interest every year.

While on routine patrol at Quaker Lake this year the sight along the shore reminded me of opening day in April. Fishermen were lined along the shore almost shoulder to shoulder. One gentleman approached me and asked if I was the Fish Warden, then continued to say that he had purchased his 1968 non-resident license already, but with everyone catching such large trout, he wondered if he could purchase a 5-day tourist license from me. After buying the license he also subscribed to the Pennsylvania

Angler and left to enjoy some fine fishing at the lake.
—**District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS** (Susquehanna County)

"EXCELLENT" RESULTS!

■ Winter trout fishing really took a hold in Jefferson County. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission stocked Cloe Lake with trout for the first time last fall and the results were excellent. An average day found twenty-five cars in the access area with more than seventy fishermen present.
—**District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).

MUSKY STORY REACTION

■ Since a recent article in *Field & Stream* telling of the fabulous Musky Fishery in the Lower Susquehanna, I have received numerous letters of inquiry from people all along the Eastern seaboard. It seems people from everywhere want to get into the action and enjoy what Pennsylvanians are now taking for granted, almost. . . .—**District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL** (Lancaster and Lebanon Counties).

HELPFUL BASS!

■ The following incident was related to me by Bob Seamen of Honesdale. A Mr. and Mrs. John Kurilla, 608 East Grant Street, Olyphant were fishing at Monroe Lake in Monroe County when an overactive three pound large-mouth bass jumped right into their boat. This occurred on October 7, 1967.—**District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART** (Monroe County).

HARD TO PLEASE!

■ While checking deer hunters during the past season, I came across one grizzly bearded fellow along one of the trout streams here in the county. He proceeded to tell me what a fine stream it was and of the many limit catches he had taken during the past summer. He also stated that several of the fish he had caught were around twenty inches. But when I identified myself, this man's first question was, "Why can't we get more fish?"—**District Warden ANTHONY MURAWSKI** (Cambria County).

USE ADJOINING COUNTIES

■ Though this district does not have any "winter fishing lakes" this headquarters gets numerous inquiries in regard to the season. A great deal of interest is generated and fishermen had no difficulty in traveling to adjoining counties during the winter.—**District Warden RICHARD OWENS** (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).

GOOD DECEMBER

■ In my experience this past December's opening of winter trout season was enjoyed to the greatest extent. It was common to see dozens of fishermen any day. Most were rewarded by catching nice trout. Often they caught their limit of three and twenty to twenty six inchers were common with lots of trout twelve to eighteen inches being taken.—**District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).



POSTER CONTEST WINNER Dave Westfall of Guys Mills and Elmer Wherry, committee chairman and publicity chairman for the contest, which is sponsored annually by the northwest division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Second place in the division went to Randy Gilson of New Castle. The contest is sponsored to promote outdoor safety.

Retires

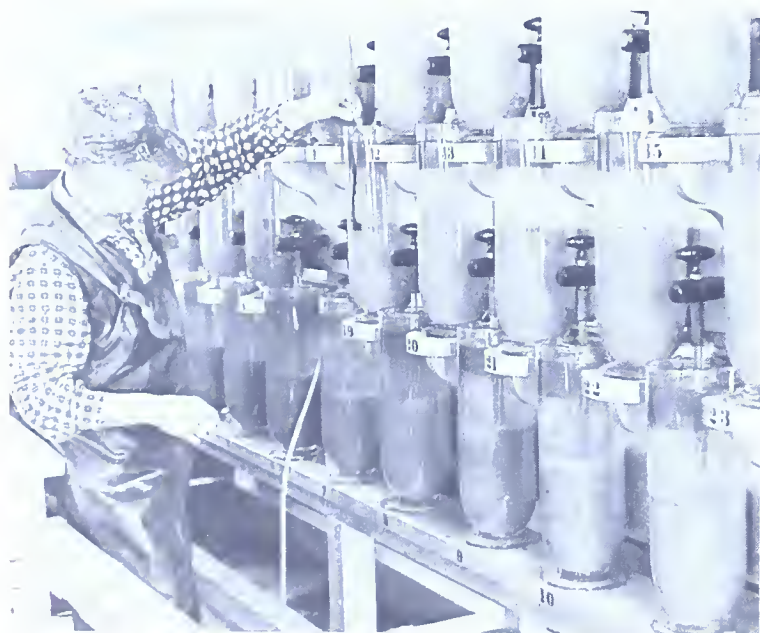
James W. Starner, heavy construction foreman in the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Engineering Division, has retired after 26 years service.

Starner began work in 1941 at Huntsdale for the commission as a stone mason. Throughout his years with the commission he worked at times as a carpenter as well.

The father of four children and grandfather of five he says he plans to spend the coming summer in California as well as some time in Florida during the winter months.



BUSY SEASON *continued from page 15*



CARING FOR WALLEYE eggs on the incubating battery. Approximately 20,000,000 walleye eggs are taken each spring with an overall hatch of about 80 percent. The eggs will hatch in approximately three weeks, when the water temperature is in the high 40's or low 50's. During this period constant care is needed to avoid silting, clumping and to siphon off the infertile eggs to avoid fungus.

an extremely fertile body of water with a very high plankton production.

After a week of incubation dead eggs start to appear and float to the top where they are siphoned off. Careful measurements are made of the eggs left in the jar just before hatching and then these are compared with original volumes to determine percentage of hatch. This usually runs from between 70 and 90 percent under normal conditions.

Incubation period varies with water temperature. Aver-

age is twenty-one days with "eye up" occurring in ten to fifteen days. Usually water temperature is in the low 40's when incubation begins and gradually rises to the low 50's.

Once hatching begins, it usually takes three days with the majority of eggs hatching on the second day. Screens are removed from the jars as soon as eggs begin to hatch and fry are allowed to go out into a supply trough and then into holding tanks. When first hatched the fry are thin, nearly transparent, about three eighths of an inch long with little or no yolk sac. They swim up and feed almost immediately.

Since the number of eggs taken would result in a much larger number of fry than could be maintained at this facility many of the eyed eggs are sent to other hatcheries. Immediately after hatching, a large percentage of the fry are stocked or transported to other hatcheries.

The eyed eggs and fry are transported by air and truck in 12 inch by 12 inch plastic bags with one quart of water for every quart of eggs. Oxygen is provided when the bags are inflated and sealed. Fry are shipped the same way using two quarts of water for every 25,000.

Fry which are held start feeding on zooplankton almost immediately and are soon transferred from holding tank to previously prepared rearing ponds which have been fertilized and started with daphnia.

As the daphnia are eaten a new supply is stocked from specially prepared daphnia rearing units and from Pymatuning Lake. Daphnia must be kept in constant supply or the fry will turn to cannibalism. Two day old fry have been observed in a chain effect head to tail when a proper food supply was not available.

Fry are held in rearing ponds approximately five weeks until early June or until water temperature reaches 70 degrees. By then they'll be between two and three inches long and are ready to be stocked.

FALSE SALMON EGG FEAST?

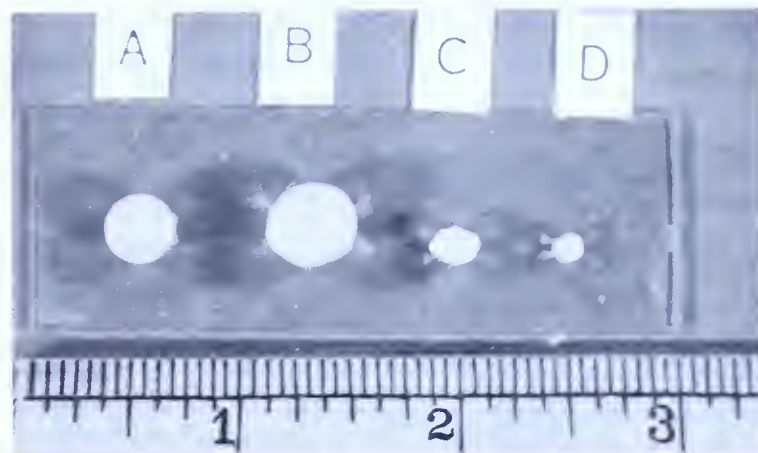
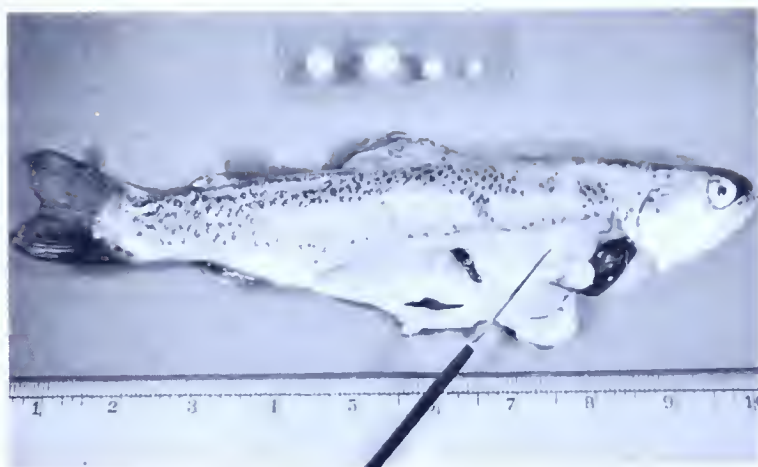
by Courtney Gustafson

SEVERAL FISHERMEN HAVE WRITTEN to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to find out whether or not artificial salmon eggs can be digested by trout. To answer the questions a test was recently conducted at the Benner Spring Fish Research Station to see if these artificial eggs had any ill effects on trout.

A rainbow trout was presented 9 salmon eggs which it ate rapidly on the first day. The next day the fish refused to eat any more of the eggs. It also died the same on the third day.

At this time the fish was anesthetized and dissected. The upper photograph shows the salmon eggs as they were found in the stomach. The lower photograph reveals various stages of the eggs removed from the intestinal tract. The egg lettered A was an original egg that was not ingested by the trout. The egg lettered B was found in the stomach of the trout while egg lettered C was located in the anterior intestine. The egg lettered D was found near the end of the intestine.

Apparently, artificial salmon eggs can be broken down by trout without any ill effects. However, this is an extremely limited experiment and more work should be done before any definite statements can be made.



PULLMAN

continued from page 17



MUDDY CREEK FORK, loading point for trout to be stocked in Muddy Creek.

While this is all going on, the other two trucks are not sitting idle. The second truck is stocking the stream between Bridgeton and Woodbine, a distance of not quite a mile, but it is the only area accessible by hard road. Then the truck will wait at Woodbine for the train to unload the rest of its fish. The third truck continues down 74 to where it crosses Muddy Creek, near Delta. There they stock downstream as far as an old county bridge, utilizing another unique method of trout stocking—the float box. It's not the easiest way to stock trout, but it does do a good job. The third truck must then backtrack north on 74 where it continues into the Castle Fin Dam area. Here the truck will meet the train later that afternoon to unload the balance.

All the while the little train with its live cargo, continues to clack along Muddy Creek stocking, running for more fish, changing water, and starting all over again. Hard work? Yes! But it's also a lot of fun and each bucket of trout that finds a new home in Muddy Creek owes that little train and the sportsmen who help a lot.

It's a long day's work but the trout have been stocked over some 15 miles of stream and many won't be caught until some anglers do some hiking to catch them.

All because of a little train and a lot of cooperation.



RETIRES . . .

John S. Ogden of York has retired from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission after 25 years of service.

Ogden served the Commission in several capacities. Starting in 1942, he worked as a district warden until 1950 when he was appointed district supervisor of 14 counties in Southeastern part of the state. In 1964 he transferred from the Law Enforcement Division to the Public Relations Division of the Commission.

As a member of the Public Relations staff he worked throughout the state contacting news media, writers, schools, and Commission Blue Book Agents.

An information specialist he presented available programs and introduced new services available from the Commission.

Upon retiring Ogden said he first planned to "see some of the country." He expects to make York County his retirement headquarters.

LEAKY BOOTS

continued from page 3

burg Sportsmen's Association, Inc., of Mercersburg after dedication ceremonies of the Earl L. Peck Memorial Lake and the T. M. (Mac) Sironen Nursery.

B. Frank Kulp, Secretary
Fish Committee
Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association

SCHOOL'S OUT?

Gentlemen,

I didn't see Ned Smith's monthly column "School's Out" in your January issue of the Angler.

I do hope you don't intend to drop this monthly feature from your magazine as I feel it is one of the highlights of the Angler.

Enclosed is my renewal check for another year of your very good magazine.

Lee Lashley, Warfordsburg

We sure don't intend to drop "School's Out" by Ned Smith! But Mr. Smith is, as you may know, one of the top wildlife artists in the country and this winter his workload became so heavy he just couldn't get everything done.

He's promised to bring "School's Out" back as soon as the pressure lets up, although he says it may have to be on an every other month basis.

WANTS COVER STORIES

Gentlemen,

I have been subscribing to your magazine for only a few months and I already find it very enjoyable but I think you should follow up the pictures on the cover with an article about it inside. It is very annoying to find a picture on the cover of a man ice fishing and then find that the closest thing to an article about ice fishing is how to make an ice fishing rod. I sincerely hope you will try to remedy this situation.

Stephen Kozak, Philadelphia

We agree! And if you noticed last month your February issue had a cover showing a sportsmen's show and an in-

side story about sportsmen's shows. This month sucker fishermen provided the basis for a cover—and pages 4, 5 and 6 are all about spring sucker fishing. Next month the trout gets the nod inside and out:

And with any luck from now on you'll seldom see cover that isn't tied to an inside story.

MONONGAHELA CATFISH

Gentlemen,

I would like to know what is being done and what can be done to clean the streams and rivers of Pennsylvania.

I live in Westmoreland County, close to Fayette County. The Monongahela River flows about ½ a mile from my house. This and many other streams that would be great for fishing are polluted.

However, the Monongahela River has been producing catfish. This is a great improvement. If it continues we may be able to walk to good fishing spots.

Joe Luzanski, Westmoreland County

We can state, generally, that there is more emphasis today on the clean streams program in Pennsylvania than ever before and certainly monies available from both federal and state sources will contribute significantly toward a cleanup program. Also, several state agencies are conducting research projects to determine the best methods of abating or neutralizing certain types of pollutants.

TROPHY CATCH?

Gentlemen:

I thought you might find the following story amusing.

While fishing with my father on Christmas Day Pennsylvania's muskie hot spot, Brunner Island on the Susquehanna, I watched and chuckled to myself as I got hung up soon after making a cast. After much manipulation, he worked about a bushel of leaves, twigs, and assorted debris to shore as I jokingly congratulated him on landing a lunker.

He got a lunker all right—59 inches worth! That was the combined length of the 14 lures he found in 1 "Christmas present."

Ned A. Voss, Lansdowne

"FISHING FATHER"— HONORED BY HOUSE

The "Fishing Father," Reverend Lawrence Zakrevsky of Edwardsville, has been recognized by Pennsylvania's House of Representatives.

Following a story about Father Zakrevsky and his lifelong hobby of fishing and collecting lures in the December issue of Pennsylvania Angler the House passed a resolution honoring the senior resident.

The resolution states in full:

"The Reverend Lawrence Zakrevsky of Edwardsville, Luzerne County, and pastor of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church was the subject recently of a feature

article in the Pennsylvania Angler.

"Born 84 years ago in Aisian Russia, Father Zakrevsky has been an enthusiastic fisherman for more than fifty years and has accumulated one of the largest private collections of lures and artificial bait in the entire country.

"Father Zakrevsky is a kind, gentle man who is loved and respected not only by his parishioners, but by the entire community which he has served these many years with great devotion; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That the Members of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania pause in their deliberations to pay tribute to Father Lawrence Zakrevsky, a fine churchman, citizen and sportsman and wish him well in the future; and be it further

"RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Father Zakrevsky."

NEW 3-D STREAMER

THE BLOND BOMBER

by PAUL CLARK

Three-D used to stand for a special sort of movie but now it can perhaps be applied to three discoveries in streamer fly tying. Put them together into one streamer and you have one of the best imitations of a minnow ever tied.

First dye some badger hair blond—use women's color tint and make it a good golden blond.

Second use some maribou in the middle—moisten the normal amount of badger hair for a streamer and then split it, putting the wet piece of maribou in the middle extending it a quarter of an inch beyond the badger hair.

Third go to work on the head—take a small bottle of airplane dope, leave the lid off until it becomes puttylike, then apply a small amount on the head and mold it to suit. Paint it white with black dots for eyes.

Figures one through five show the steps necessary for tying this "Blond Bomber."

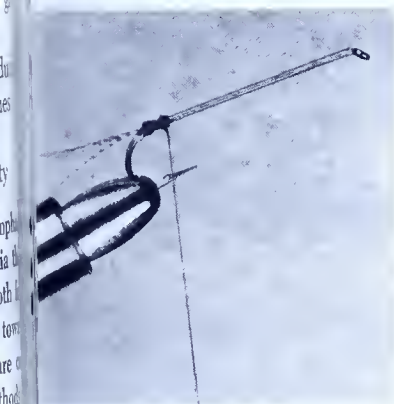


Figure 1—The tail, a wisp of
reddish wood duck.

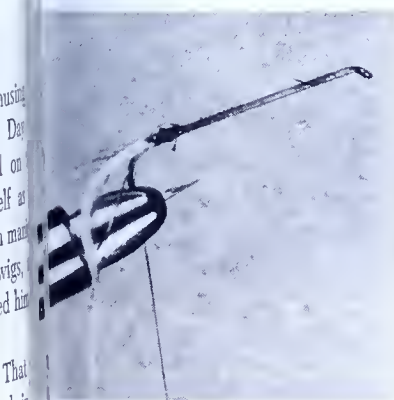


Figure 2—The body, colored
floss with gold tinsel.



Figure 3—Body completed, tin-
sel ribbed over floss.



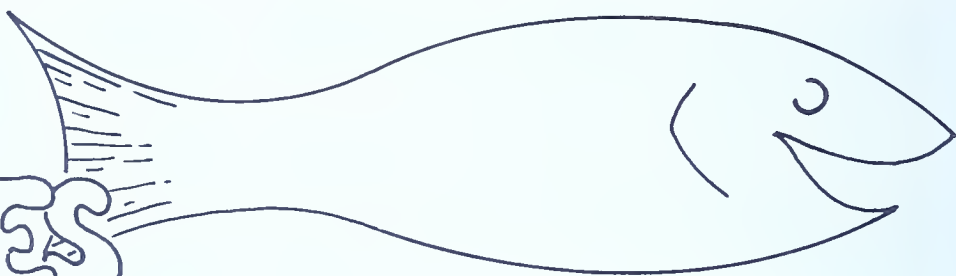
Figure 4—The wing, badger tail
dyed blond split into equal
pieces and a piece of white
maribou in the middle.



Figure 5—The head, puttylike
airplane dope white with black
eyes.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



PHOTOGRAPHER Edward T. Gray of Meadville. He's holding a 45 inch, 35 pound musky caught in French Creek. He had no net or gaff and had to flag a passing hunter—Earl Jones of Miller Station—to help land the Citation winner. It also qualified him for membership in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club. (photo courtesy of the Meadville Tribune)



PETER CHAPLA, Old Forge, and sons hold stringer of pickrel and perch caught at Duck Harbor. The pickrel were 17 to 19 inches and both boys won Junior Fishing Citations.



HUSKY MUSKY honorable mention went to Ronald Scala of Wampum for this nice 37½ inch, 16 pound muellunge. He was fishing at Tionesta when he caught it on a minnow.



THOMAS ARCHAMBEAU holds 28¾ inch, 12½ pound rainbow that won him a Fishing Citation. The Shippensburg angler was fishing Letterkenny Dam in Franklin County.



GERALD STEMPL of Mechanicsburg holds 21 inch, 5 pound smallmouth bass he caught from the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg. He says it's one of "many" he catches there. It hit a rebel plug.



EDWARD CISLO JR. with two pickrel he pulled from the Lehigh River in August. A recent Angler subscriber, says he's "really hooked." The fish measured 18 and 19½ inches.



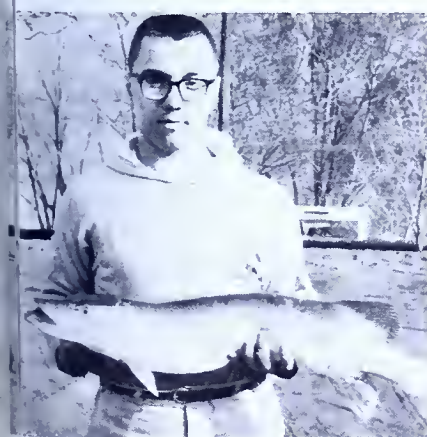
MICHELLE proves the girls can catch fish too. She's holding a stringer of rainbows which she and her dad caught during the winter season at Bear Creek Reservoir. She's a first year high school student and has been fishing since she was seven.



GEORGE WALTERS of Berlin holds 16 pound, 42 inch muskellunge he caught while fishing Lake Somerset. He says it hit a black and silver rapala and he claims there are plenty more "big ones" in the lake.

Some of the pictures mailed to Fish Tales lack complete return address and complete information about the catch. Always be sure that marked on the back of the photograph you have your name, complete address including zip code, as well as species, size (length and weight), where caught, date, and type of tackle used.

Caught a big one? Send your picture with your catch to Fish Tales, Pennsylvania Angler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.



JUNIATA MUSKELLUNGE was caught by Stephen Muich of Johnstown on November 25. A check of the 36 inch, 11 pound fish by biologist Jack Miller indicated it was just over two years old. It had grown from 29.8 inches since last spring.



FISHERWOMAN MRS. ALBERT BAUER JR. of Erie holds muskellunge she caught while fishing Presque Isle Bay. The lady angler hooked the 42¾ inch, 17¼ pound beauty while trolling a "vamp spook" in the bay. Some credit may go to husband—he was operating the boat.



EDWARD WEISSE AND ROLAND BERGNER with stringers of trout they caught while fishing Deep Creek in Hegins, Schuylkill County on an opening day. Bergner says he and his uncle, Weisse, have taken their limit each year during the first couple of hours.



MECHANICSBURG ANGLER Dennis C. Devine holds smallmouth bass which measured 20½ inches and weighed 4 lbs., 15 ounces and won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. He caught it from the Susquehanna at Marysville on a live minnow.



RIDGWAY RESERVOIR produced this 26 inch, 5½ pound rainbow trout for angler Edwin Eckert of Ridgway. He was fishing the reservoir during the winter season on December 17 when he hit the fish on a pearled minnow.



Casting WITH THE CO-OPS

A Monthly Feature About Cooperative Nursery Projects

By Bill Porter

A HAPPY MARRIAGE OF A PHILANTHROPIST, a benevolent city government and three fishing clubs combine to form the Lil-Le-Hi Nursery, truly one of the show places of the cooperative nursery program—and it's no wonder.

To begin with, the hatchery itself has had a long history as a commercial enterprise as part of the Trexler holdings. Some firsts in fish culture for the state occurred there, according to some fine reminiscences from Guy "Foxy" Moyer, a 44-year retired veteran of the Fish Commission who accompanied us to Allentown. For one thing, the hatchery at one time raised salmon—incidentally, there were a few of the silver kings in one of the show ponds for visitors to ogle. A federal carp rearing program was part of the operation a good many years ago before it was abandoned and the state had an interest in the hatchery at one time. Finally the Fish Commission, a decade or so ago, received brook trout eggs from the hatchery in exchange for other eggs or species.

But getting back to the present arrangement, the city of Allentown inherited the property along with much additional acreage from the Trexler estate. Picking up the ball, the city fathers now employ a full time nursery caretaker, Ernie Massini, to look after things and work with the cooperating clubs. And Ernie does just that as verified by the well-manicured lawns and landscaping, the healthy trout in the holding ponds, and the extremely low mortality rate as attested by the records.

But Ernie doesn't do it all. Three cooperating fishing clubs, referred to above, have combined their efforts and interests in the project. The Lehigh County Fish and Game, The Pioneer Fish and Game, and the Trout Creek Fish and Game work together on the cooperative nursery activities.

One of the key men coming out of this triumvirate is Ken Crilley, a very active nursery manager and our host along with Ernie for the day. Ken seemed pleased with the project and its product. His experienced eye roved over a batch of three-year-old rainbows with the fondness of a man who has a liking and a knowledge of his work. Then he and "Foxy" were off on some mutual nostalgia that would fill a book in its own way that would be of value to the fish culturist and the naturalist.

In the meantime Joe Samusevich, well-known local angler, picked up the story of the Lil-Le-Hi Nursery. "We stock nothing but older fish—two, three, and four year olds," he said with a grin of pride. "Last year there were about 18,000 stocked with the bulk of them going into the Little Lehigh Creek. The others go into Cedar Creek and Jordan Creek."

"We're holding about 45,000 right now," chimed in Ernie. "Care to see them?" We cared and we saw. Big



JOE SAMUSEVICH, an unidentified club member, and Ernie Massini, nursery supervisor, stop in front of sign at Lil-Le-Hi Trout Nursery.

browns and big rainbows and nice brooks were all there. The cement raceways and ponds were neatly painted. The water temperature and quality was good; the whole nursery smelled of success.

"We get thousands of visitors every year," Ernie was doing the talking, "and most help support the project and he pointed to a wishing well where visitors could deposit a donation and receive a bag of pellets to feed the trout. "It's a little late in the season and pretty cold today for people to stop, but there'll be some." And on cue, two cars pulled into the parking area and a handful of tourists began to make the rounds.

A variety of projects feature the Lil-Le-Hi Nursery every year. The Little Lehigh Creek, at least a portion of it near the nursery, is a fish-for-fun area and is supplied with trout throughout the year. "There's always someone wetting the line," said Ernie, "even cold blustery days such as this one." And again on cue, a couple of fly fishermen moved in and began to work a pool at the lower end of the nursery grounds. The trout were there but uncooperative and so it was back to the discussion of other projects.

Outstanding among the various activities are the fishing derbies held each year. Thousands of anglers line the banks of the Little Lehigh as it winds its way through the public parks system; many thousands more simply come to watch. Fish are caught, lost, measured, kept, released, prizes are awarded and sad and glad tales are told at the end of the day. And it's all made possible through the cooperative effort of a lot of people organized under the heading of the Lil-Le-Hi Nursery who are dedicated to the premise that a lot of people can have a lot of fun Casting with the Co-ops.

CATCH A TROPHY FISH AND RECEIVE A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER FISHING CITATION

A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

Fishing Citation

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO



For an outstanding angling achievement in
landing a TROPHY FISH in the waters of
Pennsylvania



Species _____
Length _____
Weight _____
Type tackle _____
Bait or lure _____
Where caught _____
in _____ County _____
Date caught _____

Executive Director _____

MINIMUM SIZES—RULES

SENIOR:

Species of Fish	Minimum Length in inches	Species of Fish	Minimum Length in inches
American Shad	25 in.	Fallfish	18 in.
Bluegill	11 in.	Lake Trout	30 in.
Brook Trout	17 in.	Largemouth Bass	23 in.
Brown Trout	28 in.	Muskellunge	45 in.
Bullhead	15 in.	Northern Pike	36 in.
Carp	36 in.	Rainbow Trout	27 in.
Chain Pickerel	25 in.	Rock Bass	11 in.
Channel Catfish	30 in.	Smallmouth Bass	20 in.
Crappies (includes black and white)	15 in.	Walleye	30 in.
Eel	40 in.	Yellow Perch	14 in.

JUNIOR:

Species of Fish	Minimum Length in inches	Species of Fish	Minimum Length in inches
American Shad	20 in.	Fallfish	14 in.
Bluegill	10 in.	Lake Trout	24 in.
Brook Trout	14 in.	Largemouth Bass	18 in.
Brown Trout	18 in.	Muskellunge	30 in.
Bullhead, Catfish	14 in.	Northern Pike	25 in.
Carp	25 in.	Rainbow Trout	18 in.
Chain Pickerel	23 in.	Rock Bass	10 in.
Channel Catfish	20 in.	Sheepshead	20 in.
Crappies (includes black and white)	14 in.	Smallmouth Bass	18 in.
Eel	30 in.	Walleye	22 in.
		Yellow Perch	12 in.

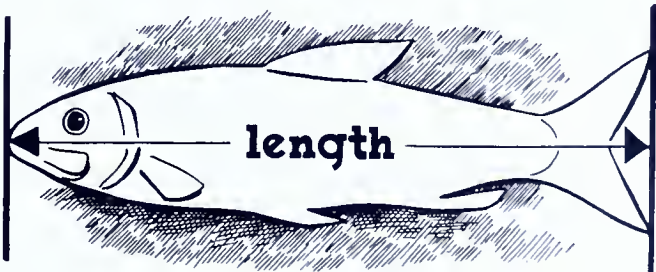
Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment. Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE



Actual applications for a Citation may be secured by contacting any district fish warden, regional office of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, or by writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg (Zip Code 17120). Application blanks are also carried from time to time in the Angler.



PENNSYLVANIA EXCITEMENT!★

Looking for excitement? Find it in Pennsylvania's wonderful world of water by enjoying fishing and boating—and keep on top of what's going on by reading all about it every month in Pennsylvania's official fishing and boating magazine, *Pennsylvania Angler*.

You'll see exciting stories about stocking, boating trips, fishing and boating events—everything that's "What's Happening" in these exciting activities in the Keystone State.

And if you're already a reader, do a friend a favor. Buy him (or her) a subscription!

SIGN ME UP FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER!

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FISHING and BOATING

PENNSYLVANIA

Angler



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MAR 21 1968

D. RAYE



GOVERNOR SHAFER signs legislation as Robert J. Bielo, Pennsylvania Fish Commission Executive Director, and Senators Confair and Frame, chairman and vice chairman of the Senate's Forest and Waters, Game and Fish Committee watch.

AMENDMENT TO FISH CODE—

In August of 1966 word of a Common Pleas Court decision flashed across Pennsylvania that the Fish Commission, acting in the name of the Commonwealth had no proprietary interest in fish swimming free in our streams. On this basis a Commission civil damage suit against an alleged polluter was dismissed.

Few fishermen or conservationists could believe this was a proper finding. The case was then referred to the State Superior Court. This higher court also found that the Commonwealth only had power for the common good to determine when, by whom and under what conditions fish running wild may be captured and thus owned by the fisherman.

Even more confounding was the Superior Court finding that the Commonwealth is not the owner of the fish in the waters of Pennsylvania and therefore has no standing to support civil action for damages resulting from destruction of fish.

In essence conservationists were then to accept the premise that a polluter could willfully destroy fish and knowingly face a fine that could well represent only a fraction of the value of the fish killed.

Fortunately, the carefully worded Lower Court decision presented a remedy for the apparent inadequacy of the Fish Law. That remedy was through legislation.

Such legislation was provided immediate support by then Lt. Governor Shafer and by many legislators.

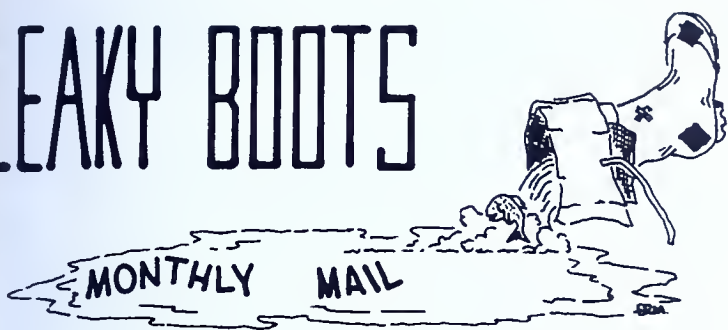
On January 18, 1968, Governor Shafer signed into law an amendment to the Fish Code declaring the Commonwealth's interest in fish living free in our waters and providing for civil action against negligent polluters for the value of fish destroyed by pollution.

Certainly this new act strengthens a weak section of our Fish Law. We can now appreciate the Common Pleas Court decision that brought this weakness to public attention.

We can also be forewarned of the unfavorable majority attitude of the Superior Court where the opinion is held that fish free in nature are not owned but only controlled by the Commonwealth.

— ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

LEAKY BOOTS



SECRET STOCKING—

Gentlemen:

I would like to tell you I enjoy your magazine and also the fine trout fishing in Pennsylvania.

I would be willing to pay much more than \$5.00 for a fishing license if it was necessary, but I have one complaint.

It concerns your trout stocking program. It bothers me to see the parade of cars following the stocking truck to the stream and the banks lined with eager anglers ready and waiting to catch the "elusive trout." To pick my trout out of the truck would make as much sense. In my opinion it would be much more feasible to keep stocking dates from the public. This way it would give the hard working angler a chance.

Even if this point could not be improved, then perhaps "float stocking" is the answer instead of dumping a bucket-full of trout in certain holes lined with meat hungry anglers. I know this is occasionally carried out, but fishing would be greatly improved if this act was done at each stocking.

I know many other avid fishermen agree with me on these subjects. Would the Fish Commission please take them into consideration?

Very truly yours,
R. Rian Siska, Bethlehem



Oh, yes . . . and on your way home—

First, the "hard working" angler has all kinds of opportunity in the Keystone State. There are a lot of miles of good trout streams within the state that seldom see an angler.

Second, streams such as you describe are considered "high pressure" areas which need repeated stockings throughout the season to meet fishing pressure. Some anglers may flock behind the stocking trucks but failing to notify the public would serve only the interests of a very few and not necessarily the "hard workers" you describe. At one time "secret" stockings were tried—they worked so well that a lot of people never did discover fishing.

When Commission trucks deliver trout to our streams, local sportsmen's clubs have the prerogative of float stocking if this is what they want. And in many cases this is done. All that's needed is plenty of enthusiasm backed up by the willingness to do some time consuming and hard work by local sportsmen.

AWAY FROM THE CROWD—

Dear Sirs:

I am a teenager and an avid fisherman . . . please forward any information you have about trout hot spots with limited pack-in access, preferably with primitive facilities or none at all. I am interested in escaping from crowds and modernization.

Keep up the great magazine! If you have room in any issue, please include some information for the novice fly-tyer. Thanks a million.

Truly yours,
Scott Tarquhar, Villanova

Pennsylvania is full of back woods areas! Try Forest, Warren, McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton, Tioga or Lycoming Counties. You can get lost in all of them and you shouldn't have any trouble finding trout streams.

We're sending you a copy of our Fly Tying booklet and don't forget to take your Angler with you when you head for the hills.

COOPERATIVE COLUMN—

Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading the Angler. I especially like reading the monthly feature about cooperative nursery projects by Mr. Bill Porter.

I am a member of the Keystone Fish & Game Association of Shamokin and I have had a part in their cooperative nursery project and know some of the problems and success in rearing these fish. I enjoy these articles very much and like learning of the different clubs that have taken a part in this program. I feel every angler will have more enjoyment fishing because of these programs.

Sincerely,
Bruce Manney, Shamokin

We think so too!

continued on page 3

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Raymond P. Shafer, Governor

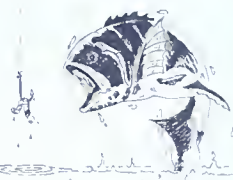


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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1968



VOL. 37, NO.

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D. THOMAS EGGELER, EDITOR

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

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LEAKY BOOTS

Continued from page 1

CANOE—

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your "Leaky Boots" column in the January Angler.

I want to say thanks to Ed Holloway of Sharon for his informative letter on canoe source materials. I have only recently purchased a canoe and would very much like to get in touch with other canoeists in this end of the state. If possible could you forward me his complete address.

I missed the article in the November issue on "The Canoe" and would like to know if there is some way I might obtain a copy either of the November "Angler" or of the article itself?

Any help you can give will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
D. H. Johnson, Erie

We're sending you a copy of our November issue and M. Holloway's address. Watch your coming May issue of the Angler for more on canoeing!

FISHING FATHER" . . .

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a picture of the 4 pound, 19 inch largemouth bass which I took from a local strip mine this past summer. I got her on a nightcrawler. Would you believe that this strip mine has fish almost twice her size? Now you know why I have become a bass nut, with bass this size more than a thousands yards from the college.

I enjoyed the feature article in the December issue of the Angler on "The Fishing Father," Fr. Lawrence Zakrevsky. Thanks for a wonderful magazine that has done so much to publicize one of God's greatest gifts to mankind, the sport of fishing.

Sincerely,
Rev. Fr. Marvin Just, OFM Cap.
St. Fidelis College and Seminary
Herman, Pennsylvania

We're glad you enjoyed the story—and that you enjoy fishing. And we would believe there are big fish in Pennsylvania! We've put a lot of them there!

OIL MOON" . . .

Gentlemen:

I recently subscribed to "Pennsylvania Angler" because of the articles entitled "Oil Moon Over Pithole" which I saw in the January issue.

I would like to secure a copy of the January issue which contains the first article and request that you send me a copy

if possible. My beginning subscription did not include the January issue.

Sincerely,
Sheldon J. Myregard
Lakewood, New York

We've mailed you a January issue and we're happy to hear you were interested in reading the complete serialization of "Oil Moon Over Pithole." Any other readers enjoy it?

SELLING FISH

Gentlemen:

I have been a resident and a fisherman in this state for twenty years and I do not mind the high license fee because I like to fish a lot.

I do not understand why the Fish Commission would sell fish to the State of Missouri when the State of Pennsylvania has so many miles of streams that could use these fish. When our license fees pay for the raising of these fish, why do we have to sell them? I was very much surprised to read of this in your January issue of the Pennsylvania Angler.

I would like you to explain this in your next issue.

Very truly yours,
Lester Martin, Shady Grove

Thank you for your interest in fish and fishing in Pennsylvania.

I am afraid the little note in the Angler was misleading. Pennsylvania does not sell fish to any state but rather enters into exchanges so that we can obtain species which are not available in this state.

In the case of Missouri, we traded a very small portion of muskellunge eggs for 50,000 redear sunfish fingerlings. This species of sunfish is not available in Pennsylvania. It is reputed to be faster growing than our native species but does not reproduce as fast; therefore, it is to our advantage to test this species in Pennsylvania lakes.

I would like to point out that if it had not been for exchanges between other states and countries, Pennsylvania would not have brown trout, coho salmon, kokanee salmon, redear sunfish, palomino rainbow trout and other species. These fish have done much to please the anglers of Pennsylvania.

There are times when these states contribute fish or eggs to us while asking very little or nothing in exchange. One instance of this is the coho salmon eggs we have been receiving from the West Coast and the state of Michigan. With their gift of a large number of eggs, we hope to establish an entirely new fishery in Pennsylvania.

I hope that you understand that the Fish Commission has been trading only to improve the fishing in Pennsylvania. It would not serve any purpose for us to sell fish to make money.

We hope this reply explains our position; and if you have any further questions, do not hesitate to write.

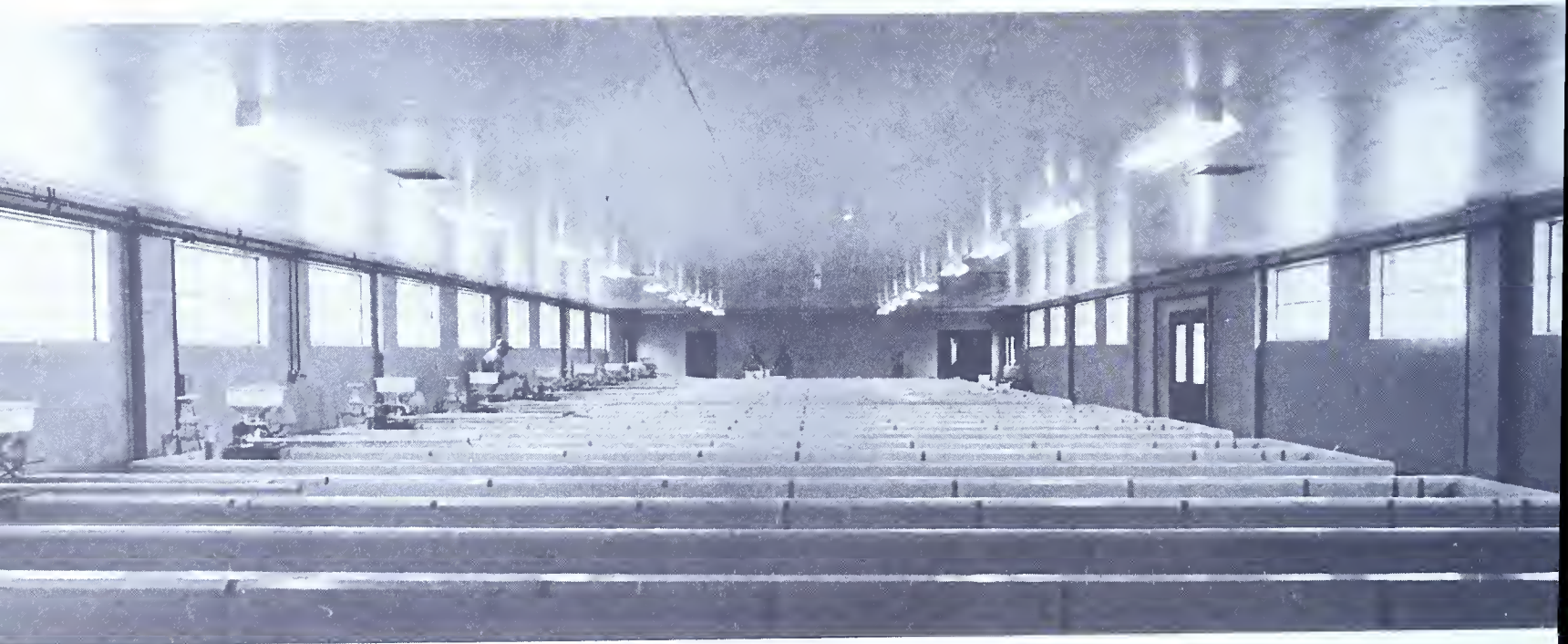
Sincerely yours,
Keen Buss, Chief
Division of Fisheries.

BUREAU OF SPORT FISHERIES

NEW CENTER
CAPABLE OF
PRODUCING
HALF MILLION
TROUT PER YEAR

TYLERSVILLE
UNIT

EXPANSION — AT LAMAR



ENTRANCE TO TYLERSVILLE UNIT is along Route 780 between Tylersville and Lamar (upper left). While inside facilities include series of new tanks in streamlined new building (above), eggs are hatched in separate room of the new building (right) adjacent to main holding area.





THE COOPERATIVE TROUT STOCKING program between the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries & Wildlife takes another step ahead this year as a new unit of the Lamar National Fish Hatchery starts its first full year of production.

The new plant is located about five miles upstream from the complex's headquarters along Fishing Creek in Clinton County along Route 780 between Lamar and Tylersville.

The new unit utilizes a limestone spring water supply of about 10,000 gallons per minute and is capable of producing half a million catchable trout a year, although full capacity has not yet been reached. Production of trout is comparable to the older hatchery downstream which, of course, remains in operation.

Completed last summer, the Tylersville Unit will rear all three species of trout—brooks, browns and rainbows. They'll be used for stocking in public waters where the Federal Government is involved such as impoundments created, at least partly, with Federal monies. Others will be used to supplement regular plantings of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in state waters according to an approved stocking schedule. Some will also go to public streams in New Jersey under a cooperative arrangement similar to the one in the Keystone State.

Fingerling trout from the unit will be used to help supply needs of farm ponds, as are many bass, sunfish and bluegill from the main Lamar unit where species other than trout are reared. Most of the ponds stocked are those built under Department of Agriculture programs.

In all the new hatchery has 40 raceways, each measuring 8 by 100. Built from reinforced concrete each can hold up to 12,500 stockable trout.

Feeding at the plant—the outside part of it—can be done in less than ten minutes by one man using a bin-equipped pickup truck which sprays pellets onto the surface of the water as it passes along the raceways. John Maxwell, manager of the entire Lamar complex, says it could keep one man busy several hours feeding the same number of fish by hand.

Fry and fingerlings being held inside are also fed automatically. Plastic containers at the head of each of the hatchery's twenty tanks are filled once a day with the desired size pellets and then frequent feedings throughout the day are automatically controlled by a timer. A small

continued on page 27

FORTY RACEWAYS, each 100 feet long by 8 feet wide, make up main holding facilities outside. Areas between raceways are paved.

MODERN DESIGN MAKES TROUT RAISING STREAMLINED OPERATION



HATCHERY BIOLOGIST Dick Huber works in new biology laboratory (left above) while Paul Butterfield, in charge of production at the new unit, checks automatic feeders in hatch house (right above). Outside feeding is done with bin-equipped pickup truck which is driven along raceways as pellets are sprayed onto water (below).





A LOT OF BOATERS appear in Pennsylvania's waters when the annual spring trout season opens in April. Care should be exercised to avoid capsizing.



PENNSYLVANIA provides a lot of boating for Keystone Staters. Small craft are found throughout the state and many boats are used for a multitude of things.



STANDING UP in a small boat is one of the things not to be done—if you don't want to end up in the water. This is one of the major reasons for the capsizing of small boats.

by **DEAN KLINGER**
Chief Marine Services Specialist
Office of Watercraft Safety

IF YOU'RE
THE USER
OF A SMALL
BOAT THEN
HERE ARE
SOME THINGS
YOU SHOULD KNOW!

WILL YOU BECOME A BOATING STATISTIC

Every one of us has at one time or another stood by the water's edge and observed anywhere from one to several dozen high powered speed boats going in all different directions without any definite pattern of operation. It's human to wonder how long it will take for these "nut" boats to kill themselves or someone else.

However, what many boaters do not realize is that after year statistics show the great majority of boating fatalities can be directly attributed to the small boat with the small motor or no motor at all.

In 1967, eighty-three percent of all boating fatalities in Pennsylvania involved boats less than 16 feet in length. Fifty-nine percent of these were on boats 12 feet in length or less.

Two out of every three who lost their lives did so

WILL YOU BECOME A BOATING STATISTIC?

Continued from page 6

cause the boat they were in capsized. Capsizing can be caused by a number of reasons but most prominent are: standing up in a small boat, a passenger or operator shifting position, overloading, or entering waters too swift for the size of the craft.

The average person would not buy a house constructed in such a manner that it might collapse in a medium storm but still many "average" boaters buy or use a boat under conditions for which it isn't designed.

Some boats have no capacity rating plates on them so people load them according to the number of seats available. In some cases there's seating room for six or eight people but the boat can only be safe with two passengers under "normal" conditions—and boats that do have capacity rating plates on them have been tested only under "normal" conditions. "Normal" conditions do not include rough, swift water, standing up in the boat or unequal distribution of passengers and gear.

High water periods normally are in the spring and fall of the year. A person boating during the colder periods must dress reasonably heavy to stay comfortable. One word of caution on heavy dress—be positive that no boots of heavy lace type shoes are ever worn when in the boat. This type of footwear reduces to a minimum the chances of survival of a person in the water. The boots seem to act like suction cups, making it almost impossible to remove them. Heavy shoes have about the same effect as concrete anchors tied to a person's legs.

Another reason to be extremely careful at this time of year is the tremendous physical shock of extremely cold water to the human body. A person exposed to 40 or 50 degrees water temperature cannot stand the shock or exposure for more than a few minutes even if he is wearing heavy clothing and a life jacket.

Although a small boat may be used with a degree of safety on small ponds or lakes—if not overloaded—it must be kept in mind that this is no time to get excited while fishing. Small, light weight boats can be easily capsized and one of the biggest mistakes most fishermen make is standing up.

A few more cautions can be taken if you don't feel like becoming a statistic. For one thing use a life preserver. Many of the newer approved life saving devices can be worn comfortably, are not bulky, and still offer plenty of freedom of movement. Common sense dictates wearing them when heavily dressed, and when boating in swift water or stormy weather. Nonswimmers as well as those with a physical disability should wear them all the time when boating.

Carry a can, bucket, bailer or bilge pump in case water is shipped so it can be removed at once. Never anchor in current by the stern (back) as this creates a tendency to pull the boat under by exposing the low point of the hull to the current and wave action.

Don't become a "boating statistic"—use some good old common sense and your name will not be among the statistics. You'll be enjoying the wonderful life of fishing and boating in the Keystone State for years to come!



UNEVEN DISTRIBUTION of weight in a small craft is another reason for upsets.



LIFE SAVING DEVICES should be carried on all boats as required by law for the protection of those aboard. Persons who cannot swim or who are physically disabled should wear them anytime they're on the water.



PROPER CARE and handling of a boat should be exercised from the time it begins a trip until it returns.



LAKES AND STREAMS throughout the state provide a lot of fishing and boating recreation. A fishing trip or boating outing can be ruined with an upset even if lives and gear aren't lost. Know how to handle the craft you'll be using before pushing off.

SENIOR CITATIONS
BEGINNING
NEXT MONTH

JUNIOR FISHING

196

CITATIONS

If you're a fisherman who thinks big fish are hard to catch then check this list of trophy catches made by anglers under 16 years old last year.

They brought home some good ones!

And leading the list for big catches by the juniors was a young lady—10-year-old Debbie Hepler of Telford in Montgomery County beached a 38½ inch muskellunge. Heaviest fish caught by the younger set was a 20 pound carp dragged ashore by 13-year-old John Ambrose of Girardville. He was fishing the Susquehanna River in Bradford County when he made the catch.

Many of the young anglers caught and recorded more than one citation fish. In fact, Dale Waybright of Annville (pictured left) won three citations—two in the Junior class and a third because his one catch also qualified him for a senior citation.

In all, 81 citations were awarded as of January 31 for trophy fish caught by anglers under 16. And the list could grow over that as applications may be made up to within 90 days after the catch.

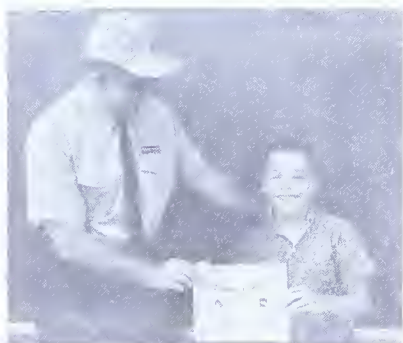
Next month you'll be able to see what the older folks did—citations awarded in the senior division will be listed.



DALE WAYBRIGHT, son of special fish warden Joe Waybright of Annville, Lebanon County, holds three Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations he won for big catches in Pennsylvania during the 1967 season. The 11-year-old Annville fishermen won two junior citations and one senior citation.



MICHAEL DOYNE, 8, of Williamsport holds Citation he won for catching a 22 inch, 4½ pound rainbow from Schuylkill County's Whippowill Dam. Below Shane Shaffer of Mifflintown is presented a Citation by Warden Dick Owens for landing a 30 inch carp while fishing the Juniata River.



JEFF COOK, 14, of Jeannette is a Junior Pennsylvania Angler Citation for catching a 30 inch, 4 pound rainbow trout. Warden Art presents the

HERE'S A LIST OF WINNERS OF JUNIOR CITATIONS!

- Jeff Belo, Pittsburgh—18 inch, 3½ lb. largemouth bass, Perry Lake, Beaver County.
- Alton Eckert, Monongahela—14¾ inch, 2 lb. 1 oz. bullhead, Igeon Creek, Washington Co.
- Steve Reichard, Red Lion—15 inch, 1⅞ lb. brook trout, Muddy Creek, York County.
- John Ambrose, Girardville—35 inch, 20 lb. carp, Susquehanna River, Bradford County.
- Frederick D. Lewis, Hellertown—19 inch, 3 lb. 6 oz. bullhead, aucon Creek, Northampton County.
- Duane Dubernas, Folsom—14 inch, 1¾ lb. crappie, Springton Reservoir, Delaware County.
- Eugene Gray, Garrett—23 inch, 6 lb. 7 oz. largemouth bass, Lake Somerset, Somerset County.
- Philip Karl, Harrisburg—16 inch, 2 lb. bullhead, Yellow Creeches, Cumberland County.
- Charles Shadley III, Meadville—19.3 inch, 2 lb. 15 oz. smallmouth bass, K.O.W. Lake, Crawford County.
- Sylvia J. Zoner, Harmonsburg—27 inch, 7 lb. 9½ oz. walleye, Lake Erie, Erie County.
- Kevin O'Brien, Apalachin, N. Y.—23 inch, 7 lb. 1 oz. largemouth bass, Highland Lake, Bradford County.
- Walter Miller, Meadville—19½ inch, 3 lb. 10 oz. largemouth bass, K.O.W. Lake, Crawford County.
- Alexander Hinko, Scranton—18 inch, 3 lb. largemouth bass,rompton Reservoir, Wayne County.
- Tom Butchkoski, Hershey—11¼ inch, 1 lb. 4 oz., rock bass, Palmyra Quarry, Dauphin County.
- Raymond Combine, Sharpsville—26 inch, 8¼ lb. carp, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.
- Miss Kathy Acri, Grantville—23 inch, 4 lb. 8 oz., Channel Catfish, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.
- Gary Pritts, Franklin—18½ inch, 2½ lb. brown trout, Sandy Creek, Venango County.
- Todd Lins, Carlisle—21 inch, 6 lb. brown trout, Forge Run, Cumberland County.
- David Naftzinger, Port Clinton—20½ inch, 3 lb. brook trout, Rattling Run Creek, Schuylkill County.
- William J. Geyer III, Hellertown—12 inch, 10 oz. yellow perch, Promise Land Lake, Pike County.
- William H. McClain, Mount Braddock—19½ inch, 4¼ lb. largemouth bass, Cranberry Glade Lake, Somerset County.
- Ronald W. Weaverling, Huntingdon—15 inch, 2 lb. bullhead, Raystown Dam, Huntingdon County.
- Curt Kerrick, Wellsboro—21 inch, 3¼ lb. brown trout, Pine Creek, Tioga County.
- Robert Cook, Johnstown—21½ inch, 5½ lb. largemouth bass, Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.
- Dennis Lasoloa, Norristown—21½ inch, 2½ lb. rainbow trout, Chester Creek, Chester County.
- Joad R. Casner, Mifflin—18½ inch, 3 lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Juniata County.
- Thomas W. Sawyer, Waterville—18¼ inch, 2⅜ lb. smallmouth bass, Big Pine Creek, Lycoming County.
- Gary J. Matolyak, Johnstown—18 inch, 3⅞ lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Bedford County.
- Robert D. Lavelle, Jeannette—15½ inch, 2 lb. bullhead catfish, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.
- John J. Gallagher, Scranton—22½ inch, 5½ lb. largemouth bass, Tajaw Pond, Wayne County.
- Robin Harclerode, Camp Hill—18⅜ inch, 3⅜ lb. largemouth bass, Yellow Breeches Creek, Cumberland County.
- Stephen Reed, Honesdale—18 inch, 3¼ lb. smallmouth, Duck Harbor, Wayne County.
- John W. Johnson, Harrisburg—23½ inch, 4½ lb. shad, Delaware River, Wayne County.
- Jeff Cochran, Jeannette—24½ inch, 4 lb. rainbow trout, Mountain Valley Lake, Westmoreland County.
- Scott Taylor, Erie—23⅜ inch, 5⅜ lb. walleye, Lake Erie, Erie County.
- Duane Dubernas, Folsom—12¾ inch, 8 oz. yellow perch, Springton Reservoir, Delaware County.
- Donald G. Mead, Conneautville—15 inch, 1 lb. 9 oz. crappie, Heasters Pond, Crawford County.
- Brian D. Walters, Royersford—21½ inch, 2⅜ lb. brown trout, Lake Wallenpaupack, Wayne County.
- Karen A. Rhine, Carlisle—19 inch, 2¾ lb. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.
- Walter Campbell, Avondale—20 inch, 4½ lb. largemouth bass, Doctorara Lake, Chester County.
- Miss Darlene Reed, New Castle—28 inch, 6¼ lb. walleye, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.
- Michael A. Doyne, Williamsport—22 inch, 4½ lb. rainbow trout, Whippowill Dam, Schuylkill County.
- Donald R. Reid, Glen Campbell—21 inch, 4½ lb. largemouth bass, Local Dam, Indiana County.
- Derek Plyler, Brookville—18¼ inch, 1¾ lb. brown trout, North Fork Creek, Jefferson County.
- Keith Jackson, Parkesburg—16½ inch, 1⅝ lb. bullhead, Parkesburg Dam, Chester County.
- Randall E. Whitton, Tionesta—17 inch, 2⅜ lb. crappie, Tionesta Creek, Forest County.
- Miss Darla Etters, Blanchard—30 inch, 3 lb. eel, Pine Creek, Lycoming County.
- Lee Fetzter, Allentown—20 inch, 2 lb. rainbow trout, Little Lehigh River, Lehigh County.
- Jay Kaltenbaugh, Sandy Lake—14 inch, 2 lb. 1 oz. bullhead, Tamarack Lake, Crawford County.
- Donald Madden, Jr., Scranton—20 inch, 5 lb. bullhead, Lake Winola, Wyoming County.
- Shane B. Shatter, Mifflintown—30 inch, 15½ lb. carp, Juniata River, Juniata County.
- Kevin L. Oakes, Schellsburg—15 inch, 1 lb. 9 oz. brook trout, Shawnee Creek, Bedford County.
- Mark L. Geyer, Irwin—20 inch, 4½ lb. smallmouth bass, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.
- Dale Waybright, Annville—19½ inch, 2 lb. 11 oz. brown trout, Marquette Lake, Lebanon County.
- Dale Waybright, Annville—19 inch, 3⅞ lb. brown trout, Spring Creek, Centre County.
- Roger T. Hamill, Munhall—18½ inch, 2 lb. brown trout, Buffalo Creek, Armstrong County.
- Steve M. Hogya, Pittsburgh—18½ inch, 2 lb. brown trout, Dutch Fork Creek, Washington County.
- Tommy Kaminski, Scranton—14¾ inch, 1⅞ lb. bullhead, Tingley Lake, Susquehanna County.
- Dean A. Rachau, Jr., Centre Hall—20¼ inch, 3 lb. 13 oz. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Juniata County.
- James E. Schmitt, York—18½ inch, 3 lb. smallmouth bass, Pinchot Park Lake, York County.
- Richard Rice, Port Royal—19 inch, 3⅞ lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River Juniata County.
- Jill Ann McCahan, Harrisburg—14½ inch, 2 lb. bullhead, Italian Lake, Dauphin County.
- Greg Dimmig, Broomall—10 inch, weight unknown, pumpkinseed sunfish, Lake Harmony, Carbon County.
- Jay Kaltonbaugh, Sandy Lake—14 inch, 2⅞ lb. bullhead, Tamarack Lake, Crawford County.
- Thomas W. Pfelegor, Watontown—27 inch, 9 lb. channel catfish, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.
- Susan Black, Pittsburgh—28¾ inch, 6¾ lb. walleye, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.
- Gary Ransom, Genesee—22½ inch, 4¾ lb. brown trout, Genesee River, Potter County.
- Victor Lane, Ingomar—29½ inch, 9¼ lb. carp, North Park Lake, Allegheny County.
- Carl Cannon, Scranton—19½ inch, 4½ lb. largemouth bass, Oxbow Lake, Wyoming County.
- Robert N. Phillips, Jr., Chester—21½ inch, 5 lb. ⅝ oz. smallmouth bass, Lake Ladore, Wayne County.
- Debbie Hepler, Telford—38½ inch, 13¾ lb. muskellunge, Green Lane Reservoir, Montgomery County.
- Neal Lonkart, Etters—34½ inch, 9 lb. 15 oz. muskellunge, York Haven, York County.
- Bill Chapla, Old Forge—14 inch, 1¼ lb. yellow perch, Duck Harbor Pond, Wayne County.
- Pete Chapla, Old Forge—12 inch, ¾ lb. yellow perch, Duck Harbor Pond, Wayne County.
- Steven Pavloty, Bethlehem—24⅞ inch, 5½ lb. walleye, Delaware River, Northampton County.
- Danny Morris, New Castle—33 inch, 8 lb. muskellunge, French Creek, Crawford County.
- James Wright, Erie—22½ inch, 5 lb. 9 oz. rainbow trout, Twenty Mile Creek, Erie County.
- Richard Stash, Exeter—18¼ inch, 2½ lb. brown trout, Bowmans Creek, Wyoming County.
- Joseph Murray, Philadelphia—24¼ inch, 3⅜ lb. chain pickerel, Torresdale Children's Pond, Philadelphia County.
- Dale L. Reichert, Abbottstown—15 inch, 1¼ lb. brook trout, Hanover Water Dam, York County.
- Rickey C. Mummert, Westminster, Md.—14 inch, 1 lb. brook trout, Shepard & Myers Impound Dam, York County.



EVERYONE WONDERS ABOUT—

RAIN

EUGEN
SLATIO

THE CHANCES ARE that one of the first things you wanted to know this morning was what the weather would be, particularly if rain was forecast. We like to keep tabs on rain. We want to know if rain is coming and, if so, when and how much to expect. When it arrives, we want to know when it will be over. And when it is over, we want to know how much we have had and how much more we need to have.

We like to know about rain because it affects us in many ways. Too much rain and we have flooding. Too little and we have drought. Rain can cause bones to ache, moods to darken, and outings to be canceled. For the fisherman, rain usually means changing fishing tactics. Fish can sense the coming of rain and tend to go into deeper water.

In Pennsylvania we can expect an average of 42 inches of precipitation a year, mostly as rain. (Incidentally, about 10 inches of snow equals an inch of rain.) Some areas in the eastern part of the state get more than the average, and some areas elsewhere get less. If you live in a large city you can expect up to 10% more rain—mostly as drizzle—than the outlying areas.

The monthly rainfall generally is less than four inches. But sometimes that much rain can fall in a few days. In 1886, Erie had a record downpour—two inches fell in 15 minutes. A heavy rain is not too beneficial, however, because most of the water runs off—the ground can't soak up the water fast enough. An inch of rain spread over a day gives the ground a good soaking. Half as much will mainly benefit small plants.

Although rain can fall any day of the month, scientists studying rainfall records of the U. S. for a 50-year period discovered a remarkable correlation between rainfall and the phases of the moon. They found that the most rain fell between the new moon and the first quarter, and between the full moon and the last quarter. The extra rainfall was about 10% higher than during other times.

Whether large or small, each rainfall sets the stage for future rains, for about 70% of the rain that reaches the earth eventually returns to the atmosphere. This is due to evaporation from bodies of water and to transpiration from plants (a large oak tree can release up to 100 gallons of water per day in the summer). Air currents carry the water vapor aloft, where it condenses around dust and salt particles floating in the atmosphere. The droplets, which are about 1/1,000 of an inch in diameter, group and form clouds. The amount of water in a cubic yard of cloud is less than ¼ of a teaspoon. Until certain meteorological conditions are satisfied, the droplets remain too small to fall. When the rainmaking process begins, the droplets coalesce, becoming larger and heavier. Clouds that may have once been picturesque become ominous rain clouds.

Rain clouds drift across the land at an average height of three-fourths of a mile, but they can be as low as a few hundred feet or as high as three miles. And they can release a tremendous amount of water. During a one-inch rainfall, about 73,000 tons of water fall on a square mile. That is equivalent to 17.4 million gallons—enough water to fill about 1,800 railroad tank cars.

Fortunately, all that water usually is sprinkled down rather gently and over a long period of time. A typical raindrop is very small, about 2/100 of an inch in diameter, and falls at a speed of four to five miles an hour. During an average rainfall, 1,000 to 1,600 raindrops fall on a square yard each second. The largest raindrops, about 3/10 of an inch, generally appear during a thunderstorm and fall at speeds up to 20 miles an hour. We get hail when raindrops are lifted upward by currents to heights where the temperature is below freezing.

Following man's inclination to duplicate nature, weathermen have been trying to make rain by sprinkling clouds with water-attracting particles—"seeds." One of the problems is to learn how many seeds to sprinkle; the amount depends on atmospheric conditions. If too many seeds are sprinkled there will be no rain because the droplets will remain too small to fall. Another hindrance is the fact that the rainmaking processes are not clearly understood. Still, cloud seeding has been more successful than some of the earlier rainmaking methods. Early rainmakers fired cannons, set off explosions, and built large fires.

The rainmakers of early man were various gods. Most of the eastern Indians believed that rain was brought by the Thunderers—man-like beings with wings who moved about the clouds carrying fresh water. But attributing rain to divine provenance didn't prevent early man from practicing weather forecasting. There is evidence that weather forecasting was practiced more than two thousand years ago. The Indians were no exceptions. According to the Nanticoke, rain is coming when crows or blackbirds flock together. The Delaware said that three foggy mornings will bring rain.

The settlers brought weather sayings from Europe and modified them to suit conditions here. Two of their most reliable sayings are "When the grass is dry at morning light, look for rain before the night," and "When snow descends, good weather ends." The direction of the wind was (and is) also used as a weather guide: Expect rain when the wind comes from the northeast, east, or south.

Rain is one of the oldest phenomena on earth. The first rain fell about two billion years ago, after the earth cooled and the water vapor in the atmosphere was able to condense and fall. Since then rain has fallen somewhere on earth every day. And in doing so, it has carved the land, filled the oceans, and nourished life.



FIRST TROUT were unloaded at the Youth Forestry Camp's new raceway late last October. They were shipped from the Commission's Pleasant Mount Hatchery under the Cooperative Nursery Program.

Enthusiasm and hard work have added another project to the growing list of cooperative nurseries rearing trout in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Cooperative Nursery Program.

This time the work is being done by a group of 15 to 18 year-old boys who have pitched in to build a raceway for rearing trout under a cooperative agreement with the Commission.

Located in Carbon County at the Department of Forests and Waters' Hickory Run State Park, the project is the effort of youths at Youth Forestry Camp Number Two at the park.

The boys, most of them from eastern Pennsylvania cities, are at the camp as part of a rehabilitation program for youths who have been in scrapes with the law. Work on the raceway was done by the group after daily classes and work assignments were completed. It all started last winter after one of the Commission's "Fishing Schools" was held at the camp.

As part of the "school" Commission programs were explained to the group and soon afterward an "Angler's Club" formed by the boys began building an 8 by 75 foot raceway in which to rear trout distributed throughout the state under the Cooperative Nursery Program. Working under recommendations made by the Commission's Nursery Coordinator Robert H. Brown and with the advice of Valter Lazusky, assistant regional warden supervisor for the northeast, and "Fritz" Ohlsen, district fish warden, the boys worked during spare hours to construct the raceway.



HICKORY RUN STATE PARK superintendent Woodrow Colbert, activities director Nick Charnichko, camp director Ernie Powell, and district fish warden Fritz Ohlsen talk over the project's location near Hawk Run.

Cooperative Project — YOUTH GROUP TROUT!



FINGERLINGS placed in new raceway last fall should be ready for stocking early this summer. Watching as fingerlings are dumped into screened raceway are: Jack Ligenza, supervisor, Fritz Ohlsen, district fish warden, Mike Kelly, special fish warden, Bob Brown, cooperative nursery coordinator, Ernie Powell, camp director, William Suber, camper Tony Saitta, labor foreman, and Alfred Keirle, board of trustees.

Late last October 2,000 fingerling brook trout were delivered to the area from the Commission's Pleasant Mount Hatchery in Wayne County.

Program director Nick Charnichko reports "a lot of success" with the project and Ernie Powell, overall director of the camp, says the project has "certainly helped teach many of the boys something they might not otherwise have learned."

To help insure success of the project members of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission voted to designate a stretch of nearby Hawk Run—water source for the project—as "nursery waters" during the January meeting of the Commission in Harrisburg.

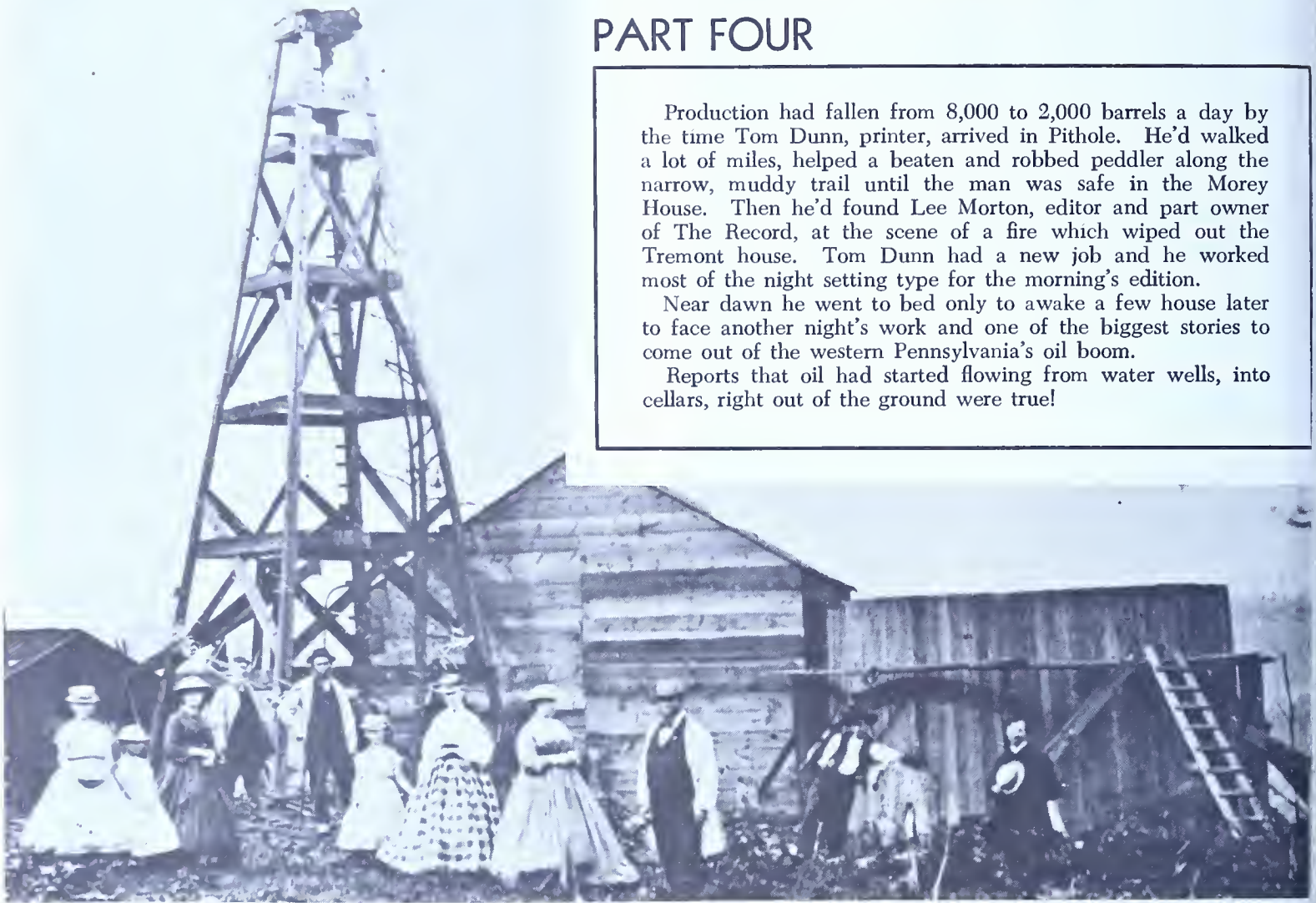
Trout reared by the group will be released in public streams in the area, probably during open season early this summer, although no stocking dates have yet been set.

PART FOUR

Production had fallen from 8,000 to 2,000 barrels a day by the time Tom Dunn, printer, arrived in Pithole. He'd walked a lot of miles, helped a beaten and robbed peddler along the narrow, muddy trail until the man was safe in the Morey House. Then he'd found Lee Morton, editor and part owner of *The Record*, at the scene of a fire which wiped out the Tremont house. Tom Dunn had a new job and he worked most of the night setting type for the morning's edition.

Near dawn he went to bed only to awake a few hours later to face another night's work and one of the biggest stories to come out of the western Pennsylvania's oil boom.

Reports that oil had started flowing from water wells, into cellars, right out of the ground were true!



OIL PRODUCTION at King of the Hills, one of the hundreds of wells in the boom country, near Oil Creek.

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

by STEVE SZALEWICZ

CHAPTER 12

ON ANY DAY at the peak of Pithole's existence the kitchen staff of the Chase House prepared and served 1,000 meals. George K. Chase of New York City was the keeper. When he spent \$80,000 to build his 180-foot long, four-story, trimly-decorated wooden structure—to tower above all others in this Pennsylvania wilderness—where there wasn't a cobblestoned street or a railway station within six miles, and where every nail, door, pane of glass and piece of lumber had to be hauled, he promised to offer 200 transient or permanent guests the finest hotel accommodations between New York and Chicago. His reputation was already established at the Cherry Run Hotel in Rousseville and Washington Hotel in New York.

But Pithole had 60 hotels and every hotel advertised the same promise. The Chase was a clean house fitted up in the best manner to meet the sanction of every man who traveled. Recently-emancipated negroes attacked the mud on the boots of every patron; the barbershop pounced upon travel-smudged beards; and the bar and the billiard room and bowling alley fought the boredom should any develop after business hours among those who were not patrons of the devices on First Street.

As Tom entered the dining room the Chase was serving its third meal of the day. Two hundred had been served breakfast. Almost that same number came for dinner and now as the first suppers were being served the dining room was already crowded. A cotillion with a midnight feast would follow at nine in the evening—a major social event.

A wave of a hand under a palmstand from the corner of the dining room caught his eye. He made his way through the

hungry chatter and clatter of dishes and cutlery.

"Sit down, and order up Tom," said Morton, adding "anything. The Record pays with advertising space."

At the table Kelly and Richards had almost finished their meal.

"It's those new wells—the water wells, the springs—they started to flow oil after the Tremont burned last night. Three extra stage coaches have come from Miller Farm and four Pomeroy 'specials' have arrived from Titusville with people hanging on in the snow. I have had inquiries by telegraph from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia newspapers have already heard about our new strike. They want The Record to furnish more details."

Morton kept talking while Tom scanned the menu. He had set it in type the night before but had been so weary that he remembered very little. The Chase this day offered on hundred and twenty-five items of food between teasing entree of soup to tasty munches of nuts. The kitchen had prepared Susquehanna salmon and butter-baked rock bass from the Allegheny River; fried brook trout from Tionesta and crumbed crusted cod and halibut from Boston; there was boned turkey chicken, calves head, corned beef, saddle of venison, capote of ducks, stewed rabbits and quail, sirloin leg beef, goose, loin of veal, buffalo in game sauce, venison in jelly, prairie chicken, wood duck, partridges, pheasants from Forest County, mallard

luck from Crawford County swamps; oysters in any serving from Baltimore; pies appeared in four varieties and cakes in nine. There was also an assortment of ice creams, tea and coffee and chocolate. There was French champagne and Hungarian wines, Scotch ales and Cincinnati lagers. The food and drink of the world came at the wave of a hand — 800 deer killed each month in Warren, Clarion, Forest, Venango counties to bolster the meat supply. And above those who had already eaten swirled strong clouds of domestic and imported cigars.

Editor Morton puffed on his and kept on talking of events of Pithole this day as Tom ate. "I finally got to bed at eight o'clock this morning. After you men left the office I had to work off 200 extra copies. The mob just wouldn't let me out of the building. Why they offered me 50 cents a copy. At that price I should have worked all day. The Record never had a more exciting, better-selling edition.

"At noon I could sleep no more. I hurried up to John Street to have another look. I don't know who is working on the railroad grade on the creek or at the lumber mill at Prather City or at the wells at Balltown today. Everybody seems to be in the next block watching the oil flow out of the springs. The flow is genuine. These are odd people. Here we have had — not too long ago — wells come in almost every day flowing from 1,000 to 1,200 barrels a day but we get all excited about water wells that can produce a barrel of oil in five minutes of pumping. I looked at Louis Hill's well in the cellar again today. He's the man who was to dismantle part of his house so that he could get the oil barrels in and out of his cellar. Well, his water well responds every time he works the pump handle. And I noticed that oil is seeping through the courses of cut stone in the foundation.

"I must warn the people with wells in their cellars to be careful. Two men who didn't believe the oil came from a natural flow but that it had been 'poured in' the wells by 'smellers' went to examine one cellar well last night. The dang fools held a lantern over the edge of the well. The fumes exploded. The explorers got tossed back and burned quite badly, I heard.

"Mrs. Ricketts' well has made her very popular. Her pump wobbles as if it were going to fall apart. It's not a very efficient apparatus. Several Pithole mechanics have offered to fix it. Say it will bring three times more oil if it's working. But Mrs. Ricketts is not in a hurry to realize her profits. She told me she's had seven offers for the property and four hints for her hand. Her property (I mean the pump and well) had brought a tempting consideration of \$7,000. I don't think she will sell. If I'm not mistaken a few months ago she sold her farm near Plumer for \$10,000 reserving an interest in the oil. She's not poor, even though she takes in washing.

"By the way, I have written an editorial and several accounts and reports. They are on my desk. You men had better get to work on tomorrow's edition. I have some advertisers who want to see me. And I want to see what else had happened on John Street," finished Editor Morton.

And Tom had just finished his meal.

CHAPTER 13

THE NEXT DAY was Saturday. And since the Pithole Record did not publish a Sunday paper, Tom had a free day. In his Saturday issue Colonel Morton described the seeping oil wells and springs and oil-filling mud holes in the three-block triangle formed by the convergence of Duncan and Holmlen Streets, above Fourth Avenue, as "The Greatest Curiosity of the Oil Regions."

At one o'clock in the morning, three hours before the Record's pages would be ready for the press, seventy-five people waited outside for the first copies. They stomped their feet to keep them warm. The thumping on a planked walk provided a disturbing undertone for the printers working quietly on the second floor. As press deadline approached the crowd increased.

And although he had a "hill covered with oil" to write about, an event without parallel in the oil regions, and hundreds of new-found, news-thirsty readers, eager to pay liberally for every paragraph of truth or speculation about the "oil dippers," Colonel Morton felt that to report even such a momentous event in print the next day would be to violate the Sabbath. Tom slept little on Saturday. He was up before mid-morning and with 2,000 other residents of Pithole and its eastern and western suburbs of Balltown and Prather City plus some arrivals from Oil City and Titusville inspected the seeping petroleum. The

greatest attraction as well as the best producer was the L. L. Hill cistern. The proof of its gratuity was arrayed in 70 barrels before Hill's house on John Street.

Hill's hand pump had sucked up that volume during the night. The crowd walked around the barrels sniffing, sampling and dipping fingers into the blue-green fluid. Everyone agreed it was "clear oil," without sand or grit. All property owners on John Street had a barrel or two, or five, or a couple wash-tubs brimming with oil either at the front of the house or in the backyard. All except John Monihan. He was Hill's neighbor.

For a living John Monihan hauled pump engines from Oil City to Pithole. The profit for such an adventurous 12-mile feat was a handsome \$150. But the road was one ribbon of mud. The constant slopping of oil onto the wagon trail added to its pasty depths. When the oil began to show in springs, wells and cellars Monihan took the news as a last crushing blow. Free-flowing oil for everybody could very quickly cut out the demand for pump engines. Monihan's livelihood was threatened again.

He had already made one costly adjustment. The pipelines had driven him out of the barrel-hauling business. And now this oozing could strike at the pump engines. Who would need them? The Monihans, like their neighbors, pumped their water well almost without letup. They watched, waited... and nursed it. But without results. Oil flowed in the Davis house next door. In fact everyone on the street found oil except the Monihans. And when John Street no longer had drinking water, the Monihan well still gave water, but it was salty. It was the same brackish fluid that followed the flow of oil in the "pumped" wells at the creek.

Monihan bemoaned his luck. If his house pump would not give oil, then why couldn't it yield its pure drinking water. He could sell water for almost the same price he would have received for oil. Without water he and several hundred others were forced to pay ten cents a pail to "merchants" who drove to the Morey House well for the supply. On Saturday morning, with neighbor Hill's accumulation obstructing traffic and travel and presenting a threat of fire, Monihan agreed to freight Hill's barrels to the Van Syckel Pipe Line receiving tanks on the flats, 500 yards away.

John Street was a narrow dead-end. Monihan backed his wagon to the barrels, the crowd falling back. Mrs. Monihan at that moment burst out their door shouting "John, John, our water's turned to ile."

The husky Irishman handed the reins to a bystander and vaulted out of the wagon seat and ran into the house. Some of the crowd on the street followed. As many as could entered. A few minutes later he reappeared, highly-pleased, and holler-ed:

"Hey Louie... Lou Hill! You'll have to haul your own ile, now. I'm going to be busy pumping. Bejabbers I might be worth a few thousand dollars meself. I've got ile pouring into me kitchen."

The crowd, in groups and singles, trailed through the diggings to the discoveries. Property owners and prospectors worked in grave-like ditches and pits everywhere. Some pierced the clay head-deep, hoping to strike into Mother Nature's barrel. Others dug small depressions, watching each trickle leak from the earth and scooped the oil out with tin cups, coffee pots and even chamber pots. Many wooden washtubs became useless as family laundry appliances. They stood filled with oil—soaking it up. There were no "dry diggings." Everyone had oil in paying quantities. Everyone who cared to dig got a reward.

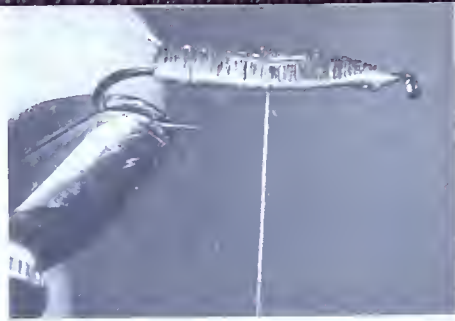
The Utica Hotel as an investment scooped two pits in its cellar. They were three feet deep and four-and-a-half feet wide. In one night they trapped five barrels. The hotel sold its liquid for \$18 and expected to use this new source of revenue to pay off a mortgage. Oil had seeped into the cellar of the burned-out-Tremont House. Charred splinters and other debris began to float on the green pool.

Some of the visitors and tourists were so impressed that they talked property owners into selling off patches no larger than horse blankets. The oil fever cleaned out hardware stores of shovels, buckets, pails, tin dippers. For those who did not jump into the digging and prospecting the day took on the aspect of a carnival. When the tourists tired of the wells they inspected the saloons. A glass of rum and a segar cost 80 cents. But sometimes five girls helped sell the combination. A gentleman who claimed he represented a newspaper from Rochester asked for signatures and addresses of "about 20 people" who had witnessed the Hill well.

continued on page 22



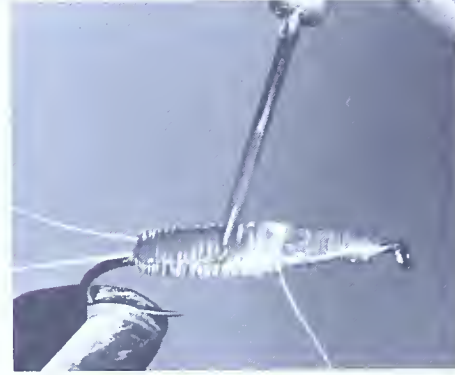
1.—Cut a body form of thin sheet copper or aluminum, about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch wide and cement to top of a size #10, 4x long hook. When cement has set, spiral typing thread in close, tight turns over body form, working front to rear.



2.—Nymph's abdomen is made from two large stripped ginger hackle ribs. Soak well and tie in tips at position shown. Spiral thread to center of body and half-hitch.



3.—Holding hackle ribs together, carefully wind forward without overlapping. Tie off where thread is anchored and cut off excess butts. Put a drop of cement on tie-off.



4.—Coat back of abdomen with dark brown lacquer.



5.—Dub a short length of tying thread with amber-tan Australian opossum fur. Wind dubbing forward three or four turns or about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch.



6.—Place wing case over body with notched end extending about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch beyond rear of dubbing. Tie in quill with four close turns of thread, beginning just forward of dubbing and moving toward eye. Fold quill over itself and wrap thread back over folded end to dubbing.



7.—Legs shown are knotted lengths of mottled four pound braided nylon line, dyed brown. Turkey quill fibers may be substituted but legs should be tied in individually under body with rearmost pair in position shown.



8.—Again dub a short length of thread and wind forward about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. Pull wing case over dubbing and repeat fold back as in figure six. Tie in middle pair of legs.

TIE STONE FLY

NYMPHS



10.—Acroneuria stone fly nymph pattern shown here is good average size for mature natural nymph. Same pattern may be used on larger or smaller hook if desired.

Pennsylvania's fast-flowing trout streams have a good variety of stone flies, ranging in size from the tiny genus *Capnia* to the huge *Pteronarcys*, known in the West as Salmon Flies. Two genera of importance to Eastern fly fishers are *Acroneuria* and *Perla*, whose nymphs are about an inch in length and rather alike in appearance. Both emerge early in the morning when the nymphs make their way to shallow water and crawl up on air-exposed rocks to hatch. At this time the mature nymphs are readily available to trout and they are big enough to attract the larger fish. The knowing fisherman watches for the tell-tale signs: nymph cases on the sides of boulders—and it's the early bird who gets a chance at a possible big brownie finishing off his nocturnal feast.

Live stone fly nymphs, particularly the larger ones, are popular as bait and it's unfortunate that sometimes several fishermen will work together as a team, literally ripping up the stream bed to collect them. Besides, a good stone fly nymph imitation is easy to make—heckuva lot easier than straining one's back lifting boulders to collect live nymphs.

The *Acroneuria* pattern shown here is a good producer and one I wouldn't be without, particularly on our larger streams. It works best in boulder-strewn broken water where it should be drifted through the deep runs and allowed to swing over the shallow edges.

The photographs show the step-by-step tying routine.

by
CHAUNCEY
K.
LIVELY



9.—Dub another length of thread and wind dubbing to head position. Tie in forward pair of legs. Pull wing case over last section of dubbing, tie off at head and trim off excess. Build up a head with thread, whip finish and apply head cement. Put a spot of cement on each knotted leg joint and trim legs to desired size.

PICTURES

CONTINUED NEXT TWO PAGES

*Have Fun
Each Spring
By Joining
The Crowd
That Helps
Stock Trout
In Pennsylvania's
Streams And
Then Has Fun
Catching Them!*

BIG / SPRING SPORT

Late in February or early in March each year the Pennsylvania Fish Commission begins an extensive state-wide trout stocking program. Thousands and thousands of trout—rainbow, brown, and brook—are released in streams and lakes throughout the Commonwealth.

Sportsmen meet "fish trucks" and help stock the lively trout in rain and snow, along backwoods and muddy roads, in high and often slush filled streams and it all leads up to one important moment—the opening of spring trout season.

This year the big day is Saturday, April 13! The hour is 6:00 a.m.! And as the time draws nearer more and more people become caught up in the enthusiasm.



IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER what equipment you use, or at least it didn't to the young lady above who improvised with a branch and some abandoned monofilament along the Wissahickon last year. Although she didn't have any fish to show for her efforts, she did seem to be having plenty of fun. To the left a pair of young sportsmen help with another "big moment" of the spring—stocking.



THOUSANDS OF TROUT are stocked throughout Pennsylvania's streams and lakes each spring to provide plenty of sport for the thousands of fishermen who turn out to catch them.



BOATS, BOATS, AND to not overload or stan



POPULAR AND EAL to take home a prize

CONTINUED—

SPRING SPORT



STOCKING before the April opening of trout season attracts the attention of Anglers throughout the state. Many turn out to watch and many turn out to help.



By an hour before dawn many "spots" are already taken. Anglers stand in small groups nervously smoking one cigarette after another and speculating on the ones they're "going to catch." In other spots along secluded and backwoods streams a solitary angler or perhaps a couple of fishing buddies make their way through the woods or across abandoned fields to their favorite spots.

Sometime a couple of hours later some will be returning, smiling happily with an easily caught limit. Others may fish all day and go home empty handed. And others may fish all day, catch several limits and release them all.

But when the sun goes down another season will be well on it's way after weeks of work, weeks of speculation and weeks of planning. Pennsylvania's fishermen have another whole season of fun ahead of them!



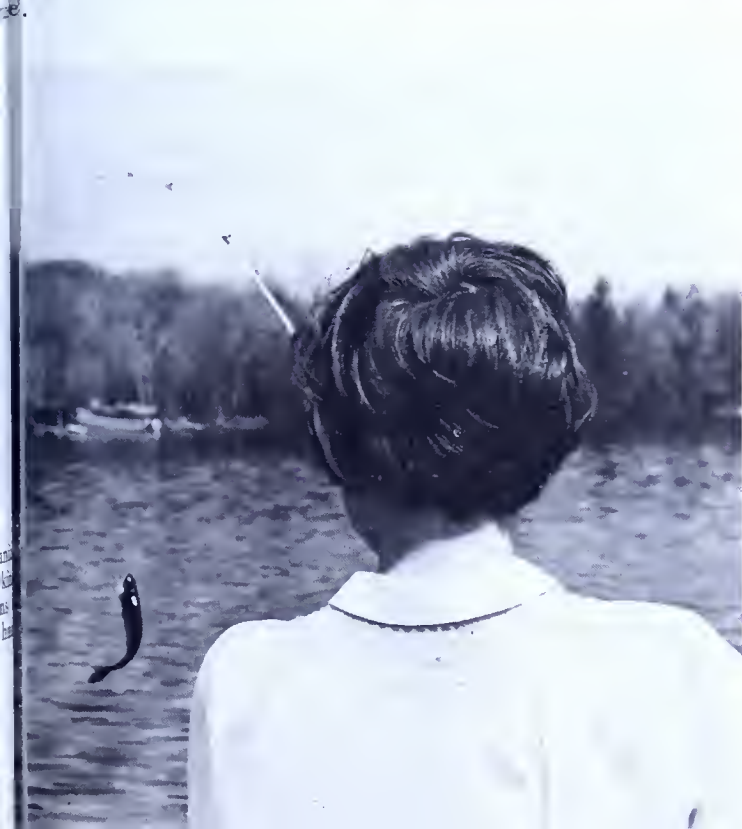
JUST ABOUT EVERYONE enjoys watching Pennsylvania streams get stocked and onlookers can be found at every stocking. During March and until a few days before the season opens in April the Commission's popular "fish trucks" can be spotted hauling trout throughout the state.



Appear when the season opens each spring. Anglers should use judgment
ings occur for these reasons.



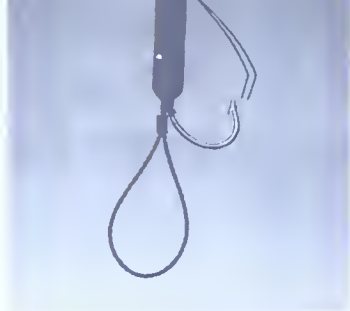
spots like this will find anglers surrounding hole after hole in attempts



FISHERMEN CAN FIND plenty of places to mark the start of the annual trout season which begins Saturday, April 13 this year. From tiny mountain brooks to lazy farmland streams fishermen will appear before dawn for the 5:00 a.m. opening.



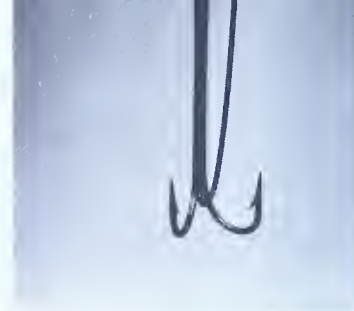
THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM for the fisherman who knows where to go and there's lots of fish for those who know how to catch them. The angler above and the young lady to the left knew both!



FROG HARNESS



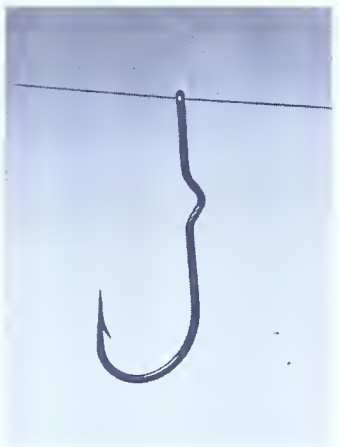
NEEDLE EYE



SAFETY PIN



WEEDLESS TREBLE



HUMP SHANK



DOUBLE

LOOK at the HOOK

by Don Shiner

ONE COULD, UNTIL A FEW YEARS ago, ask for fish hooks at a hardware counter and have an assortment, contained in a small wooden barrel or vial, handed to him and that was that. No more. Ask for hooks today and unless you specify number of burs, snell, color, size and bend of hook(s) that you want, you're liable to receive a blank stare from the clerk. Fish hooks are no longer just plain hooks, no more than, say, fish are just any kind of fish.

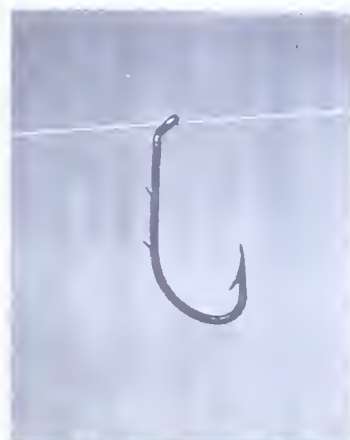
The old wire has been re-shaped, lengthened, forged and bent into a lot of fresh stylings. For example, in addition to the traditional single, double and treble-bur models, some have safety-pin catches, wire guards and extra barbs forged in the shanks. Some have turned down, or turned up, or straight ringed eye, or no eye at all but fastened to nylon snells. Some have longer or shorter shanks than "usual" and are of bright gold, black, bronze or nickle coated wire. Further, there are varieties of shapes with such names as

Carlisle, Cincinnati Bass, Limerick, Sneck, Sproat, and Aberdeen to name only a few.

It is not so much that the basic concept of the hook has changed as that newer varieties are made for specific purposes. Many are "specialty" hooks. Some are intended for bait fishing with minnows. Others are useful only with such baits as frogs. Still others have been improved on that ever popular worm. And there are other specialty hooks intended mainly for flies of one sort or another or for spoons and plugs. Clearly, when one looks today at hooks, it is often necessary to do a double take. The setup can be bewildering to anyone save an expert.

The hook remains all important in fishing, more so than the small cost reveals. We buy more expensive items—rods, reels, creels, waders, boats and motors—but these, in a very real sense, are only accessories to the hook. The bent wire remains the business end of the tackle. We've

BAIT HOLDER



LONG, SHORT SHANK



SNELLED



and put to catch trout or bass or panfish without it. And the newer renovations have brought the hook a long way in the thousand or so years since they were carved from bone or bird talon. It might therefore be well to look at hooks and discover how the bent wire has been adapted to modern fishing.

Frog Harness Hook: This specialty hook, shown in row one in the accompanying pictures, consists of a lead cylinder bolted to shank, braided nylon loop and wire guard. It is intended primarily for frog-baits, with the hook inserted through the mouth or lips of this amphibian, and cord-loop placed around its mid-section in rear of the fore-legs. With bait rigged in this manner, it is possible to cast it with pinning or casting tackle with less likelihood of it tearing off. Lead cylinder provides the weight for casting long distances, and for sinking the bait to whatever depth is desired in deep water. Wire guard is helpful in preventing hook catching weeds and snags.

Another similar specialty "frog hook" lacks the lead cylinder, but has a smaller hook brazed to the shank of the larger one. A harness of wire replaces the nylon loop. This model is more suitable for hopping bait across the top of lily pads and weeds—places where big bass hide. Both models are intended for frog baits, and are about useless for others.

Needle-eye Hook: This model is a double hook with long shank terminating in an eye, like that of a needle, and snap coupling. It is intended for bait-minnows. Hook is used by uncoupling shank from the snap fastener, and pushing the shank through body of bait, usually from anus to mouth, with tail of minnow resting between the double hooks. Though not suited to still fishing, it is an excellent specialty hook for casting this bait into riffles and eddies where trout, bass and pickerel are found. Hook is sold singly in sizes from 3/0 to 10 or 12 to suit various size baits.

Safety-pin Hook: A long shank double hook with a safety-pin brazed to the shank, it is a specialty hook intended for minnow, crayfish or large grasshopper baits. In use, the pin which is brazed to the shank, is inserted through bait and replaced in the safety-pin catch. The rig is especially suited for casting or trolling baits for gamefish. Hook is sold singly and in sizes ranging from big 3/0 to small size 12 for panfish.

Weedless Treble Hook: Because the treble bur increases chances of hooking fish which may only lightly grab hold of the lure, this model has long been popular on spoons and plugs. However, the open burs are notorious for getting fouled in weeds and snags of all kinds. A model with wire-guards therefore has come to the forefront. Many fishermen replace the open hooks on spoons and plugs with this wire-guard model. Weedless trebles are available in a wide range of sizes, with size 1 through 4 being the more popular sizes for most plugs and spoons.

Hump-shank Hook: This model has a hump, resembling that found in the back of a camel, forged in the shank. It can really stump the experts in deciding what it is intended for, unless they are fly tiers or are familiar with fly-tying know-how. It is intended for bugs—small cork or plastic body popping bugs so popular for fly rod-fishing for bass. The hump prevents the body from twisting on the shank of the hook. When sealed deep within the body, the hump is, of course, not visible. The hook is therefore for

fly-tyers, but I know of one fisherman who claims that this hump-shank hook works out well when using worm baits. The hump forged in the shank keeps the worm from sliding down into a ball and interfering with the point and barb. This may be so, but the hook is primarily intended for cork bodied flies and lures. The hook with barbs in the shank is probably a better style for worm fishing.

Double Hook: This is one of many uses. Used on plugs and spoons, it increases chances, over that of a single hook, of catching hold of a fish which grabs the lure. It also reduces chances, over that of the treble, of getting foul-hooked in driftwood or weeds.

It is likewise useful with bait-minnows. Many anglers prefer to use a darning-type needle to sew leaders through minnows, and then loop leaders over double hooks. Rigged in this fashion, bait is more flexible than when used on needle-eye or safety-pin hooks mentioned above.

Popular sizes range from 3/0 for big northerns, to sizes 1 through 6 for bass; 8 through 12 for trout.

Bait Holder: Extra barbs forged into the shank make this hook ideally suited for worm fishing. Barbs prevents worm, salmon egg or shrimp (or other baits) from slipping down shank and interfering with the barb. It is available in a wide range of sizes and wire coatings, with those of gold finish becoming increasingly popular for use with salmon egg and cheese ball.

Bait holder-hooks are sold with and without snells, for both fresh and salt water fishing.

Long and Short Shank Hooks: Hooks with longer shanks are preferred by fly tiers for streamers and bucktail flies. They are also useful when bait fishing, for the longer shank permits you to get hold of the hook when it is deeply imbedded in the throat of, say, a catfish or bass.

Shorter shank hooks are useful in fly tying for such feathered lures as the spider dry fly, and some wet or nymph models.

Length of shank is usually designated by an "X." That is, a hook might be listed as No. 10, 2X or 3X long shank. This means the No. 10 hook has a shank equal in length to that of a hook two or three sizes larger, or a No. 6 or 4.

Diameter of wire of hooks also varies. Those of fine wire are preferred for dry flies; heavy wire models are more useful for wet flies and nymphs. Coatings on wire also vary, with bronze or gold being more popular. Both models are available in sizes ranging from 13/0 down to an incredibly small No. 22.

Snelled Hook: Because a leader is useful in making the connection between bait and line less visible, snelled hooks were most popular with bait fishermen. I used the past tense here because the snelled hook is gradually losing ground. Like the old fashioned snelled fly, the snelled hook may one day disappear from the market. This is due to the modern monofilament line. This line also serves as the "leader." Many tie eyed-hooks directly to this monofilament line and dispense with the need of the "snell."

Most popular sizes of hooks with or without snells are: *Trout*: sizes 10 through 4, 1X to 4X long; *Panfish* (bluegills and perch): sizes 8 through 12; *Bass*: sizes 1/0 to 4 or 6; *Pike*: 6/0 to 10 or 1; *Walleyes*: sizes 4/0 to 1/0 or 1; *Muskellunge*: sizes 6/0 to 2/0; *Lake Trout*: sizes 5/0 to 1/0; *Catfish* (bullhead): 1/0 to 2 or 4; *Suckers*: sizes 2 through 8.



A BOY'S FIRST

FISH

TALL WHITE CLOUDS stood motionless in the blue sky. Not a leaf stirred on the shoreline. The whole scene was done over again, upside-down, on the surface of Wal-lapaupak. A boy and his dad were trolling, and nothing broke the stillness except the steady murmur of the motor . . . and the boy.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"How many fish do you think almost bit my line?"

"I don't know, son, but I'll bet a lot almost did."

"Do you think ten maybe?"

"Yes, I think ten maybe."

"Do you think a *hundred* maybe?"

"No, I think ten maybe."

"Wow, *ten* of 'em!"

A hitch-hiking dragonfly zig-zagged in to perch nervously on an oarlock, and a squirrel, startled at the water's edge, scampered away through the woods. The reflections in the water alternately jiggled out of focus in the boat's wake and then came together again farther back.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"When will I catch a fish?"

"Pretty soon probably." To himself the man wished that the boy would catch one right now, or half an hour ago, or yesterday; a whopping big fish that the boy would always . . .

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Is my hook stuck to the bottom?"

The man turned in time to see a good fish thrash the surface in a shower of spray.

"I got a fish, Dad!"

"Keep the rod tip up."

"I got 'im, Dad!"

"Reel easy, boy."

"I really got 'im, Dad!"

"Keep the tip up."

"Look at 'im, look at 'im. I really got one!"

Netted, the boy's prize lay wet and glistening at his feet. The man carefully removed the hooks and held the fish up for the boy to admire. It was a beautiful fish, an absolutely beautiful fish.

"What kind is he, Dad?"

"He's a crappie bass, son."

"I think he's neat."

"You bet, son, he's the neatest crappie I ever saw."

"Aw, I bet you've caught lots bigger."

"Never, son."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"Gee . . ."

Then the man measured the fish, and the tape read 13 and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Then he weighed the fish, and the scale said 1 pound 8 ounces.

"Yessir, son," the man said, "that's a beautiful crappie."

"What'll we call him, Dad?"

"Why, I told you; we call him a crappie."

"I know, but what'll we *name* him?"

"*Name* him?" Suddenly the years slipped away, and the man remembered being seven years old; he remembered when everything had a name and when everything was something. He remembered that hobby horses ate cookies and that Santa Claus drank milk; he remembered that his first fish had a name.

"Son, I think you should name him."

"I did."

"Already? What's his name?"

"Spot!"

"That's what it'll be then. 'Spot' it is."

Back at the dock the boy lifted a lively, thrashing "Spot" out of the water, and a bystander queried.

"Say, little man, that's a nice fish. Who caught him?"

"I did," the little man answered.

"How big is he?" asked the bystander.

"I don't know, but his name's 'Spot,'" said the little man.

After a long period of inspection, questions, and admiration, the boy asked, of his own accord, that the crappie be returned to the lake. They did this, the boy and the dad together, and "Spot" eased away into the deeper, clear water until they thought they could still see him but really couldn't.

That evening there was a small campfire before bedtime. The boy had been quieter than usual.

"Dad?" he finally said.

"What is it, Robby?"

"Do you think 'Spot' will remember me?"

"I'm sure he will, son."

"I'll remember him."

"I'm sure you will, son."

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

"I want to send an account of this event to my editor. But I'm afraid when I do my paper will not believe me. The editor will say I have been drinking Pithole's whisky. When the people of New York State hear of this they'll come running."

CHAPTER 14

THE THREE-INCH SNOW cover which had fallen on Venango County on Friday disappeared in the next day's warm sun and gentle breezes. Sunday in the oil towns was always visiting day when the seasons permitted. The morning carried such a promise.

Even the citizens of Franklin, 20 miles from Pithole and out of the way from most of the oil traffic, had heard about the new oil springs on the hill. The first passenger train from Franklin to Oil City arrived with coaches crammed with curious. Four railroad cars were added at the Oil City depot but even then many passengers wanting Oil Creek Railroad accommodations to Miller Farm were left behind. The disappointed were encouraged to wait since six more trains would leave Oil City and stop at Miller Farm on this Sunday. Two trains would be made up for passengers; two for a mixture of freight and passengers, another would be an oil train with flat cars stacked with barrels and the last would bring cattle. Oil country prospectors did not object to a jolting seat on an oil barrel or a ride with a herd of swaying cows.

Some adventurous Irish like the Gearys, the Collinses and the Gallaghers from the Oil Creek flats and Cooper Run Hollow in North Oil City worshipped at an early mass. And since this second Sunday of February, 1866, was also the Sunday before Lent, a visit to the Buffalo and Erie Saloon on Prather Street in Pithole could fortify a "body" against 40 days of fast and abstinence. The Irish proprietor was not above selling a thirsty man a glass of stout whisky on the Sabbath, if the man knew his way to the back door. And what kind of Irishman would not walk ten miles for Pithole's selection. Its whisky was metropolitan. A Titusville supplier ordered eight freight cars of spirits a week for his Pithole patrons.

Erin's sons started walking to Pithole by the ridge road, the Warren Pike which climbed to the plateau running northeast out of Oil City. They would arrive in mid-afternoon. The tough laborers, Germans, Swedes and some Italians building Pithole's competitive railroads were in the city Saturday night soon after the hard-driving bosses had passed out the weekly wages. But Luigi Olivia and Guiseppe Grappone, late of Sicily and stone cutters who were hired to chisel a rail path along Pithole Creek's rocky cliffs, ignored Pithole's gaudy attractions. The two attended mass at St. Patrick's, picked up a couple bottles of red wine from a bootlegger and made plans to spend the day nipping, sleeping and playing happy Italian tunes on loud concertinas.

However, on this Sunday Pithole would have one visitor whose coming was entirely an accident. Azro "Calamity" Claag was a well-meaning, if to be pitied, self-appointed evangelist from the timbered ridges of Jug Handle Run in Forest County. Claag was known as the "Hollering Preacher" of the lumber camps. Up to now his violent attacks on sin and dissipation had been limited to the borough of Tionesta and the watershed of Tionesta Creek. Calamity was a Kentuckian. He arrived at Tionesta Creek with Forest County raftsmen who had sailed their cargo down the Allegheny River to Louisville. Claag had heard many tales about the giant trees in the North-western Pennsylvania hills. He came to see for himself in June, 1846, then a tall man of thirty-five years with strong physical features. Azro wanted work. However, the most violent misfortunes seemed to follow him. Claag had hardly entered Tionesta valley on his way to a sawmill when a calamity occurred.

The narrow flats along the creek were piled with huge logs, making a bank eleven feet high for a half mile along both sides. The rafting season had been a disappointment. The spring was dry. The rains failed to follow a winter that had more frost than snow. The runoff was brief and fast. Very few rafts caught the river at the right level for an unobstructed float to Pittsburgh and other lumber ports along the Ohio River. But the lumber operators continued cutting, hoping that June thundershowers would send the river up and that their timber could be rafted and sold. As Azro examined these prone forest giants — some measured 130 feet long — a bank of logs broke and tumbled over a logger just fifty feet away.

The man could not escape. His legs were caught in the huge rollers and crushed to his hips. Two heavy pine logs pinned him. The man screamed terribly. Before Azro and the loggers making up rafts on the creek could free him, the trapped man's legs were a useless, bloody pulp. The Kentuckian was shaken up emotionally. The man with the mangled legs died a few days later from shock. But before he did he cursed Azro and accused him of disturbing the log bank. As the tree harvest in Forest County increased the woods accidents multiplied Azro was to see many. Two of them touched him physically and made him "peculiar," as the natives along the creek described him.

One winter day above Newtown Mills Azro hitched his oxen to drag a felled tree down the side of a steep hill to the sawmill. To keep the long white pine from sliding he stuck a very sharp double-edged blade into the butt end, held the reins in one hand and the axe handle in the other. When the haul started the oxen took off on the snow-covered hillside too quickly. They slipped to their knees and the log slid away with great momentum.

Azro held on but finally fell to his knees and slid trying to recover both the log and the animals. The axe blade hit stump and came flying back at him so quickly that he did not know what hit him. When he recovered consciousness the snow around him was bloody. He reached to his face and felt a warm stream from a great gash on the side of his chin. His face, he was to learn later, was cut from the corner of his mouth almost to his right ear. The jaw bone was sliced two.

Azro was strong physically and although he was frightened as the blood gushed at his every movement, he picked up his axe and walked to the sawmill a mile away. The face healed without surgery. On recommendation of the valley folks he drank sassafras tea to put the blood that remained in his body "in good working order."

The flying blade left a broad slash on his face. His jaw hung in a twist. He could not close his mouth. To hide his disfigurement Azro grew a beard and a skirt-type mustache.

When the beard came it was golden red. Azro could speak stiffly and only out of the corner of his mouth. He continued to work at the sawmill for a time until he regained his strength. Near the saws he was forced to shout. This shouting out of the corner of his mouth became a habit. Some believed that Azro's hearing suffered in the flying axe accident and he shouted to hear himself.

But after the second accident he turned to preaching.

One day he and Amos Crowther were cutting a tree in a Lamentation ridge. The pine leaned too quickly and began to crack and split. Claag and Crowther jumped aside. The tree split lengthwise and jumped off the stump. Its sliver struck the retreating Amos in the stomach. Amos was picked up by the crashing pine spear and impaled against another pine. The butt ground his entrails into the other tree where they hung in steaming coils. Amos' head and neck were torn off and tossed into the snow, the head sticking in the drift pile like a man buried in the snow. The bloody lower trunk leaned at the base of the pine in kneeling position. The heart and liver fell to one side. The heart muscles kept working, wiggling for some time.

Azro did not escape. A branch of the splintered tree pinned him against another and broke his right thighbone and kneecap. Trapped and in pain and with the twitching remains of Amos Crowther near him, Azro was almost out of his mind when the mill hands found him. This misfortune made him a cripple. He walked only by dragging a stiff leg. Disabled, disabled and dazed Azro took shelter in a lonely cabin on Jug Handle Run. He killed the plentiful wild pigeons and deer for his meat, ate berries and nuts and did small chores for the farmers on the hilltops and found a retreat in the Bible. He began to feel that the misfortunes that befell him were his call to preach.



Wherever Azro found a gathering he preached. The people listened at first. Preachers were few in the woods. But at times the "hollering preacher" did not make sense. He talked too long and too much of death, doom, punishment and calamities. Many a wheat cradling contest on German Hill or a dance at a farm barn broke up as Azro hobbled into view. One farmer warned his wife that in the first hours of her widowhood she was not to employ that "hollering preacher for my funeral." He considered Azro's assistance in the world beyond as having doubtful value.

Calamity made weekly visits to Tionesta, at opportune times arguing with the cloth. He was not quite sure what the cloth meant. It was on one of these visits that he stepped aboard a raft at the mouth of the Tionesta. The raft was made of logs and ready to sail although the Allegheny River was not quite to a running stage. Six more inches would be better. McCreary's Island at President and the Pithole gravel bars then would be passable. The melting snow and just a sprinkle of rain could do it. Calamity saw four men in the raft house. He would send the men down the river with a few holy words.

It was Saturday. As soon as Calamity stepped on the raft the men scattered for the shore. They had been sent off by the hollering preacher before. But at that instant the lower rope holding the raft parted. The creek current began to push the raft into the river. The raft was on its way. And the men could not desert. After four hours of poling and preaching Azro Claag was booted off. The raft became snagged on the gravel bars at Oleopolis. He waded to shore, blessing his non-Christian brothers.

Calamity was by now thoroughly wet but yet undaunted. Tionesta in some hours after the raftsmen returned with money in their pockets and lumbermen came out of the hills. On a Saturday night, was a lively town. But it could not compare with Oleopolis, a riotous roe of Pithole.

The hollering preacher soon installed himself on Main Street. He chose to attack the trade entering Hillig's saloon. The German whisky merchant and his Irish wife were religious on occasion. But this was business. The preacher was undermining their trade and his shouting of damnation was out of

BARGES provided transportation for people as well as oil. Travelers through the oil country used whatever means of transportation was available.

tune with the music. Hillig bribed the conductor of the Pithole Railroad. "For a kwart of whizzky pud dat holy drippl on da train. Pudhole needs him . . ."

CHAPTER 15

PITHOLE WAS NOT an irreligious city, even though on the first Sunday of that period when oil seeped out of her hillside the oil mushroom had only three churches to give spiritual attention to 15,000 people.

When the city was laid out, "according to Central Park specifications," Duncan and Prather, a Venango County banking partnership which owned a great part of the Pithole real estate, set aside certain lots on Duncan Street for the houses of worship for any and all denominations. The land would go free to any church.

And while Pithole quickly threw together 60 hotels, a saloon every third door and every variety of business, trade, shop and profession could be found along its streets on lots that demanded a yearly rental of from one hundred to one thousand dollars, free church land went begging. The Methodists were on the scene as early as 1819 when Pithole was just a farm. And so it followed that the Methodists would be the first to build a church.

The Roman Catholics on the 20th day of January, 1866, in an elaborate ceremony dedicated St. Patrick's, also on Duncan Street. Presbyterian worshippers were just gathering a congregation. They held services on the second floor over a drygoods store, also on Duncan Street.

On Sunday, February 11, 1866, the Presbyterians had heard a lecturer. Their preacher with several of his faithful trying to increase the inbound dollars and put up a building had joined the fortune hunters digging into the seeping hillside. That was on Thursday. On Friday night his wife had reported to the elders that the "reverend was sick." A substitute was engaged for the morning service. He was a lecturer who drew attention and applauding audiences throughout western Pennsylvania.

continued on next page

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

The subject was to be "The Model Wife."

He disarmed the fair ladies by saying that "The Model Wife" possessed a "magic influence in the moulding of the character and destiny of man. She imparted a charm to the family circle." But a few sentences later he might have been speaking to the "disgraceful but fascinating girls" of the saloons. He criticized "woman's foibles."

The women present, and they outnumbered the men three to one, lowered their heads and dared only side glances from under their wide hats as the lecturer criticized, "the modern woman for her love of finery, her passion for dress and ostentatious display. She is withdrawing from her homely duties of the household."

He attributed to "these growing widespread evils among women the celibacy of young men and their aversion and compulsory reluctance to enter the conjugal state" and he further ascribed to the "mad frivolity and extravagance of the female sex the frauds and bankruptcies of business men plunged in desperate dissipation or more desperate crime by vain attempt to support, style and minister to the ambition and the vanities of their wives."

The lecturer found friends among the men. Their support came when the collection plate was passed, after a final reprimand of "The Model Wife" turned into a sad word picture of "the benedict starving his social nature and crushing out the natural and instinctive sympathies and yearnings of true manhood, unrefreshed, uncheered by the tears and smiles of woman, whom nature designed a helpmate, a consoler and an ornament to his life's pilgrimage, his temper growing harsher and his habits coarser and his existence more lonely and selfish, his youth without bloom, his manhood without dignity and his age without consolation."

A sleepy bartender from the "First Come" saloon wondered irreverently how well a parody on "The Model Wife" might fit in on music, arts, appreciation and dancing night which would be Wednesday night....

"Wednesday of this week is the first day of Lent," said the Father at the ten o'clock mass in St. Patrick's church, "and Lent continues for forty days."

"All who have completed their 21st year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to fast. They are to take only one meal a day, excepting Sundays. Your meal on fast days is not to be taken until noon. You may have a collation in the evening. I can give you no general rule as to the quantity of food you can have at that time. The food permitted at a collation is bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruits, salads, vegetables and fish. Milk and eggs are prohibited. Even though you cannot have a meal until noon, general usage has made it lawful for you to drink in the morning. You may have some liquid, a tea or coffee or a thin chocolate. All those under 21 years of age are exempted. Nursing women are exempted. Men who do hard work, like those of you who are working on the railroads, or hauling barrels, building wells or building roads, those who could not fast severely without great prejudice to their health should see me in the confessional for a dispensation."

"Now some of you might be asking why we fast forty days. These days have a reference to the time Jesus, the Saviour, spent in the wilderness...the forty days of the deluge...the forty years wanderings of the Jews...the forty days granted the Ninevites for repentance...and the time spent in fasting by Moses and Elias. I ask you, dearly Beloved in Christ, not to let the time of Lent pass without forty works of mercy, forty prayers, forty denials, forty kind words..."

Forty days ago, after Rev. Steadman of the Methodist Church received a special Christmas gift from his well-to-do congregation, he ordered red plush for his church pews. The order followed a hint which accompanied the gift. The plush was now affixed to the seats.

As the congregation sang "Old 100th" so lustily that it certainly would have been heard at Balltown on the next ridge on a warm summer day when the church windows were open, Rev. Steadman meditated on his sermon.

He noticed that Mrs. David Hunter (Mary Gates) was in her pew. She had with her a very small boy. Now that the roads were better he would see her at every Sunday service. Mrs. Hunter's costly boots were scummed with the oily paste of Pithole's streets, and her fine dress was besplattered. She had walked eight miles, some of them tortuous, gasping steps up the steep hills from Hunter, a settlement of a half dozen houses in the fertile bottom lands along the Allegheny River.

And she had carried the small boy all the way. My, what a fine example of Methodism she is! What a Christian mother! Lord give her strength for her journeys...I must pray for her, he thought....

What shall I say to my people this morning? Will they accept my words and thoughts on the red plush? Is it right that this house of God hewn in the wilderness and set above the mud and grease should be so ornately furnished?

Will these plush seats bring only those who can afford nodding plumes, rustling silks and flashing jewelry? My very soul would be paralyzed should the farmers of Cornplanter, Allegheny and President Townships, those who had not sold their wheat fields to oil speculators and those who of consequence or circumstance could hustle only a meager living from their unfertile lands, now hesitate to enter because their begrimed boots and thrifty patches might be out of style with this luxury. My farmers are the backbone of this congregation.

It is my duty now to tell these people that the plush is not to keep the people from this house. I must urge them to go out to tell that the church is open to every man and woman in whatsoever garb they might chance to wear when passing. I can't let this edifice become parcelled and divided for certain classes. Christianity should not be built upon walls of separation.

I will tell them that the door of the Methodist Church or the hill swings open just as easily for the poor of Pithole, for the dirty of Pithole, for the sick and lost....

And Azro Calamity Claag was among the sick and lost as he wandered to the upper end of Duncan Street on Sunday, February 11, 1866. The oil dippers and miners pressed on in their search for the precious liquid. Azro watched them working shoveling, cursing, dipping, sweating on the "Lord's Day." He wanted to speak out against this. But he was lost for words for the first time since he began to preach. The Hollering Preacher was suddenly crowd-shy. He had not seen so large a gathering since he had passed Pittsburgh on his way to Tionesta in 1846.

Again, as on the day before, 2,000 people wandered around the flowing oil springs and seeping ditches. This was the Sabbath. In Newtown Mills on Tionesta Creek Azro would have spoken out. He did not hesitate to chastise the woods-dwellers for climbing trees so they could enjoy the grand scenery from the hills. He considered tree-climbing on the Sabbath, even though the view greeting these climbers inspired the purest inspirations and admirations for God's handiwork, as "Sabbath breaking." And he preached against it. I was as bad as clubbing chestnuts on Sunday, or digging sassafras roots, or spearing suckers in the riffles, or plucking blackberries.

Azro now watched as Jerome Walker struggled with a field stone. He had just begun to scoop out his oil mine in a six-by-eight-foot patch he bought from a Duncan Street lot-owner. Walker pried at the stone. Then with an iron bar he nibbled off bits of hard clay from around the obstruction. Finally with new leverage and help from bystanders the stone gave up its seal. As Walker straddled it to heave it out, oil trickled into his ditch. He had made his strike. He climbed out and satisfied that he would now be a successful and rich oil miner, said:

"Well, I'll be a Miller Farm jackass. There it is...oil. A few months ago I helped dig the cellar for the Tremont House. I dug the cellar at the Syracuse, I dug many cellars and toilet wells, and then I drove a team of horses and helped scoop and scrape this same hillside when they were building the streets. Not a bleeding drop of oil did she give then. Nothing but soil clay or pieces of flinty shale. Now look at it...oil.... Where is it coming from?"

Other people wondered and asked the same question.

Azro could restrain himself no longer. Words came out of his twisted mouth. He hollered: "Job said the rock poured me out rivers of oil."

"You are breaking the Sabbath. The oil coming from the cavities is a sign. The day of the Last Judgment is here. Soon the whole hill and valley below will be filled with oil. You will not be able to stop the flow. Then as the Bible says, the fire will start. The world will be destroyed by fire...This is the beginning..."



Notes FROM THE STREAMS



ICE FISHING—BY BOAT

■ A local restaurant owner tells this “fish story” which should perhaps be taken with a small grain of salt. You might say it has a little “Ed Zern” twist to it. The story follows:

Two fishermen showed up at the restaurant about 10 a.m. on a recent wintry morning. They had purchased a cup of java and then asked the owner if they could possibly borrow an ice pick.

It seems they had started for some ice fishing and had forgotten to bring a spud bar to chop the ice. The conversation revealed that they were from the “big city” and that this was their first try at ice fishing. The beanery owner, willing but with tongue in cheek, gave them the pick and wished them luck.

About 6 p.m. they returned to the restaurant—with a very dull ice pick! They ordered a big meal and, as they were putting it down, they told the owner they had not caught any fish.

The owner knew that lots of fish were being taken by other anglers so he questioned them to find out why they hadn’t been successful.

Well it seems they never even got a line wet as it had taken them until dark to chop a hole big enough with the ice pick to get their boat in the water!

Maybe we should assign ice breakers to our lakes.

This story was passed on to me by a very reliable source—Sgt. Gunnster of the Dunmore Barracks of the Pennsylvania State Police.—**District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER** (Lackawanna and Southeast Susquehanna Counties).

FRUSTRATED FISHERMAN

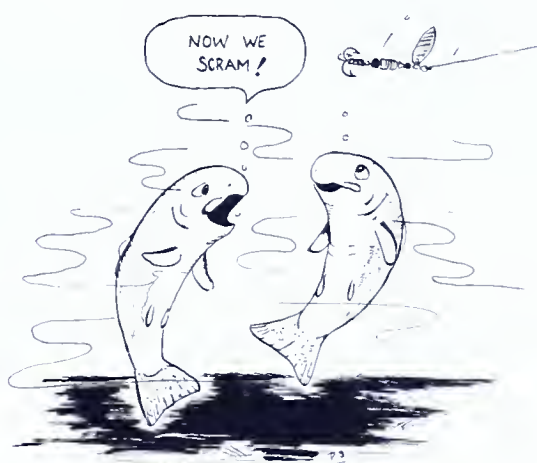
■ The opening day of the past winter fishing season I witnessed a sight I’m sure I’ll never forget. Conditions were far from ideal. There wasn’t enough ice for ice

Illustrations—

Paul Sowers is the Pennsylvania Fish Commission’s district law enforcement officer in Western Pennsylvania’s Allegheny County. And, like a lot of other Commission personnel, Mr. Sowers is adept at many things.

Beginning with this issue of your Angler you’ll see his work each month in this “Notes From the Streams” section—not necessarily as a writer but rather as an illustrator.

He’ll be making these pages more interesting by illustrating some of the more unusual of the stories told by his fellow law enforcement officers!



fishing and there was too much for good open water fishing.

But that didn’t stop one man. He was trying his luck at Whipple Dam by casting a spinner onto the two inch covering of crystal clear ice, then retrieving it until it hit the patch of open water bordering the ice. On every single cast several trout would come up under the ice and try to smack the spinner. But as soon as the spinner would hit the open water the fish would scam.

I watched this whole operation for as long as I could and then slowly departed. I can still hear him mumbling and swearing to himself.—**District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE** (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).

AWAY THEY GO!

■ One afternoon I was talking to a young fellow at Raccoon Lake about fishing throughout the state. He asked if I was familiar with Glendale Lake and I told him I was.

“Well,” he said, “my buddy and I used to catch real nice

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*



northerns up there a few years ago but the last time we got nothing except 22 and 23 inchers." He went on to say he "bet the Game Commission has been taking all the legal ones out and stocking them elsewhere."

This really made me chuckle. I assured the man that neither the "Game" or "Fish" Commission were taking the keepers out and that when the population was definitely established the minimum size would probably be lowered. It took some explaining but I think he understands now.

—**District Warden DONALD PARRISH** (Beaver County).

FAMILY FISHING—

■ January brought on many complaints from ice fishermen. It seems many feel no fishing should be allowed in lakes until ice forms and is safe enough to allow the fishermen on. They are complaining that open water fishing is killing the winter sport. It is surprising how many have taken up this sport—especially family groups. They bring the whole family and groceries for the day. The children skate or ride sleds while the adults fish. It takes a hardy group to stand on the ice all day in sub-zero weather but it looks as if there are more every year.—**District Warden KENNETH ALEY** (Potter County).

NON COMPLAINERS!

■ For the past 16 years I have seen the population of ice fishermen increase to the point where one can observe as many fishing on a cold winter day as are observed on many a summer day. These fishermen are in a class of their own. No weather is too foul. They never complain—just wait for the big ones to come along and many have been rewarded for their patience with a large walleye or muskie. These fishermen are to be commended for their stamina, will, and patience. Here in Bradford County, as in many of the other counties, the Commission has kept up with this ice fishing trend by introducing new species to keep the winter fisherman busy.—**District Warden WILLARD G. PERSUN** (Bradford County).

REPEATER—

■ Mr. Allen Heiberger of Johnsonburg was fishing Ridgway Reservoir during winter trout season when he caught a nice 15 inch rainbow. He put it on his stringer but when he was ready to leave he discovered it had gotten off. A

week later he was fishing the same area and caught another 15 inch rainbow. On close examination he discovered that it was the same rainbow that he had lost the previous week. The lower jaw of the trout had a large slit on it, where the stringer had cut it.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

TEAMWORK!

■ While patrolling Sweet Arrow Lake accompanied by Special Fish Warden James M. Hill we stopped to talk to two children fishing. One had a fish on and then all of a sudden the other had a fish on. Both landed their fish—it turned out to be one nice rainbow. Both boys had caught the same fish!—**District Warden JAMES F. HAZEN** (Schuylkill County).

COLD FEET?

■ During winter season I checked Mr. Eugene Glantz of Ridgway, fishing for trout in the Ridgway Reservoir. He told me that he had quit hunting a few years ago because he couldn't keep his feet warm while on stand. The funny thing about it was that this day was very cold and ice was freezing in the guides of his fishing rod. He was catching a trout or two and he didn't seem to be cold at all!—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

WHAT NEXT?

■ During the winter Special Fish Warden Homer Shaffer and I were checking fishermen at Koon and Gordon Lakes. One of the fishermen, Mr. John Oster of Centerville, caught a nice rainbow trout and took the insides out to check the contents of the stomach. Found were cheese, salmon eggs worms, some gravel containing water worms and three soup beans. I remember when fishermen started to use cheese and salmon eggs—but this is my first experience with soup beans for trout!—**District Warden WILLIAM E. MCILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

HUNGRY DECOY!

■ During January, I had the opportunity to discuss ice fishing with a number of the local fishermen. It was during one of these interviews that I found a fisherman from Carlisle who told me he was sure he had found a way to out-smart trout. I asked him his secret and he told me he was sure he could get other trout to bite if he could just catch one for a decoy. He went on to explain it was his opinion that if he could catch one trout and tie it to a line and let it down beside his tip ups this trout would attract other fish to his bait. At this point he had not caught the first trout for a decoy so I left him and returned about an hour later to find him talking to himself. He had caught a trout, tied it to a piece of braided line and let it down the hole. Then he had a strike on one of his tip ups. Taking care not to rush the situation and allowing the fish to swallow his bait so that the hook would be firmly implanted he then proceeded to pull his catch from the water—only to find that his decoy had taken the other minnow!—**District Warden PERRY D. HEATH** (Cumberland and Perry Counties).

EEPS TRYING

While ice fishing at Black Moshannon Dam, one Centre county fisherman had quite an experience. After getting his tip-ups set he had a strike that turned out to be a small perch. He decided to use this catch for bait and placed it at the end of his 20 lb. test line returning it to the water. While later—ZING—something took perch, hook, 20 lb. test line and all. You can guess where he was the rest of the season!—**District Warden PAUL F. SWANSON** (Centre county).

LIKE FATHER!

Mr. Stan Forbes of Ridgway, caught a citation smallmouth bass on January 26, 1967, on the Allegheny River near Oil City. Not to be outdone, his son Jeffrey, age 11, caught a citation brook trout during the winter ice fishing season on January 27, 1968.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

LONG DISTANCE PLEASE

I receive many unusual telephone calls, but the one that tops them all was one that came from an official of a major company who stated they were having problems withizzard shad on the Ohio River being drawn against their water intake screen, thereby blocking the water flow. He wanted to know what was bringing the shad to the intake so he explained it might cause them to shut the plant down. I asked, if they had a warm water outfall nearby. He stated, "Yes, right above the intake."

I explained that it was very possible the warm water from the outfall was drawing them from the extreme cold water of the river to the extreme warm temperature at the outfall, slightly stunning them and causing them to school around the intake where they were pulled into the screen. He said, "Thank you, I believe you are right." Then I asked where his plant was located.

"On the Ohio River in Southern Indiana," was his reply. Where? I repeated. "The State of Indiana," was his reply. I explained that I was located in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and that he should have contacted the Indiana Conservation Department. He said, he knew where I was located and he would contact someone across the river in Louisville. Thanking me again he hung up. My map shows Louisville in Kentucky and I'M still confused!!! —**District Warden PAUL R. SOWERS** (Allegheny County).

DANGEROUS SPORT

Jim Potisek of Emporium told me he had a notion to quit ice fishing because he thought it was very dangerous. He showed me a sore looking finger that had been bitten by a trout when being removed from the hook. A couple of days later a trout jerked in his hands while he was removing it from the hook and the hook lodged in his hand. I guess it did not wet his enthusiasm for the winter sport so he is at Stevenson Dam every opportunity he gets. —**District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).



HUNGRY MOVIE

■ Recently I showed a film titled "Outdoor Fish Cookery" at the U. S. Forest Service Campers Program held at Twin Lakes. The film covered all types of fresh and salt water cookery and near the end of the film someone in the audience remarked "I can hardly wait till this film is over to get something to eat." Everybody seemed to have the same idea, as we were certain we heard more than one stomach growling.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

EXPANSION AT LAMAR

continued from page 5

electrical motor at the bottom of the container sprays pellets onto the water's surface when turned on. Amount of feed used is controlled by the time the blowers are left on. Usually this amounts to a few seconds at each interval of feeding.

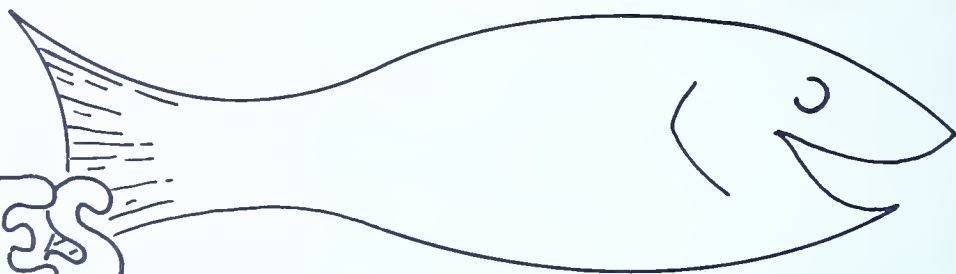
Another unusual feature of the complex is a settling basin for water leaving the area. The basin is designed to help remove waste material from the water before it returns to the main stream channel. Constructed so water entering it flows in a counterclockwise circle, solids and semi solids are drawn toward the whirlpool center where they fall into a basin that can be emptied as often as needed simply by pumping it out. Removal of the wastes prevents the stream from becoming too fertile, a condition which can cause excessive plant growth and ultimately create an oxygen loss.

The modern, new labor saving unit requires only three full time men to operate. The rapid feeding system, method of cleaning, and overall design of the unit save hundreds of manhours throughout the year.

Also included in facilities at the new unit is a modern laboratory for a hatchery biologist who works throughout the entire Lamar National Hatchery complex.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



ANGLER Jim Farley of Shamokin holds 18½ inch brown trout from Laurel Run in Union County. The beauty hit a minnow.



THREE YOUNG fishermen who know how to catch fish—Scott, Rob, and Lon Seaman of Selingsgrove aged 10, 6, and 8 respectively. Fish include 13 largemouth bass 11 to 15 inches, and 3 chain pickerel 17 to 19 inches.



CITATION WALLEYE was caught by Robert McHugh just downstream from the Kinzua Dam on the Allegheny. It measured 30¼ inches and weighed 10½ pounds. He caught it November 18 when rain canceled a hunting trip.



CITATION CHANNEL CAT caught by Ralph Oberdorf of Danville measured 33 inches. Pictured before in Fish Tales, it was mistakenly listed at 30 inches. He caught it on the North Branch of the Susquehanna River near Danville.



DENNIS WEBSTER of North Fenton N.Y., holds 22¼ inch, 3¼ pound brown trout which he caught at Quaker Lake in Susquehanna County on opening day a year ago. He caught it on an orange and black flatfish while trolling.

BIG ONES—

Pennsylvania Angler readers like to see what their fellow fishermen are catching. So when you catch a "big one" and have a picture taken of yourself and your catch send it to Fish Tales.

Always be sure to include your name, mailing address; species, size, and weight of fish; location where you caught it; what it hit; when you were fishing and any other interesting or unusual information.

Mail them to Fish Tales, Pennsylvania Angler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120



ANOTHER WOMAN proves that catching big fish isn't just a male art! She's Mrs. Donna Morris of New Castle and she's holding a 29 inch, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound walleye which she caught from French Creek near Chochranton.



ONTROSE FISHERMAN Archie Ellsworth holds limit he caught opening day last season while fishing Quaker Lake Susquehanna County. The two big ones measured 19 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Both were rainbows.



VINCE McDERMOTT of Wilkes Barre holds 20 inch brown trout he caught while fishing Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County. He caught the beauty while fishing during the winter season late in December.



JEFF FIRESTONE of Cumberland County holds big brown trout he caught while fishing the Yellow breeches late last summer. The nine-year-old fisherman spends a lot of time fishing the popular streams which runs past his home.



ALPH MYERS of Huntingdon holds 3 pound muskellunge he caught at The point along the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River. Although it was his first musky" he reports having three on the same week. It measured 37 inches.



DAVID REDENSKY of Scranton holds 26 inch northern he caught at Handsome Lake near Fleetville. The young fisherman caught the 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounder last year. Although he didn't apply, it was big enough to win a Junior Fishing Citation.



SMALLMOUTH BASS caught by Louis Kilofer of Ridgway won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. It measured 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches and came from the Ridgway Water Supply Reservoir. His son holds the fine trophy. (photo courtesy of Ridgway Record)

CASTING WITH THE COOPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER

JACK SMITH AND FRANK KULP, our hosts on a recent trip to the Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association in Franklin County, were waxing enthusiastic over their trout in the Mac Sironen Nursery, part of the club's property.

There was good reason for the enthusiasm. Stretched before us were 728 feet of controlled raceways divided into 13 sections. And there was no question of what was in the raceway—thousands of trout from legal-size up to two and three year-olds in the twenty-inch range.

About 15,000 of the club's fish go into public waters in agreement with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Co-operative Nursery Program. The club also purchases from commercial hatcheries to use for their own purposes. Fishing rodeos, fun fishing, kiddie derbies and the like consume these club fish. Fishing is done in the club's five acre lake.



MERCERSBURG CLUB OFFICERS Frank Kulp and Jack Smith, dip netful of trout from one of club's raceways.

The nursery is a fine setup that makes use of a large horseshoe bend in Dickey Run. Originally the idea was to tap water from the run for the club's lake, located in the center of the horseshoe. After some careful thought and considerable debate to prove the feasibility of the plan, a raceway was constructed so the freshly tapped stream could do double duty. Trout raceways were formed and from their overflow the water entered the Earl L. Peck Memorial Lake and then returned to the stream. Water temperature and other factors checked favorably and the project was approved and put into effect.

Currently the 13 ponds are a combination of concrete and amesite with the exception of the center section com-

posed of railroad ties and other materials. These ponds were left in their original form as part of the memorial to Mac Sironen, one of the original prime movers in the nursery project. The nursery now bears his name as a token of dedication.

Credit for the unique lighting system goes to the club treasurer, Tom Forbes. The entire raceway is time lighted as are other parts of the club property, but the lights over the trout raceway serve several functions. Keeping out fish violators is one of the least. The lights are on adjustable poles that extend over the water. They may be lowered or raised as needed for water levels, cleaning ponds, or the replacing of bulbs. In their normal position they set about two feet above the water and in the insect seasons literally attract pounds of natural food for the waiting trout below. The trout will take instinctively to the insects and the diet supplements the regular feeding by the nursery workers. The end product is bigger and better trout at perhaps a smaller cost per pound. Tom says that he gets kidded a bit about his "pie pan" lights, but that's all right with him because they work, were inexpensive to make and were easy to install. The "pie pan" part of it isn't any joke either; aluminum pie pans were used for the reflectors and the arms and other portions were made from odds and ends of materials.

Incidentally, Jack is president this year and in answer to a question about membership, he indicated that there were nearly 700 members on the roll with about 25 on the fishing committee. In addition to this active group, the club gets an assist from Bryce Carnell, district warden, who suggested we visit the Mercersburg club.

Continuing about the club's fish committee, Jack says "We have an interesting way to get the workers out during stocking time or on pond cleaning days. We feed them big breakfast and then get to work. The food and the early morning chit-chat brings them out and we get the jobs done. Just an added thought," suggested Jack, "you might pass this along to the clubs that have trouble mustering the troops from time to time."

Frank Kulp, corresponding secretary, joined the conversation in the warmth of the clubhouse. "Our fish get pretty fair distribution. They go in the Mercersburg Reservoir, Johnston's Run, Church Hill Creek, Blue Spruce Run, Dickey Run and Little Cove Creek." And Frank continued with a wealth of information that would make several articles in their own right on the history of the club's fishing programs, past and present.

There seemed little doubt as we stepped out into the snow again for a final look at the club's trout, that *Casting with the Co-ops* would be worthwhile for the fishermen in that part of Franklin County for some time to come.



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From C. J., Butler:

"What should I do to get my outboard motor ready for the boating season?"

Answer:

—At the very minimum, the engine should be lubricated as the manual directs, and new plugs installed. For the minimal cost involved, it would be much better to let your dealer give it a complete tuneup.

From LJM, Pittsburgh:

"Where can I get maps or charts of the flood control dams such as Kinzua and Crooked Creek?"

Answer:

—The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, 1000 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh 15222, publishes excellent folders on nine flood control dams in the Tri-State area, including maps, and giving a great deal of useful information on the facility. The folders are free, and you should write to the Technical Liaison Branch.

From SDT, Somerset:

"I have been thinking about building a miniature (15-20 ft) sternwheel packetboat, and would like to power it with a steam engine. Are there any manufacturers who can furnish a small boiler and expansion-type engine?"

Answer:

—Reliable Industries, New Baltimore, Mich., makes finished engines, boilers, and kits. Their catalog, listing a variety of small steam equipment, is \$.50.

From FJR, Waynesburg:

"When I have the right of way, isn't it proper for me to hold my course and speed?"

Answer:

—Only if you're willing to bet your life the other fellow is also aware that you have the right of way. If in doubt, it is always safest to slow or stop.

From JTC, Point Marion:

"To settle an argument, tell me which is best; a tachometer or a speedometer?"

Answer:

—Take the tach every time. You can always tell how fast your boat is running by timing it, but the tachometer is the only method for determining how well your engine is running. It is virtually impossible, for instance, to set carburetor jets or timing without knowing when you reach the optimum engine RPM.

From WCH, Clearfield:

"My 16-foot inboard runabout, about 16 years old, has a Chrysler Crown engine which turns up about 3900 RPM, but the boat will only do about 20 MPH with two aboard. Do you think the propeller is the problem?"

Answer:

—Definitely. Someone has replaced the original wheel with one of either too small diameter, or too little pitch, or both. Your engine should only turn about 3400-3600, and it may blow up if overspeeded. A heavier wheel will give better boat speed, at proper engine RPM, as your present prop is obviously cavitating and wasting most of the engine's power.

From BJF, Clairton:

"The repairman who overhauled my outboard tells me my rings and bearings wore out in only two seasons because I didn't mix my oil thoroughly with the gas. Is this possible?"

Answer:

—Yes, this is a common cause of excessive engine wear. If you hand mix your fuel, pour all the oil into your tank, then about a gallon of gas, and shake vigorously for several minutes, then add the rest of the gas. If this is not done, most of the oil will remain at the bottom, where the fuel suction line will take it out first, and the engine will be burning almost straight gasoline from then on. Outboards (2-cycle) get all their lubrication from the oil mixed with the fuel, and when there isn't enough, moving parts wear quickly and may even seize while running.

From RJN, New Castle:

"Last summer I saw a boat with a jet-drive outboard motor that would run in a few inches of water. Where can one of these be purchased?"

Answer:

—We don't know of a dealer in the area who handles them, but the 4-hp Cary Jet is manufactured by Cary Enterprises, 114 Railroad St., Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746.

From WJB, Sewickley:

"What is a simple rule for determining how many persons a boat can safely carry?"

Answer:

—The Outboard Boating Club of America suggests multiplying the length, in feet, by the width, or beam, also in feet, and dividing by 15. For instance, a boat 15 feet long by 4 feet in the beam could carry 4 persons.


CATCH A TROPHY
FISH AND RECEIVE
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For an outstanding angling achievement in
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Species _____

Length _____

Weight _____

Type tackle _____

Bait or lure _____

Where caught _____

in _____ County

Date caught _____

Executive Director _____

SENIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	25 in.	Channel Catfish	30 in.	Muskellunge	45 in.
Bluegill	11 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	36 in.
Brook Trout	17 in.	and white)	15 in.	Rainbow Trout	27 in.
Brown Trout	28 in.	Eel	40 in.	Rock Bass	11 in.
Bullhead	15 in.	Fallfish	18 in.	Smallmouth Bass	20 in.
Carp	36 in.	Lake Trout	30 in.	Walleye	30 in.
Chain Pickerel	25 in.	Largemouth Bass	23 in.	Yellow Perch	14 in.

JUNIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	20 in.	Channel Catfish	20 in.	Muskellunge	30 in.
Bluegill	10 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	25 in.
Brook Trout	14 in.	and white)	14 in.	Rainbow Trout	18 in.
Brown Trout	18 in.	Eel	30 in.	Rock Bass	10 in.
Bullhead, Catfish	14 in.	Fallfish	14 in.	Sheepshead	20 in.
Carp	25 in.	Lake Trout	24 in.	Smallmouth Bass	18 in.
Chain Pickerel	23 in.	Largemouth Bass	18 in.	Walleye	22 in.
				Yellow Perch	12 in.

Actual applications for a Citation may be secured by contacting an district fish warden, regional office of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, or by writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg (Zone Code 17120). Application blanks are also carried from time to time in the Angler.

PROBABLY...

... you read a lot of magazines. Some are about things you like to do, others are about things you want to know about. And some may be strictly for entertainment. Ever see anything in them about Pennsylvania's fishing or boating?

Probably not because right now you're holding the magazine that can keep you informed and entertained about these growing sports in the Keystone State. Join the growing group that knows what's going on.

You're already a subscriber? Do a friend a favor—sign him (or her) up.

Just mail this coupon to us or contact your district fish warden. It's easy to join the group that knows what's going on.

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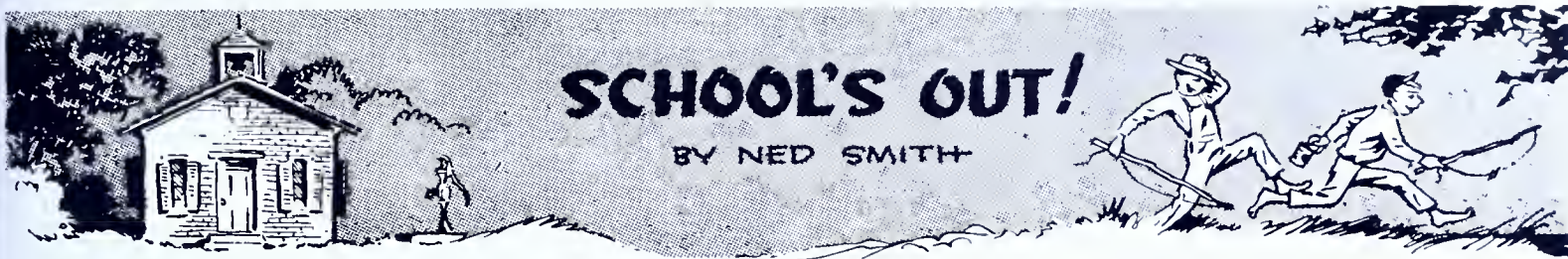
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The Pennsylvania Fish Commission

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120



GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are just as important along a trout stream as at home, and the fisherman who ignores them will find himself unpopular with everyone he meets. There's nothing mysterious about streamside manners—it's simply a matter of being considerate.

One of the most frequent offenders is the fellow who wades right down the middle of the stream, stirring up mud and debris, scaring the fish, and walking right over the other anglers' lines. The real sportsman never wades when he can fish satisfactorily from the bank. When he does wade he keeps away from other fishermen.

The push-and-shover is another obnoxious character. He always seems to want to fish where you are fishing, and will frequently crowd you so badly you can scarcely find room to cast. If he had any manners, of course, he would wait until you were finished before moving into your spot.

That brings up another inconsiderate fellow—the guy who parks at one particular spot all day. He probably knows there are a few trout in that hole and doesn't want anyone else to have a chance at them. The considerate angler will move on after fishing a reasonable length of time.

If you find a good spot or discover that the fish are hitting a certain fly or lure, why not share your information with your fellow fishermen? I've often had perfect strangers point out nice trout that they couldn't seem to catch, suggesting that I try my luck with "their" fish for a while. That sort of friendliness makes even poor fishing a pleasure.

Part of being a sportsman is showing respect for the fish itself. When you land a trout you don't want, unhook him carefully and release him, working him back and forth in the water to revive him if he doesn't recover immedi-

ately. The fish that is released unharmed will provide a thrill for another fisherman some day, and it might be you.

Littering is not only illegal, but it is poor manners as well. No true sportsman likes to see sandwich bags, candy wrappers, bottles, and tin cans strewn along a pretty stream, and he wouldn't think of contributing to the mess. Take your trash with you. It's easy to dispose of it in a roadside trash can.

THE SURGEON'S KNOT



Joining two pieces of monofilament with the usual blood or barrel knot can be an awkward job, especially in cold weather when your fingers are all thumbs. The surgeon's knot will save the day. It's not quite as neat as the blood knot, but is practically as strong and is much easier to tie. Here's how it's done:

Overlap the ends to be joined, one pointing to the left, one to the right. Tie a simple overhand knot in the double strands, but pass them through the loop twice, rather than once. Be sure *both* strands are brought through. Pull the knot tight, cut off the ends, and you are in business.

TOOTH SAVER



Always carry an angler's clipper or nail clipper for cutting off the ends of monofilament or leader. Biting them off can chip or crack the enamel of your teeth, a mishap which can result in the loss of the tooth in a few years.



FISHING and BOATING **PENNSYLVANIA**

Angler

MAY, 1968

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R. JENKINS

"COMING OUT" CAUTION—

WE ALL KNOW that "spring" became official at the time of the vernal equinox. We also are well aware that the official entrance of spring did not guarantee spring-like weather. Over much of Pennsylvania real cause for genuine cases of spring fever haven't had much of an opportunity to occur until just recently. In our northern counties remnants of snow and ice have remained tucked away in protected hemlock glades and icy crusts on lakes and ponds have not been unusual. Stream and lake water temperatures have remained cold enough to truly shock the unfortunate angler who has fallen in or to quickly chill the hardiest early season water skier.

Regardless of these early spring deficiencies in the weather there are a great many reasons for sportsmen to be attracted to an early season vacation period.

By May, trout fishing is at a prime level. Streams usually are down a bit, they are starting to clear and to warm so a wide variety of baits are attractive to the trout. Shad fishing gets into full swing in May throughout most of the Delaware River. Muskellunge, northern pike, chain pickerel and walleyes all become legal for capture in early May. Prospects of a catch of any of these fish is enough to cause most fishermen to turn their backs on regular weekend projects (putting in the screens, removing storm windows, etc.) and head out on a fishing trip. Boats that have been carefully stored away for the winter just have to be launched for a pre-season trial run. White water canoe fans are enjoying the last of the spring high flows and turning to plans of more leisurely float trips.

When all is carefully considered, May really is a "coming out" month for water sports enthusiasts. For this reason it becomes a time for an extra word of caution regarding safety practices for all waterways users.

All of the often repeated warnings for safety along the waterways and afloat should be heeded. For fishermen wading fast slippery-bottomed streams, the use of boot chains or felt soled boots is urged. Of the thousands of Pennsylvanians who will head out onto the waterways to fish, pleasure cruise or water ski, a careful check of your boat, motor, and water safety equipment is mighty important—for you, your family and friends who may be going out with you.

Our waterways can and do provide unmatched recreational enjoyment. They also claim the lives of many Pennsylvanians each year. Your deep respect for this potential danger and your careful advance personal preparation for emergencies while on or along our waterways is your best assurance of safe but full enjoyment of water-oriented recreation.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

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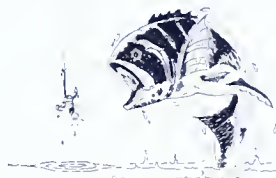
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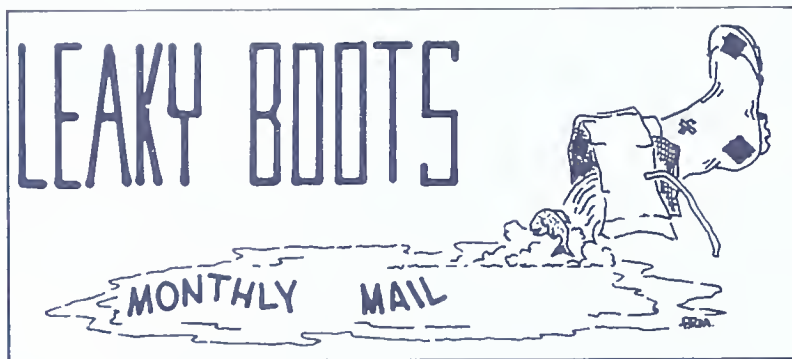
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D. THOMAS EGGLER, EDITOR

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MEAT BOYS

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my renewal for the Angler for three more years. You can't be a dedicated fisherman and not get much enjoyment and benefits from your fine magazine.

But, with my five dollars, I would also like to air a pet gripe with hopes that it will get to the right ears. It concerns the "meat-boys" who take children, two or three—sometimes more—fishing and then catch a limit for each while the kids frolic. It seems to me that this practice entirely defeats the purpose of lessons in sportsmanship that one would take youngsters to the outdoors in the first place.

An example of this took place on Parker Dam in Clearfield County during January while I was ice fishing. Two men had 35 tip-ups placed on the ice (there were 5 children there). The children skated, sledded, built snow men and romped through this State Park while the two "meat hogs" gathered in 30 to 40 legal brook trout during the two hours I was there. I have no idea how many they finally went home with.

Oh yes, they were cautious and cagey. When strangers approached, as I did, they had a couple of the nearest youngsters make token gestures of checking lines while one or the other would make a "friendly" visit to check "you" over to make sure you weren't a law officer. I never saw this in ice fishing before but it is a common occurrence on the first day of trout season and during in-season stocking.

First, I think that the age 16 is too old for free fishing unless the youth fish for fun only or maybe kill one fish. (Incidentally the age limit is not mentioned in the summary

or on the fishing license this year), and second, I believe that if a junior permit was issued and required to be displayed by young fishermen they would have pride and honor that their parents do not have.

R. F. Nicodemus, Osceola Mills

GOODSELL LEGEND

Gentlemen,

I would like to add to the Goodsell legend. As a boy living in Coudersport I was only a few blocks away from this fishing mecca and although I cut my fishing teeth at this very spot, I had no idea of its potential.

As a boy, I would get out my old telescoping pole with open faced reel, pick up a few grasshoppers, worms, and friends and head for the "Whirlpool" as it was known to us.

From this bank we cast our grasshoppers and worms with little success. Undoubtedly the highlight of all our expeditions to Goodsell was the evening Bashline was fishing the lower end. My father was present with Bashline when a fine trout by any standards was hooked, on what I don't know, and landed.

We were all bug eyed and green with envy when the most unheard of practice occurred. Bashline examined the fish, made some comment about it needing to grow, and released it!!! The only consolation this act offered was the knowledge that a fine trout was waiting for one of us.

In time the concrete engineers came with their ideas of flood control and the "Whirlpool" was dredged, bulldozed, cut and cemented into the most predictable, controllable, straight running shot of barren water you ever saw. From the standpoint of personal safety and property protection this was really worthwhile, but from the fisherman's viewpoint—well, what fisherman ever thought about personal safety when he was knee deep in water, bent at the waist and crouching to the right, striving for back cast clearance to reach a deep pool protected by overhanging trees?

At the time we knew nothing of the Goodsell potential but this made little difference. Any junction of streams that formed a whirlpool was to us bottomless and possessed fish beyond our dreams. So revered was Goodsell in our minds, the truth would have been an anticlimax.

Today I can only attest to the beauty and potential that Goodsell had regardless of one's maturity or intent.

C.W. Harriger, Kane

HAPPY CITATION WINNER!

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank you for presenting me with the Pennsylvania Angler Magazine Fishing Citation. I'm very proud of it!

Eugene Gray, Garrett

WANTS APPLICATION

Gentlemen,

Please send me five application blanks for non-resident fishing licenses and a copy of the 1968 Fishing Regulations.

Living out of state, we have difficulty obtaining licenses on the way to our camp. I would like to recommend that

continued on page 3



"MUST BE SOME BIG ONES HERE TODAY, DEAR! HEAR THAT SPLASH?"

UNSIGNED LETTERS

Unsigned letters mailed to the Leaky Boots column will not be published; however, persons writing a letter to this column may request that their name be withheld from publication.

you print license application forms and Fishing Regulations in the January or February issue of the Angler.

We enjoy both the Pennsylvania Angler and fishing in Pennsylvania very much.

Peter Eckstrom
Toledo, Ohio

We'll do one month better—watch your December issue. We'll try to have an application form printed somewhere then, however, we probably won't be able to print the entire list of regulations.

BASS FISHING BEST

Dear Sirs,

Since I already have my 1968 Pennsylvania fishing license and have sent for my boat license, I'd better not miss out on what is going on in Pennsylvania's fishing world. Enclosed is my check for a three year renewal.

Each month I look forward to receiving my copy of the Angler." I like the articles on bass fishing best but I read the other articles too.

Mostly I fish the Susquehanna River here in Lancaster County but I do make trips to other nearby waters from time to time and am looking forward to fishing the new Speedwell Forge Lake.

William R. Elbert Jr., Lancaster

Glad you don't want to miss out on what's going on!

Speedwell Forge Lake should turn out some good fishing this coming summer. Good luck!

HATS OFF

Gentlemen,

Enclosed is a check for a one year subscription to the Pennsylvania Angler.

I do some ice fishing in the Pocono area. One day while fishing at Gouldsboro Lake I went to my car for a cup of coffee. As I started in, a small car drove into the parking lot and parked and as I approached it a friendly voice asked about my luck and started a conversation about the lake, the fish in it, and some of the best places to fish. He was a fish warden.

In the meantime, all the minnows which I was using for bait died and I had to quit. He asked me what was wrong and I told him. He had some minnows and he offered me some so I could continue fishing. He also told me where I could buy some nearby.

And then before leaving he gave me a copy of the Angler.

I don't know his name or where he lives but you are to be commended for turning out this type of enforcement officer. My hat is off to you.

Curtis Hoenshelt, East Bangor

TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS

Dear Sirs,

I have been a subscriber to your Pennsylvania Angler less than a year but have really enjoyed it.

I am interested in securing some topographical maps of the Cussewago Creek area from the access area to a point upstream to the new highway. Also some topographical maps of the French Creek area from the access area at Cambridge Springs to Route 6 N near Edinboro.

Perhaps you can advise me where I can secure these maps.

Robert Flack
Mentor On The Lake, Ohio

Topographic maps of Pennsylvania are prepared by the United States Geological Survey in cooperation with the Bureau of Topographic and Geologic Survey. Persons wishing to know the names and scales of topographic maps which are available for Pennsylvania may obtain an "Index to Topographic Mapping in Pennsylvania" free on request from either: Pennsylvania Geological Survey, Department of Internal Affairs, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120, or from: Map Information Service, U.S. Geological Survey, Washington, D.C. 20242.

Topographic maps may be purchased from the U.S. Geological Survey by addressing the request to: Washington Distribution Center, Geological Survey, 1200 S. Eads Street, Arlington, Va. 22202.

On such orders, customers should state the name of the map as well as the type of map desired and are urged to use order blanks supplied with the Index to Topographic Mapping in Pennsylvania mentioned above. Orders must be accompanied by cash, check, or money order in the exact amount. Stamps will not be accepted as payment.

A list of stores in Pennsylvania which handle the maps may be secured by requesting a list of publications available from the Pennsylvania Geological Survey at the above address.



It's beautiful, dear! Where are you going to bury it?

READY FOR

by DEAN KLINGER / Chief Marine Services Specialist
Office of Watercraft Safety

SUMMER PLEASURE AFLOAT?



WITH A REASONABLE AMOUNT of time and work your boat, motor and trailer can be ready for a carefree trip on the first nice day of the season.

If care was taken in preparing your equipment for winter storage a few minutes time will have you ready for a safe enjoyable boat ride.

A close check of the hull should reveal if any repairs will be needed or if the boat will have to be painted. Minor repairs can be accomplished by an individual by following the instructions in the guide for winter storage printed in the January issue of the Pennsylvania Angler.

Spring is an ideal time of the year for painting a boat if it is needed. The best type of paint for an individual type of boat can usually be recommended by a reputable Marine Dealer, boat Manufacturer or Marine Paint Company, but regardless of the type or color of paint used on the hull a good investment can be made by painting everything under the water line with an anti-fouling paint. This prevents the unnecessary accumulation of dirt and organic growth on the bottom of the boat thereby giving better handling characteristics and more economy throughout the season.

If the boat is constructed of plastic or metal a good coat of wax at this time is a wise investment.

A wood hull can be readied for immediate use on the water by placing several inches of water inside. This will cause the wood to swell and become watertight to prevent the possibility of the boat sinking the first few days it is in the water. Repeat placing water inside the boat until it no longer leaks (this should be no longer than a few days). If it keeps on leaking it will probably be necessary to caulk the larger openings with a good grade of Marine sealer.

MOTOR

Larger motors that are stored on the boat over winter can normally be checked and tested right on the boat by using an adaptor and a garden hose to keep the cooling system functioning properly. Smaller motors can be tested and tuned up by using a test tank. One inexpensive type of tank is a 55 gallon drum with one end cut out and filled approximately ¾ full of water. The small motor can then be clamped on the rim with the propeller in the water and run safely. Before an attempt is made to run the motor a few precautions should be taken. One is to check the lower unit to make sure there is a sufficient amount of gear lubricant. On most motors if the grease is about level with the top screw opening it would indicate a safe level to operate. If the unit proves to be low in lubricant, it can be filled by removing the bottom fill plug and filling with the properly recommended lubricant until it runs out of the top opening. This method pushes any water or old lubricant out of the housing where it may have been trapped.

This is also a good time to check all spark plugs to be sure they are clean and gapped properly before tightening them for operation.

If for some reason the motor does not seem to run properly or idle after 10 to 15 minutes running time it may be advisable to take it to an authorized dealer or service agent to have it checked professionally. Other things which should be checked include:

SOUNDING DEVICE

Horn or whistle.

BATTERY

- Water level proper.
- Properly charged.
- Terminals clean.
- Cables in good condition.

GAS TANKS

- Clean.
- Secure.
- Proper oil mixture.
- Fresh gas.

STEERING

- Cables in good condition.
- Proper tension.

LIGHTS

- Working properly.
- Spare bulb on hand.

HOSES

- Deterioration absent inside and out.
- Connections solid.

SAFETY EQUIPMENT

This equipment is just as important on the first run of the season as it is any time during the season.

LIFE SAVING DEVICES

- Sufficient number (one for each person).
- Approved type.
- Serviceable condition (torn or deteriorated straps or handles punctured). Worn out devices should be destroyed to avoid getting them mixed up with new ones in an emergency.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

- Sufficient number.
- Gauge or indicator O.K.
- Approved type.
- Properly tagged (if no gauge).
- Mounted in a readily accessible area.

RECOMMENDED SAFETY EQUIPMENT

- Plenty of line (7 to 10 times the depth of the water you boat in).
- Anchor suitable for your area. (Mushroom for soft muddy bottom—Danforth or Navy type for rocky bottom.)
- Bailer or water pump.
- Flares or distress signals.
- Paddle or oars.
- Spare gas and oil.
- Tool box (should include pliers, screwdriver, spark plug socket wrench, adjustable wrench, spare shear pins, cotter pins, stiff wire).

TRAILER

- Proper license.
- All lights working: right turn, left turn, 4 way flashers, parking and license plate.
- Wheel bearings packed in grease.
- Safety chains proper length, snaps working properly.
- Tires, enough tread, proper air pressure.
- Boat tie downs, secure, snug.

Now with a final check to be sure your Registration number is displayed correctly, proper validation stickers in place, current Certificate of Registration on board, you should be ready for an enjoyable boating season.

A final suggestion. Unless you want to join the ranks of the embarrassed professionals make sure your drain plug is in place before you put your boat in the water.

This has been prepared as a guide to assist the average boater. Since all boats and motors are not alike a few of these suggestions may not apply to your individual craft and common sense can be used on items not listed.

1967



THREE CITATIONS WENT to Corps of Army Engineers employees who landed some big bass from the Yough Reservoir in Somerset County. From left to right they are Burl McVicker, reservoir manager; Irvin Hall, assistant to Mr. McVicker; and Raymond Anderson. All three were using soft shell crabs for bait when they caught trophy smallmouth bass.



PETE SIPE of Middletown pulled a 20 inch, 4 pound smallmouth bass from the waters of the Susquehanna in Dauphin County and received a citation for his catch.

SENIOR CITATION CATCHES



PROBABLY BEST KNOWN CITATION WINNER during 1967 was Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond P. Shafer who was presented the award for a 25 inch, 6¼ pound Shad which he caught while fishing the Delaware River near Lackawaxen last spring. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Executive Director, Robert J. Bielo, made the presentation.

HERE'S THE FIRST PART OF A COMPLETE LIST OF FISHERMEN AWARDED OFFICIAL PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER CITATIONS FOR BIG CATCHES DURING 1967

Allen L. Roen, Pottstown, 18½ inch, 3½ lbs. Crappie, Ontelaunee Lake, Berks County.

Charles T. Russell, Damascus, 25½ inch, 3¾ lbs. Chain Pickerel, Unnamed Beaver Pond, Wayne County.

Stanley E. Forbes, Ridgway, 20¾ inch, 4 lbs. 7 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River.

A. Roy Aaron, Titusville, 31½ inch, 12 lbs. Walleye, Tidioute, Allegheny River, Warren County.

Benjamin J. Puza, Tunkhannock, 25 inch, 3½ lbs. Chain Pickerel, White Oak Pond, Wayne County.

Fred Woehrl, Scranton, 27 inch, 5⅝ lbs. Chain Pickerel, Goose Pond, Wayne County.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg, 36 inch, 17 lbs. Carp, Susquehanna River, York County.

Dennis Peoples, Hawley, 27¼ inch, 5 lbs. Chain Pickerel, Mudpont, Pike County.

John Koskoski, Nanticoke, 15½ inch Perch, Lake Wysaupin, Bradford County.

John Koskoski, Nanticoke, 14½ inch Perch, Lake Wysaupin, Bradford County.

Mrs. Donald Klopp, Lebanon, 23 inch, 6 lbs. Bullhead, Lor Level, York County.

Otha F. Hill, Johnstown, 14½ inch, 1 lb. 5 oz. Perch, Gord Lake, Bedford County.

Leonard C. Daloise, Meadville, 27½ inch 7 lbs. Rainbow Trout, Walnut Creek, Erie County.

R. V. Rill, Jr., Hanover, 15¼ inch, 1¾ lbs. Crappie, Spring Grove, York County.

Albert Wilhelm, Smithton, 20½ inch, 5¾ lbs. Bullhead, Youghiogheny River, Westmoreland County.

John Daub, Reading, 21 inch, 4½ lbs. Bullhead, Ontelaunee Reservoir, Berks County.

Stanley J. Kosek, Plains, 28¾ inch, 10¾ lbs. Brown Trout, Harveys Lake, Luzerne County.

Paul Culver, Shickshinny, 19 inch, 2⅝ lbs. Brook Trout, Big Fishing Creek, Columbia County.

Joseph F. Omlor, Marcus Hook, 17 inch, 2⅝ lbs. Brook Trout, Brandywine, Chester County.

Charles Frank, Holsopple, 11 inch, 11 oz. Rock Bass, Yellow Creek, Bedford County.

Malcolm Wenker, Lock Haven, 17¾ inch, 2 lbs. Brook Trout, Otter Run, Lycoming County.

Donald C. Steese, Lewistown, 17½ inch, 2⅝ lbs. Brook Trout, Little Shamokin Creek, Northumberland County.

Jerry R. Mercer, Media, 15 inch, 1¾ lbs. Crappie, Octoraro Reservoir, Chester County.

Dale C. Hennon, New Castle, 47½ inch, 37 lbs. Muskellunge, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.

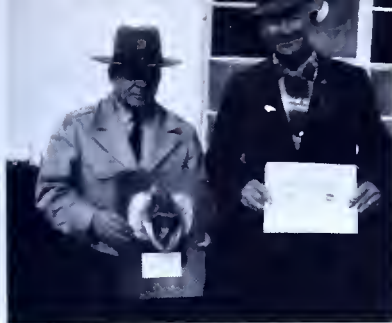
Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg, 11 inch, 1 lb. Rock Bass, Letterkenny Reservoir, Franklin County.

John Walston, McKeesport, 21 inch, 4¾ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.

Frank P. Corcione, Bethlehem, 21⅝ inch, 5½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Kenneth F. McGuire, Freeport, 21 inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

Samuel C. Lewis, Erie, 45 inch, 26⅝ lbs. Muskellunge, Fishing Bay, Erie County.



IVER M. "Smokey" Stover holds a citation he received for catching a trophy smallmouth bass. Special fish warden John Malehorn made the presentation. The musky head mount held by Malehorn is one of three for which Stover holds Honorable Mention Certificates in Husky Musky Club.



TWO CITATIONS were won by Tom Butchkoski of Hershey for a 11½ inch, 1½ pound rock bass last summer. Since he was 15 years old he got both a junior and a senior citation because the fish was large enough to qualify for a senior citation as well as a junior citation.



LUZERNE COUNTY ANGLERS hold citations they won for trophy catches. From left to right they are: James Yoder, former district fish warden and now a member of the commission's public relations division, and Anthony Pomicter, Wilkes-Barre; Michael Yench, Plains; Stanley Shubzda, also from Plains; and Anthony Karuzie Jr., Avoca. Standing in front is eleven year old Richard Stash of Exeter, who won a Junior Citation.

Robert L. Huya, Venango, 50 inch, 28 lbs. Muskellunge, French creek, Crawford County.

Frank Kociolek, Dupont, 28 inch, 9¾ lbs. Brown Trout, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike County.

Frank Kociolek, Dupont, 33 inch, 24 lbs. Brown Trout, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike County.

Lynn D. Slothour, East Berlin, 14½ inch, 1½ lbs. Rock Bass, Anover Reservoir, York County.

Jack C. Reighard, Conemaugh, 11½ inch, 1 lb. 1 oz. Rock Bass, Juniata River, Huntingdon County.

John Cunningham, Drexel Hill, 11 inch, ¾ lbs. Rock Bass, Yellow Breeches Creek, Cumberland County.

Adam Neizer, Phoenixville, 14½ inch, 2½ lbs., Rock Bass, Pickering Creek, Chester County.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg, 11 inch, 13 oz. Rock Bass, Otterkenny Reservoir, Franklin County.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg, 19 inch, 3½ lbs. Brook Trout, Big Spring Creek, Cumberland County.

Edward Gnibus, Homer City, 18 inch, 2½ lbs. Brook Trout, East ranch Dam, McKean County.

Richard E. Niles, Erie, 18½ inch, 2½ lbs. Brook Trout, Darrell Creek, Erie County.

Eugene Swires, Altoona, 17½ inch, 2 lbs. Brook Trout, Spring creek, Centre County.

Jerry Kubej, Johnstown, 21½ inch, 5 lbs. Bullhead, Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.

Arthur L. Coleman, III, Reading, 17½ inch, 3 lbs. Crappie, Mtelane Lake, Berks County.

Lee C. Miller, Hanover, 22 inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, York County.

David C. Smith, Jr., Harrisburg, 11½ inch, 15¾ oz. Rock Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Allen Morrow, Harveys Lake, 30¾ inch, 15½ lbs. Brown Trout, Harveys Lake, Luzerne County.

Gov. Raymond P. Shafer, Annville, 25 inch, 6¼ lbs. American eel, Delaware River, Wayne County.

Richard Klingerman, Berwick, 12 inch, 2 lbs. Rock Bass, Susquehanna River, Columbia County.

Scott D. Choby, Irwin, 36½ inch, 10½ lbs. Northern Pike, Glendale Dam, Cambria County.

Guy Smith, Jr., South Waverly, 11½ inch, 1 lb. 3 oz. Rock Bass, Chemung River, Bradford County.

William Raab, Horsham, 18¼ inch, 2¾ lbs. Bullhead, Delaware River, Bucks County.

Mike Gamble, McKeesport, 20½ inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Lawrence Skube, Forest City, 41½ inch, 5 lbs. 3 oz. Eel, Long Lake, Wayne County.

Norman L. Hamilton, Ambler, 17 inch, 2½ lbs. Crappie, Manor Lake, Bucks County.

Lou D'Ambrosio, Pittsburgh, 40½ inch, 14½ lbs. Northern Pike, Glendale Dam, Cambria County.

John T. Perekovic, Harrisburg, 40¼ inch, 4¾ lbs. Eel, Watara Creek, Dauphin County.

Agnes A. Rudovsky, Monessen, 37 inch, 12½ lbs. Northern Pike, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Jerry Hopper, Bloomsburg, 15¼ inch, Bullhead, Town Park Reservoir, Columbia County.

David Gilberry, Lansford, 23¼ inch, 6 lbs. Largemouth Bass, Phipps Swamp, Carbon County.

John C. Mihm, Jr., Franklin, 15 inch, 2 lbs. Bullhead, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Joseph L. Falkowski, Carbondale, 14½ inch, 1 lb. 9 oz. Perch, Lake Wallenpaupack, Lackawanna County.

Jerome C. Tressler, Newport, 11½ inch, 17 oz. Rock Bass, Juniata River, Perry County.

Norman P. Smith, Coatesville, 16½ inch, 2½ lbs. Crappie, Chester County.

David Gardner, Hilliards, 16 inch, 2 lbs. 1 oz. Crappie, Stripmine Hole, Butler County.

Fred J. Hann, Jr., Springdale, 25 inch, 5 lbs. Bullhead, Allegheny River, Allegheny County.

Fred Hann, Homestead, 21 inch, 3 lbs. Bullhead, Allegheny River, Allegheny County.

Jack Dambacher, Greenville, 46 inch, 26 lbs. Muskellunge, Pymatuning Reservoir, Crawford County.

Dale A. Waybright, Annville, 18 inch, 2½ lbs. Brook Trout, Marquette Lake, Lebanon County.

Joseph Tenaglia, Collegeville, 31 inch, 8½ lbs. Walleye, Hills Creek Lake, Tioga County.

Henry Poterjoy, Forest City, 37½ inch, 20 lbs. Lake Trout, Crystal Lake, Lackawanna County.

Bob Porvaznik, Hokendauqua, 21 inch, 5 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Frank J. Saich, Harrisburg, 18½ inch, 2¾ lbs. Brook Trout, Marquette Lake, Lebanon County.

Joe Waslousky, Pittsburgh, 11½ inch, 13 oz. Rock Bass, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Ronald J. Garlitz, Seward, 20¼ inch, 4 lbs. ¼ oz. Smallmouth Bass, Sinnemahoning Creek, Potter County.

Richard Bair, Johnstown, 18 inch, 2½ lbs. Brook Trout, Clear Shade Creek, Somerset County.

Edward Ziets, Philadelphia, 36¼ inch, 19½ lbs. Carp, Springton Reservoir, Delaware County.

M. F. Steinbeiser, Altoona, 36 inch, 11 lbs. Northern Pike, Glendale Dam, Cambria County.

Gerald D. Harvey, Hop Bottom, 26 inch, 6¾ lbs. Largemouth Bass, Lakeside Pond, Susquehanna County.

Eugene Gray, Garrett, 23 inch, 6 lbs. 7 oz. Largemouth Bass, Lake Somerset, Somerset County.

William Bowers, Connellsville, 20½ inch, 4 lbs. 1 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Wade Levere, Evans City, 14¼ inch, 1 lb. Perch, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

Walter Rogers, Fairview, 14¾ inch, 1½ lbs. Perch, Gravel Pit Area, Erie County.

Frederick D. Lewis, Hellertown, 19 inch, 3¾ lbs. Bullhead, Saucon Creek, Northampton County.

Earl Gearhart, Johnstown, 18½ inch, 3 lbs. Bullhead, Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.

Al Sutch, Coal Center, 38½ inch, 14 lbs. 7 oz. Northern Pike, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Fayette County.

Ronald Thompson, Youngstown, 21 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.

Dale V. Sponseller, New Oxford, 31 inch, 12¾ lbs. Catfish, Susquehanna River, York County.

Louis Kilhoffer, Ridgway, 20¾ inch, 4¼ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Ridgway Reservoir, Elk County.

John E. Doumont, Butler, 21 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Venango County.

Roger Dalo, Sharon, 50¾ inch, 34½ lbs. Muskellunge, Shenango River, Mercer County.

Continued Next Month!



STEPS IN TYING the bug are shown here.

THE SUPER-DUPER COOPER BUG

by A. I. "Pal" ALEXANDER

DEER-HAIR BASS BUGS have been big medicine for years on bass and, certainly, no fly-rod bass fisherman would feel equipped without a few in his fly box. But what about the trout fisherman?

Most trout fishermen write off deer-hair bugs as "bass bait" and don't give them space in their already overcrowded fly boxes. This shortsighted approach can keep creels new looking.

Of course, most trout fishermen are aware that a trout on occasion will grab a big fly, and maybe even a bass bug or popper. The occasion generally being when the large green drakes are hatching and the trout are rising in frenzy with a disregard for all caution.

But, under normal circumstances, on small placid Eastern trout waters, the sound of a bass bug plopping on the water is enough to send every fish in the stream scurrying willy-nilly for the nearest vacant muskrat hole and the offending fisherman back to his car under the war-like glares of his fellow anglers.

The trout, unlike the more aggressive bass, does not succumb to his curiosity when there is an unnatural disturbance on the water. His natural instinct is to cease feeding and seek cover until the "thing" goes away.

The whole problem, quite simply, is the size of the average bass bug. It is gargantuan, by comparison, to most of the food that makes up a normal trout diet in a stream.

Realizing this problem quite some time ago, Jack Cooper, a professional fly tier, developed a little deer-hair bug that is deadly on trout when tied in the small sizes.

The "Cooper Bug" has the advantage of the big bass

bugs in that it can be made to create a little surface disturbance, like a struggling insect, when the situation calls for it, and it floats like a piece of Ivory soap. This hackleless wonder even floats at night when—as all dry-fly fishermen know—everything sinks. In addition, it has the advantages of making a soft entry and resembling a multitude of natural insects, particularly the beetle-like terrestrials that fall in the water.

Jack Cooper is not related to the late Pennsylvanian Charlie Cooper, who also tied a Cooper Bug, nor is his Cooper Bug similar to the other, which was a large bass bug of a completely different design. It does bear some resemblance to an old time bass bug, the O. C. Tuttle Devil Bug, which was tied by Orley Tuttle in New York State in the early 1900's. The latter, however, had bat-like wings and was tied in large sizes and used around the Adirondacks for bass. Other professional tiers today imitating Jack Cooper's Cooper Bug often mislabel it the Devil Bug, the name of Tuttle's deer-hair bug.

Watching Jack tie his Cooper Bug is quite an awakening experience, particularly if you are an amateur fly tie and accustomed to fiddling around for just the right size hackle. One minute, by the clock, after the hook has been clamped in the vise, a Cooper Bug is on the table ready to go fishing.

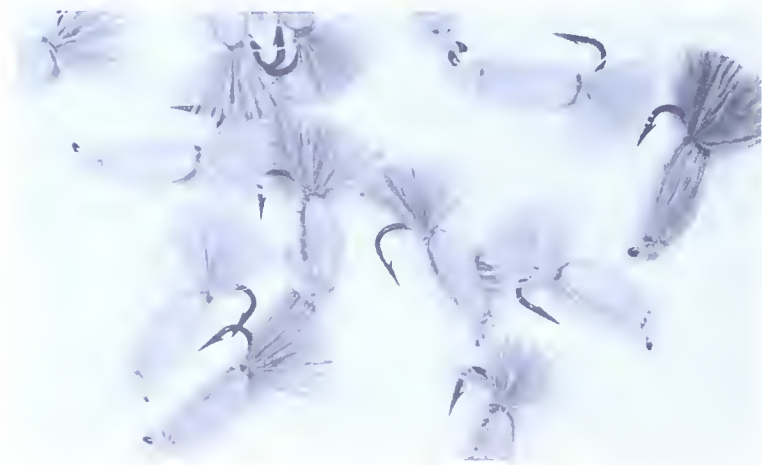
This sixty-an-hour rate, naturally, is in the larger sizes numbers 8, 10, and 12 as these are the most popular commercial sizes. However, for his own fishing, Jack often ties to as small as a No. 24 hook. In the smaller sizes from No. 14 to No. 24, Jack's speed decreases because he says he "can't see the small ones too good."

For most of us, however, this incredible speed of Jack Cooper is not necessary. Even an average tier can tie up a season's worth of Cooper Bugs in an evening after he knows the method.

To tie the Cooper Bug, Jack likes to use a regular shank regular wire, improved sproat hook.

Clamping the hook in the vise, the tying thread is spiraled to the bend and a long trailing end is left dangling or in the material clip.

Next, a piece of chenille is tied in at the bend. The color of the chenille is not very important. Jack uses a variety of colors and does not seem to have any strong preference. Black, brown, green, and yellow are all good colors in the Cooper Bug. The chenille is wound forward to the eye of the hook and tied down.



LOTS OF Super Duper Bugs!

continued on page 2

WHERE OIL INDUSTRY boomed over 100 years ago today's fishermen can catch their limit of trout. This picture was taken along Oil Creek as it appears today.

As oil seeped into the water wells, the cellars, and the ditches of Pithole the town's citizens began scooping and storing oil in anything available—and speculation mounted as to the source of the new-found wealth.

"Experts" were hard to locate. No one could explain the mystery of the flowing wells, but a lot tried. From the night Annie Schultz hurried from the house to the barn and peddler Shalof fell to the outlaw's blow excitement in Pithole had climbed.

What was the answer?

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE

by
**STEVE
SZALEWICZ**

CONCLUSION *Chapter Sixteen*

GEORGE ETZEL, night watchman at the oil-receiving dump of Samuel Van Syckle's Pithole-to-Miller Farm pipeline, picked best the hour when the gray dawn appeared over Balltown, the eastern suburb of Pithole City. Etzel's last inspection walk around the long rows of empty and filled barrels of oil stored in the yard at the foot of Holmden and First Streets ended a few minutes after six o'clock.

A paper boy had crammed The Pithole Record into the poor handle of the pipeline office. In the noisy gas light George could relax and read until the dump boss, William Tompkins, could relieve him at seven o'clock. As he unfolded The Record he thought that Tompkins should be in better humor this Monday morning. But then who could blame the dump boss for being upset lately? Since the oil began to seep out of the hillside the yard lost 56 barrels to the miners. The dump covered several acres, patched in and out in odd-sized plots between wells, offices, and warehouses. In darkness it was a simple matter to spirit away a barrel between these shanties. To prevent his new outbreak of thievery Etzel placed lanterns at the most vulnerable points and patrolled the pipeline property all night. His watch had begun at eleven o'clock Sunday evening. Now after eleven hours he was as tired as he used to be when as a young boy he accompanied his father on a 20-mile hike from Newmansville in Forest County to Shipperville in Clarion County where they bought hardware and other farm needs.

He sat down with a sigh, lifted his heavy feet onto the office desk and angled his chair so that his back received the warm drafts of a coal stove. He spread the wrinkled Record. Under a column titled, "The Latest on the Flowing Wells," Etzel lost himself in the following: "The excitement about oil wells continued on Sunday. We noticed that large numbers of strangers came to town to see this great natural curiosity of the 19th century.

"Real estate advanced rapidly over Saturday and Sunday. Several sales of leases were made on the Sabbath. The holders seemed very jubilant. Everyone appeared affected with a mania for digging, and the most singular part is that all should so suddenly desire to dig water wells on vacant lots.

"The hillside is being fairly honeycombed by our industri-

ous citizens who have the fortune to occupy these prolific and leaginous lots.

"Since the oil first seeped out a few days ago several theories have been advanced to explain its sudden appearance.

"Yesterday, just as the churches on Duncan Street were emptying mid-morning worshippers, a sanctimonious and venerable, if bewiskered and bedraggled, gentleman propounded a new theory.

"According to this itinerant, who has since been identified by some new citizens from Tionesta as Azro Calamity Claag, the 'Hollering Preacher' of the big woods, the oil is saturating the earth and it will keep on flowing until it fills the valleys and rises to the hilltops. Then it will be set afire by a lightning bolt and will consume the world to fulfill the Biblical prediction of the Last Day.

"His loud pronouncements did not in the least disturb the two-legged beavers gnawing at the oil veins in the deep trenches..."

At that paragraph the latch on the office door lifted and Bill Tompkins, the dump boss, extended a cheerful, "Good morning, George. How did the night pass? Did we lose any more barrels to the diggers?"

"Morning Boss," answered Etzel, lowering his paper. "I don't think we lost any. I walked and walked my legs to my knees in and out of that barrel yard, I don't remember when I was so leg-weary."

"I know what you mean, George. Had a long walking session myself yesterday. You should have been along," took up the boss.

"You know, ever since they found that oil seeping out of the hill, Mr. Smiley has been after me to check our pipeline.

"Some people at the big dinner at the Chase House Saturday evening offered the idea that the oil trickling out of the hill came out of our line.

"Mr. Smiley assured them that our pipe was tight. We have good joints, and we haven't lost a drop of oil since we caught up with that smart teamster who used those old, short-measure barrels on us.

continued on page 22



Want to take more trout during early season?
Try this crazy combination.

CHANGE YOUR METHOD. Try something different. Don't be afraid of having your buddies laugh at you. Remember the old saying "he who laughs last, laughs best." There have been many new ideas first used in desperation, that are now accepted angling methods used the world over.

Streamers are one of the best early season trout getters. Wet flies when the method of fishing them is mastered will out-do streamers. Nymphs fished by an angler who has mastered the method are better than either. This may not be true for every occasion or every stream, but generally will hold true. I am not trying to establish a precedent or argue with anglers who prefer one method over another. However, when your favorite lure fails, don't be afraid to change. You could be happily surprised.

Streamers are good for early season high water trout. They represent some type of minnow or fish life abundant in a particular stream. Some well-known Pennsylvania patterns include the Black Nose Dace, Black Ghost, Grey Ghost, Supervisor, Wardens Worry, Yellow, Black and White Marabou, Mickey Finn, Edison Tiger, Fledermaus and Muddler Minnow. Streamers are generally fished up and across stream. A slow hand over hand, twitching retrieve adds lifelike realism to the artificial. Sizes can range from the size 16 streamerette to a size 4 salmon fly.

Wet flies whether fished one, two or three to the cast are generally fished up and across stream, allowed to swing in the current and retrieved in short jerks. The tip of the rod is twitched every few seconds to simulate the nymph swimming or darting about. The three most popular patterns on Pennsylvania waters would be the Gold Ribbed Hare's Ear, Alder and White Wing Coachman.

Nymphs become an altogether different chapter to the fly fishing element. Everyone thinks the nymph is difficult to fish. It is not—if you will take time to practice and employ a little patience. To list the best nymphs for Pennsylvania waters would be difficult. A few top producers would include the March brown, Green Drake, Shenks Special, Dick Wood and the Muskrat Nymph.

Though all three of the above methods are effective, a combination of all three might shock even the most accomplished fly caster out of his britches. I can't recall the

first time I ever tried this crazy combination. The exact day or season is not important—the results are!

I had fished all three types of flies with mediocre success. Nothing spectacular. Certainly nothing to brag about to angling cronies. About 8:30 I was back at the car for coffee and a sandwich. For twenty minutes I sat on the tailgate of the station wagon recalling the details of the first 2½ hours of fishing. Nothing outstanding happened to make me switch to either nymph, wet or streamer for the rest of the morning. A few fish had come to each type of fly and were taken.

I removed the leader with the Shenks Special dangling from the end. What now? The white marabou looked tempting. The Hares Ear seemed the logical choice. Dick Wood's brown and yellow nymph stood out as though it were the only fly in the box. Wet flies, two of them with a nymph on the bottom. That was it.

A wet fly leader was tied and a #12 Hares Ear knotted to the top dropper. As I rummaged through the box for a duplicate, up popped Dick Wood's nymph. "I'll get you more action than that old Hares Ear" it seemed to say. "Why not" I thought. On went the nymph. What kind of crazy reasoning is this! A nymph and a wet fly on the same cast! Now what? Then it hit me. Vaguely at first. Sometime, somewhere, someone had talked of doing just this. A streamer on the bottom?

A white marabou hung from the end of the 6 lb. wet fly leader two minutes later. "Oh well, I've got nothing to lose" I thought as I ambled toward the stream. Hoping there wasn't another fisherman within miles who might chance stopping and talking, I began fishing down stream.



WET FLY



NYMPH

I hadn't gone ten yards; suddenly the rod jolted and I saw a trout roll near the far bank. "He hit the wet fly" I mumbled as I fought what appeared to be a fair size fish. The stout leader quickly brought the victim to net. A plump 13-inch rainbow. Checking the flies I found he had taken the nymph.

Within the next two hours I hooked and released more than nine trout. Some hit the wet fly. Others the nymph. One chomped down on the streamer like he hadn't eaten in a month. Crazy? It happened! I guess to the trout the combination appeared to be a small fish chasing a nymph struggling to the surface. The wet fly gave the simulation of a hatch beginning to start. At what other time do Mr. Trout see this much food floating downstream and another fish trying to beat him to the table. This I admit, surmising or rationalizing to a high degree. However, the method does fool trout and one must have reasons why one particular method should be used over another. Elsewhere nobody would ever try it—how's that for logic!



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden



BIG ONE

While checking Mr. Ruben Harris, of Morrisdale who was ice fishing the Duck ponds near Medix Run, he told me his story. He had been fishing the ponds two week earlier when he had a flag go up. He ran over to catch the fish, gave it lots of line, and then struck. He was amazed at its power. After a lengthy battle he finally landed the trophy. To his amazement he had landed a large muskrat! —District Warden **BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

RETURNS

My first stream notes covering a February was the year of 1952. It concerned four boys on a small stream that flows into the Shawnee Lake. They had in their possession fifty pickerel that they had taken with stones and clubs. The ages of the boys at that time were twelve, nine and two were eleven. This year one of the boys who is now an Army officer, was fishing during February at Shawnee Lake for pickerel. The pickerel were feeding. He had one 20" long in his possession and was having lots of fun releasing smaller ones. He asked me if I remembered 15 or 16 years ago, and then he told me that was why he felt Shawnee would be a good place to fish.—District Warden **WILLIAM E. McILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

HALLOW WATER

Zero weather is sometimes a help to ice fishermen. During the Wayne County Chamber of Commerce Fishing Derby at Duck Harbor Lake, the temperature stayed between zero and six above with heavy winds. Anglers stayed close to shore where trees helped break the wind. Many fished in water no deeper than three feet when, as a rule, they fish deeper. Good catches of brown and rainbow trout were reported and I heard a good many say that from now on we are going to fish the shallow water. —District Warden **HARLAND F. REYNOLDS** (Wayne County).

CRAZY?

■ A local angler, Jim Fannin, of Ridgway pulled into a local filling station to gas up. Beside him was his fishing rod. The attendant came out and after putting gas in his car, was cleaning his windshield, looked and saw his fishing rod. "Where in the @\$%&* are you going Jim"? Jim explained that he was going to the Allegheny River to fish for walleyes and muskys. "You must be crazy" the attendant said, "it's -2 degrees, the wind is cutting, and snow blowing." Jim laughed it off. I must be crazy too, because Jim told me this story on our way over in the car. —District Warden **BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

BIGGER STILL—

■ Mr. George Brown of Dysart, Pennsylvania, related the following story to me. He spends nearly every day of the winter ice fishing on Glendale Lake. Early this month he caught a 25 3/4" northern pike. The pike had teeth marks down both sides—as if another fish might have had a hold of it. Could it have been a larger northern, or maybe a big muskellunge?—District Warden **ANTHONY MURAWSKI** (Cambria County).



CAGED ATTRACTION

■ Mayland Bodie and a friend from Honesdale were fishing Duck Harbor Pond. They showed me a trick they were using to catch and attract pickerel and perch to their tip-ups.

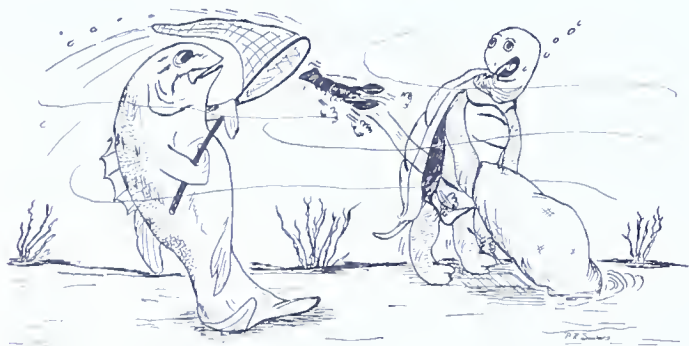
Here is how it works. Take a two quart mason jar, fill it with water and put six to eight minnows in the jar. Tie a string to it and lower it beneath the ice to attract the fish in the area of the tip-ups. It works they told me!—District Warden **HARLAND F. REYNOLDS** (Wayne County).

DANGEROUS PRACTICE

■ Some people wonder why new laws are written and one such law was recently passed by the Legislature restricting the size of the hole used for ice fishing to 10".

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*

Mr. Joe Gibney of Waymart and his 7-year-old son Billy went ice fishing on one of the local lakes and as Mr. Gibney was cutting a hole with his ice auger, Billy started to locate the next spot for a tip-up when he stepped into a large hole in the ice. His father turned around just as Billy was going through the ice. Quickly he grabbed and pulled him out. This hole was about 20" across and was covered with skim ice and snow, not visible to the eye. Surrounding ice was about 16" thick at the time. I hate to think what might have been the story if Mr. Gibney hadn't moved quickly.—*District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY* (Pike & Wayne Counties).



TEAMWORK!

■ Alvin "Bus" Thomas, a local barber in Beaver, told this story to me. One day "Bus" and his fishing buddy, Frank Winborn, were angling in nearby Willow Brook Lake, when this strange incident took place. A smallmouth bass of about 18 inches was working around shallow water apparently searching for food. Bus and Frank tried every bait and lure they had to entice the Bass into action. Mr. Smallmouth wasn't buying any! Closer observation solved the mystery. A turtle on the lake bottom was turning over stones in quest of food. Everytime a crayfish came shooting out, the cunning Bass would nail it.—*District Warden DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).



STILL THERE

■ While checking ice fishermen on Newton Lake I came upon an oldtimer who can always be found somewhere fishing. Last summer, every time that I had occasion to talk with him, it was always the same story. He has no

use for those BLANK-BLANK motorboats as he calls them. Says it scares all the fish away. He has a new gripe now. He says they went and put skies on them and they're still ripping and tearing up and down and sliding over the lakes.—*District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER* (Lackawanna and S. E. Susquehanna Counties).

RECORDED CONVERSATION

■ While assisting Warden Valentine at an Ice Fishing Clinic we were pleased to have with us Mr. Don Shoemaker, local outdoor writer and broadcaster, who had with him a portable tape recorder. Always eager to obtain first-hand information and comments from the fishermen. Don made some fine tapes to use in future broadcasts. We plan to use this recorder on "opening days", etc. to keep our local anglers informed of the hot spots. A tip of our hat to Don for this fine idea and his continuing co-operation.—*District Warden RICHARD OWENS* (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).



NOW HE LISTENS!

■ While I was checking fishermen on Promised Land Lake I stopped to talk to a man and wife fishing team. The wife was complaining that the husband was not cutting the holes large enough. While I was there the wife had flag go up and immediately she proved her point. She had hooked a large bass and got it to the hole twice but the hole was just too small for this fish. Unfortunately the fish got away but the wife did win her point. The husband was very busy cutting larger holes as I left!—*District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY* (Lake Wallenpaupack Area).

TRAVELING FISHERMEN

■ While it is not unusual for fishermen to travel many miles to go fishing in the summer months, I always thought they didn't venture too far from home to ice fish, probably due to the hazardous driving conditions they might encounter during the winter months.

It amazed me to check several carloads of fishermen who came to Lake Carey from North of Williamsport, some eighty miles away. They told me they had been coming to the northeast area every weekend since early December.—*District Warden STEPHEN A. SHABBICK* (Wyoming County).

STREAM NOTES Cont.

RAIN NO DAMPER

■ Ice fishermen seem to have a banner year in my district this year. I never saw so many trout and exceptionally large ones taken through the ice.

But while ice fishermen are a hardy breed—fishing in below zero temperatures, strong winds etc.—rain seems to drive them off. But while driving by Lake Carey through a rain storm not really expecting to find many or any fishermen out, I was surprised to find thirty-five fishermen standing in the rain. The fish sure must have been biting.—*District Warden STEPHEN A. SHABBICK* (Wyoming County).

ANNIVERSARY ACTIVITIES

■ Mr. and Mrs. Karl Sprout of Huntingdon County recently celebrated their twenty-second wedding anniversary. The happy day started by getting up at four A.M. and driving to Parker Dam in Clearfield County for some early morning ice fishing. The afternoon was spent back in Huntingdon County on Stone Valley Lake—ice fishing! Mr. Sprout told me that he planned to take his wife out to dinner that evening. I didn't ask but I suppose they both ordered fish.—*District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE* (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).

BEWARE OF THE DOG

■ During January local anglers caught a lot of nice trout at Brady's Run Lake ice fishing. I was checking a few fishermen one day when I saw a beagle romping over the area in search of tidbits of velveeta cheese, etc. Several fellows had trout lying on top of the ice and they watched "Rover" with a keen eye. Shortly, the dog began digging in the deep snow and the next thing I knew he uncovered a rainbow of about 12" long. The dog ran up the bank and devoured every bit of the fish.

It didn't take the fishermen very long to pick up their catches and store them elsewhere!—*District Warden DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).

LOST HEAD!

■ A fish warden runs into a lot of unusual and odd things out after a while you shrug them off as just routine.

One evening I came home from patrol and found a message to call the water company—they wanted to drain the dam to look for someone's head.

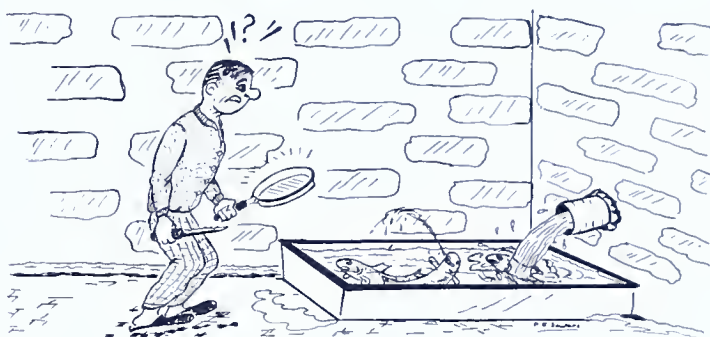
I'd heard of fishermen losing their heads over good fishing but this sounded ridiculous. As it turned out it wasn't. A lady meat cutter and her boy friend had had words and he'd literally "cut him up."

Most of the "pieces" were found except the head which Jim Banning, retired Fayette County Fish Warden, says

he saw floating down Jacobs Creek singing, "I Ain't Got No Body."—*District Warden ARTHUR A. HERMAN* (Westmoreland County).

NO TRIP SOUTH

■ Five robins made their home in a small marshy area near Bartonsville all winter. They could be seen every day in the area and they did not venture far from the marsh. From all indications, they were feeding on berries rather than their natural food, worms.—*District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART* (Monroe County).



HARDY TROUT

■ The following story was related to me by Abe Moses of Washington. In December, the Commission stocked Dutch Fork Lake in Washington County—a darned cold day. Mr. Moses caught his 3 trout, put them in a plastic bag and stuffed them in his hunting coat. When he got home about an hour later he didn't feel like cleaning them so dumped them out of the plastic bag into the water in his spring house. A couple of hours later Mr. Moses returned to clean his trout with a knife, only to find his three trout swimming around in his spring house!—*District Warden WILLIAM MANTZELL* (Washington and Green Counties).

REPEATER

■ While checking fishermen at the Ridgway Reservoir in early December, I checked a rainbow trout that Mr. Eugene Glantz of Ridgway, had landed. He told me that he had lost a hook in a fish, and then upon catching this one he removed a hook that he had lost. This happens often in the fishing world, but while I was there Mr. Glantz lost a brook trout and then recaught it with his other hook still in it. I gave him some instructions on tying on hooks—but not in "catching" trout.—*District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE* (Elk County).

HOT TIP!

■ One of our winter walleye fishermen has come up with quite a unique device to keep ice from freezing on his rod tip. He fastened a small coil of wire to his rod tip with epoxy glue and then ran two small wires down to the handle where he fastens them to a flashlight battery. A switch is used to turn off the power and he says one flashlight battery will last approximately three hours.—*District Warden KENNETH G. COREY* (Warren County).



THE DAY THEY STOCKED THE BROOKIES

by William Burmester

INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM there are some men in this world who aren't absolutely wild about fishing. When one of us accidentally tangles with an army of anglers a series of unlikely events can sometimes happen.

Since I am a sometime writer and a sometime camper, I occasionally enjoy a solo campout of two or three days in sylvan surroundings as an ideal way to satisfy both needs. Fishing is never a part of this plan, as I haven't experienced the desire to hook one since my bamboo-pole-and-piece-of-string days some thirty years ago.

For my latest campout I chose Pennsylvania's Raccoon Creek State Park. It is not too far from where I live and it is known to be big, quiet and peaceful prior to Memorial Day.

I arrived late one morning, registered at the park office and surprised the personnel with two facts—one, that I intended to camp at all and two; that I wanted to camp in the woods alone.

"Bring your fishing tackle?" the friendly park superintendent inquired. Before I could answer he added, "We're stocking brookies today . . . you're lucky."

I refused to embarrass myself by admitting that I didn't know what the heck he meant by "stocking brookies," but to myself I hoped that his brookies would be well-stocked before the day ended.

"No fishing tackle," I finally answered, "just me and my typewriter. I'm looking forward to a couple of quiet days in the woods."

"Sorry we can't put you up in the regular camping area," the super informed me, "we're oiling the roads first thing in the morning. Tell you what though, we'll put you in a beautiful spot in one of our remote picnic areas. Its down in a little valley, by a nice quiet stream. You'll be all by yourself. Too bad you didn't bring your fishing tackle, though."

"Sounds good," I answered. "I just want a nice quiet place to read and write."

And so I came to pitch my camp in the peaceful, quiet little wooded valley.

I had barely set up camp when two teenagers in a beat-up old car drove in, unloaded a pile of boots, rods, vests, creels, and what-have-you and began fishing in a "fishing hole" in my quiet little stream. To our mutual satisfaction we ignored each other.

I set up an office in my tent and soon became engrossed in my work. After an hour or so I suddenly realized I could hear voices and car noises just outside my tent. I peeked out. Two large trucks stood just in front of my campsite. And the banks of the "quiet little stream" were lined with 75 to 100 onlookers as men poured large buckets of what I later learned were "brook trout" into the "hole" in my stream. *They were stocking the brookies!*

At least a dozen of the onlookers were casting lines into the water. For a short time it seemed that there were as many fish coming out of the water as there were fish going into it. My quiet little valley became anything but quiet!

My campsite suddenly became a traffic hub for fisher men crisscrossing from upstream to downstream and back again. The anglers, polite, friendly and talkative, refused

continued on page 20



by TOM EGGLEER / ILM YODER

CANOEING ATTRACTS THOUSANDS of people to Pennsylvania's glittering streams each spring.



ROUGH WATER can keep one busy! Below—kayaks see a lot of action on Keystone State streams and dunkings aren't infrequent, particularly for those who haven't handled one much.

RIVER RIDING— *SPLENDID SPLASHY SPRING SPORT*

Pennsylvania's desirable geographic location with its three major drainages and mountain ranges only a few hours from the heavy population concentration of the east coast means the Keystone State will continue to attract an increasing number of recreation seekers. One of these attractions will be the numerous rivers and streams that offer the outdoorsman and his family a chance to really enjoy a close look at the countryside—by riding the waters in a canoe, kayak, or inflatable raft.

NEXT TWO PAGES





SAFEST CRAFT FOR FLOATING streams is probably the survival raft. However anyone buying one should pick one large enough for the water it will be used on.



FAMILIES WITH SMALL CHILDREN often pick a survival raft for weekend float trips. They're stable even in rough water and the high sides keep small children from being thrown out easily. Word of caution—don't take chances, use a lifesaving device. Right—Two outdoorsmen negotiate white stretch by staying toward the less violent side of the stream.



SPLENDID SPORT

AS THE FOG LIFTS to reveal clear May mornings and blossoms begin blooming many Pennsylvania streams become the centers of a growing sport that attracts thousands of people each year.

Floating a rippling stream when the spring sun is just bringing a barren countryside back to life is a joy an increasing number of Keystone Staters and their neighbors seem to be discovering. Weekends throughout the spring and summer find more and more people riding the rivers and streams.

Usually outfitted with inflatable rafts, canoes, or kayaks these adventure seekers find fun their stay-at-home neighbors never discover.

The Allegheny, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna watersheds all offer top rate outdoor opportunity to recreation seekers who, in some cases, may drive several hours to other parts of the state or from other states to make a day or two day "cruise" on some Pennsylvania stream.

Not all the water is as fast or furious as the pictures on these pages might indicate but then most of the fun is in the being there—and not getting wet.

A leisurely ride downstream away from the sounds and sights of civilization is an enticing thought to many who spend a great part of their lives in the world of paved streets, concrete skyscrapers, and office lights. A quick question of "Where are you from?" seems to nine times out of ten bring such answers as "Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore," or some other area of heavy population. Now and then someone from a local community may sing out but for the most part it appears as if the families and groups getting the most out of the sport put forth some degree of effort to make the trip.

All sorts of groups—and families—seem to find a fascination with river or stream riding and many make cruise after





THE WATER he goes! Kayaks are touchy to handle until one gets of it and a trip through rough water for the low timer may well dunking. Below, a kayak at the Loyalsock canoe races begins to the contestants hang on.



cruise throughout the spring and summer months until they've covered the entire length of one particular stream. Others skip around logging time on a number of streams. At the same time, particularly after the spring's high water has subsided, a good many also throw in the fishing rod and do some leisurely fishing—often on waters and in spots that otherwise go unfished. Many of the state's really "hot" spots are best fished from a slowly drifting boat.

But probably the sport culminates itself most noticeably with a number of canoe and kayak races on popular stretches of white water. Each spring races are held on the Loyalsock, the Youghiogheny and the Allegheny as well as other spots. Contests are often wild and woolly events with plenty of dunkings. Many are held during April when high runoff waters create top notch challenges.

Although the competition events are crowd pleasing attractions, the group out for a look at the country or for some fishing probably won't be too interested in getting wet—and doesn't have to. Most waters can be handled without fear of a dumping for those outfitted with survival kits. Those using canoes or kayaks who know how to handle their craft will have no trouble finding water ranging from easy to impossible but with a little planning the low timer won't have any trouble finding plenty of scenic seams to enjoy and practice on without fear of an upset. Where will this growing sport go from here?

In one word—up! As the Commonwealth's streams become more accessible through a series of access areas being



CONTESTANTS DIG IN to swing kayak toward the rapid center of a white water stretch where the chutes are hung above the stream.

purchased and built by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission more and more water is becoming useable for the folks who simply want to take a day or weekend ride on the water.

The access sites provide easy places for "river riders" to park, leave cars and launch boats and as the population of the eastern seaboard continues to grow, more and more outdoorsmen and their families can be expected to turn to the Keystone State for a place to "get away from it all"—many by floating and fishing the numerous waters in the Pennsylvania country side.

CAUTION URGED

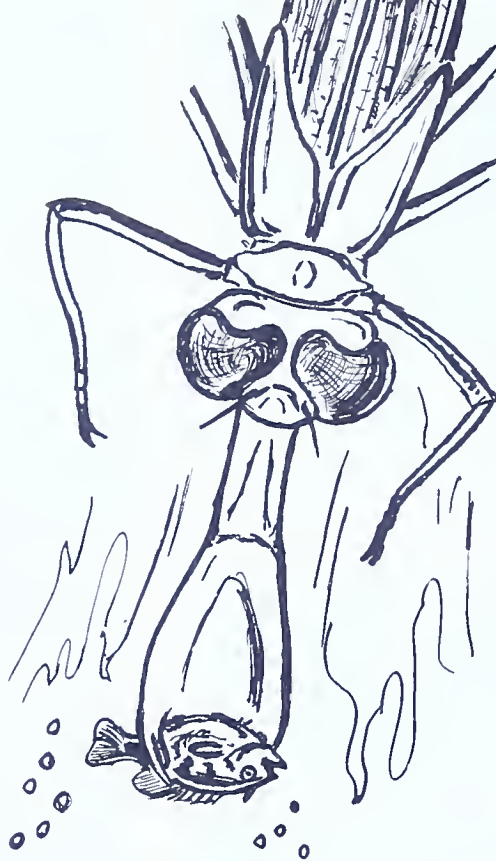
A sudden upset in the spring months when the water is still ice cold is a shock to the human system and a few minutes in the water could mean disaster.

There's nothing soft about playing it a little safe—use a life saving device!

TROUBLE ALREADY for single kayak as it heads for the chutes backwards! (Kayak photos by Sullivan Review)



EVER WONDER
WHAT COMES OUT
OF THOSE MYSTIC
LOOKING SHELLS
YOU SEE SCATTERED
ALONG THE WATER?



by
CLARK
SHIFFER
*Biologist
Benner Springs
Research Station*

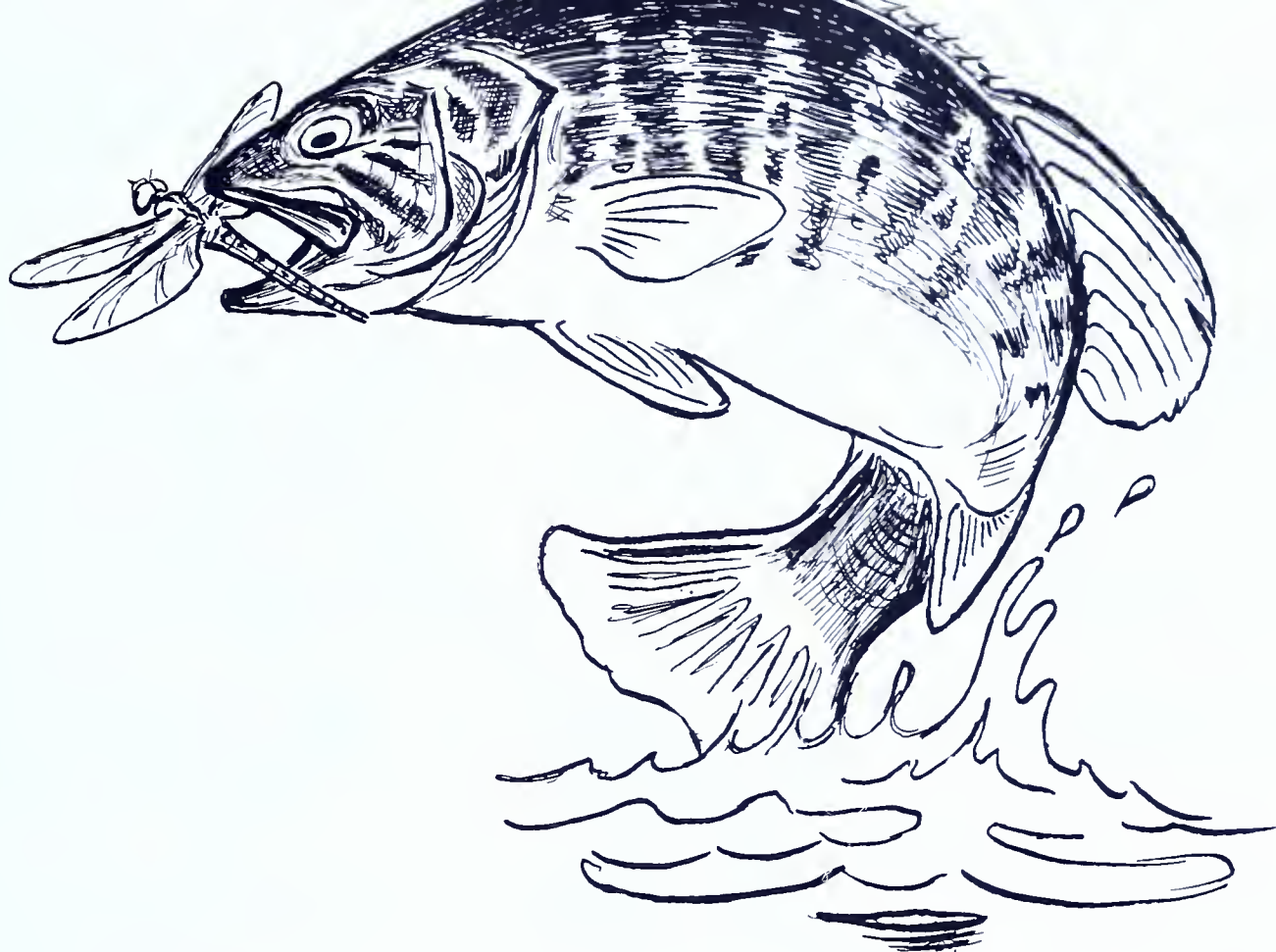
THE CREATURE WITH 10,000 EYES



A WARM SUMMER SUN shone brightly upon a lake pond. Cattails around the pond edge swayed gently as a warm breeze pushed past them and rippled the surface of the water. The sun's warmth seemed unbearable but the pond was the scene of much activity. Swallows flew low and skimmed across its surface. Redwinged blackbirds and other birds flew about its margins. Myriads of insects both large and small made themselves conspicuous by their seemingly ceaseless rounds of activities. The sun's heat even penetrated the shallow water amongst the cattail stalks and its light shone upon two participants in one of nature's many dramas.

A tiny fish, not yet a month old, swam along the tangle of waterweeds near the cattail stalks. Here in the pond's shallows it found food and protection. Now it sought the shadowed areas amongst the cattails. Suddenly from somewhere nearby something grasped the tiny body and pulled it swiftly through the water. The little fish struggled briefly as it was drawn toward a creature roughly five times its length with two huge eyes and chewing jaws. Two hooklike structures held the still struggling body as the horrible jaws of the larger creature closed upon it. In a moment the little fish lived no more. The creature continued to feed upon the body until in a short time there was no trace of it to be seen. The fish had no way of knowing that it had provided its killer with its last meal. The creature shifted its six long legs and rested.

Days later when sunrise was still about three hours away the creature crawled slowly up an isolated cattail stem, partly out of the water then stopped. For days now the same ritual had been performed in the early hours before sunrise. After remaining partly out of water for a time it would always descend the stalk and enter the water. It had not eaten anything since the capture of the small fish. This morning instead of descending into the water the creature began climbing steadily up the stalk. Another of nature's dramas was about to unfold—a miracle unseen by human eyes.



about a foot above the water the creature stopped and
ened its legs securely to the stem with rocking motions
its body from side to side. It rested motionless for a
e then the skin between its huge eyes split open from
e to side as well as lengthwise down its back.

From the split emerged suddenly a heavy bulging struc-
e. It had four crumpled wings on its top. With con-
sive jerks, and at more or less regular intervals, other
ictures appeared. In front emerged what seemed like a
ond, much larger head bearing much larger eyes. As
long legs made their appearance it could now be seen
t the creature that crawled from the water was no more
n a partially empty husk. A new creature was emerging
n inside the old shell.

The new creature now rested for some time before it
ged forward and grasped the cattail stem securely. At
same time a long tube-like structure was withdrawn
n the rest of the old shell. It was attached to the bulg-
structure and quickly lengthened to rearward. The
mpled wings had also begun to lengthen and expand.
a short time the new creature moved perhaps an inch
the stem above the now empty form. The long tubular
icture lengthened and grew more rigid while the four
gs eventually spread and opened. The skin (in reality
creature's skeleton) hardened slowly and pale colors
ame a little more bright. Sunrise was still about an
r and a half away.

During the time before sunrise the creature's outer skin
keleton continued to harden. The wings were now
ng vibrated by powerful muscles within the bulging
icture. Colors brightened. The creature seemed to be
lying itself for some new, imminent event.

sunrise found it still clinging to the cattail stem with its
gs vibrating. But hardly had the sun's rays reached the
d when the creature mounted aloft, aided by a gentle

morning breeze. Its flight was weak but well sustained.
Some instinct directed it away from the pond toward a
nearby grove of trees. The sun was still close to the
horizon when the creature landed high amongst the leaves
of a tree at the edge of the grove. Here it hung by its legs
and rested. Its maiden flight was over.

Others of its kind made such flights from the pond that
morning. Some of the later fliers were caught by birds and
eaten. Others never had a chance to fly. The birds found
and ate them from the stems up which they had crawled.
Meanwhile the sun moved higher in the sky and the day
grew warmer.

This story may sound like a science fiction tale, but it is
based on a very real creature with which most of us are
familiar.

Both the "old creature" and the "new creature" in the
story are the same. Most of us know it by the names
dragonfly, devil's darning-needle, snake doctor, or snake
feeder, depending on where we live. It's an insect—a very
ancient and interesting one. The common names (there
are about 5,000 different kinds of dragonflies around the
world) indicate some of the superstitions surrounding them.

The first creature in the story, which lived in the water,
is the young or immature stage in the dragonfly's life cycle.
It is commonly called a "mud bug" or "bass bug" by fisher-
men. A more proper term is nymph. This term is also
applicable to the young of such insects as mayflies and
stoneflies. The nymph is possessed of a unique and re-
markable structure by means of which it captured the small
fish. This structure is the lower lip (labium) which is
hinged so that it may be folded underneath the head when
not in use. At its tip are two stout moveable hooks which
are used to grasp suitable prey and hold it while being
drawn toward the chewing mouthparts. The labium can be

continued on page 25

Allegheny River

MOSGROVE—SHARPSBURG

Monongahela River

River



DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

BOATING

with **ROBERT G. MILLER**

THE ALLEGHENY RIVER, from the Golden Triangle up to about the Kittanning area, has been described as a "Boaters' Paradise" and no wonder.

Along this stretch of water can be found numerous service docks which provide a multitude of facilities from overnight dockage and repairs to hot and cold showers.

However, boating on the Allegheny is totally unlike that to be found on the Susquehanna River and the wise boat owner takes advantage of area charts, or the advice of seasoned veterans, before setting out on a cruise.

For example a more detailed list of facilities in the Pittsburgh area, along with knowledgeable recommendations on using the locks and dams, rules of the road and piloting, can be found in

the "Three Rivers Boating Guide" by Capt. Jack Ross, 711 Cottonwood Dr., Monroeville, Pennsylvania, who writes the monthly column "Boating—Questions and Answers."

Another such publication is "The Allegheny River" reprinted by the Emlenton Area Chamber of Commerce and the Emlenton Boy Scout Troop 41 for distribution. With most of its information taken from an 1855 publication, "The Allegheny Pilot," the booklet contains a vast amount of historical material.

Space does not permit describing in detail the boating facilities in this area. However, the following is a thumbnail sketch of launching areas along the Allegheny, a small portion of the Monongahela River, Loyalhanna Reservoir and the popular Crooked Creek State Park.



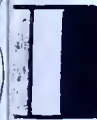
Mosgrove access area located off Leg. Rt. 03068. Beach type ramp with parking area. No charge. Also Smith's dock with a paved ramp, overnight dockage, refreshments, camping and picnic areas.



Kittanning Municipal ramp at riverfront park, Kittanning Marine Sales, N. Water Street at Colwell; and Shafer's dock on N. Water Street. Bait available at Shafer's.



Manorville, located off Rt. 128, Hileman's boat service which includes repairs, parts and boating accessories.



Ford City, just south of Manorville along Rt. 128, Coleman's dock: gasoline and oil, ramp, rest rooms, picnic facilities.



Freeport ramp, off Rt. 28, maintained by the Olde Island Marina at Riverside Drive. Paved ramp, overnight dockage and refreshments.



Tarentum Boat Club, at 150 First Ave., off Rt. 28 and just north of the Rt. 366 bridge. Overnight dockage and parking.



Arnold, off Rts. 366 & 56, east side of river. Boat docks were installed by local residents under supervision of the Arnold City Wharf Commission.



Logan's Ferry boat docks, two miles south of New Kensington. Snack bar, picnic area, ramp. Located on Logans Ferry Rd. at Rt. 909.



Harmarville, Rodak boat sales, Harmar marina, located off Wenzel Drive. Paved ramp and hoist, or crane, facilities to handle almost any size craft.



Oakmont boat service, just south of the Pennsylvania Turnpike bridge. Located at the foot of Washington Avenue, the marina features a restaurant and charter service.



Verona, south of Oakmont. Outboard Haven, at 228 Arch Street, docking facilities for over 100 craft, paved ramp, sanitary facilities, refreshments.



Blawnox, Harbor Isle sales and service on River Road. A full service marina with diesel fuel, charters and maintains radio contact with pleasure craft.



Aspinwall: Hideaway Harbor, north of Aspinwall on Rt. 28; Aspinwall Marina Inc., at 285 River Avenue. Facilities to service all kinds of pleasure craft, picnic area.



Sharpsburg: Marina Haven, 19th and River Road; Sharpsburg Boat Docks, foot of 13th Street. Both offer overnight dockage, ramps, repairs and accessories.



Pittsburgh area marinas: Brilliant Boat Club, foot of Washington Blvd.; Millvale Boating Base, Beaver's Boat docks, Grantham and River Ave.; North Shore Marina, Mendota at River Ave.; Faust Marina, 300 block of River Ave. East.

MONONGAHELA RIVER



Pittsburgh, Mon Wharf public ramp, located downtown off Ft. Pitt Blvd. Wharf parking lot open for launching on evenings and Sundays.

LOYALHANNA DAM



Small craft facilities located at New Alexander, northeast of Greensburg, along Rt. 22. Beach type ramp, parking. No charge.

CONEMAUGH RESERVOIR

A six mile long, 300 acre body of water located west of Blairsville, Indiana County, off Rts. 22 & 119.

CROOKED CREEK STATE PARK

Located south of Kittanning, the Crooked Creek State Park offers a variety of opportunities for outdoor recreation, such as, boating, swimming, fishing, camping and picnicking.

OIL MOON OVER PITHOLE



TRACE THAT REMAINS of Oil City to Pithole City railroad grade which was built in 1865 and soon abandoned.

"Mr. Smiley explained that in the first rush when our line started to buy oil we got stung many times by smart teamsters who drove the hoops down tight on oil barrels, constricted the bilge and cheated us out of six to eight gallons of oil per barrel. Then we started to measure as we poured it into our own stock tanks. For a time there was a shortage between what we poured into the line here and what came out at Miller Farm.

"Anyway, to make the story short, Mr. Smiley sent word to me Sunday that I was to make a personal, on-foot inspection of the line. I was to look carefully at every joint above ground and study the fields where we laid some pipe underground to please the farmers.

"I couldn't find even one small leak. The guards on patrol on the line did not know of any either. Anyway, I examined all joints the entire six miles to Miller Farm. Then I doubled back. After those 12 miles, there isn't anyone in Pithole now who can tell me or Mr. Smiley that the oil seeping out of the hill atop Holmden is coming from the Van Syckle pipeline. But then I don't know where the oil is coming from either . . ."

Etzel pointed to *The Record*, "There are a lot of crazy people in Pithole these days . . ."

"Look here what *The Record* says this morning . . . some hay-headed preacher from Tionesta said yesterday that the oil is 'saturating the earth . . . to fulfill the Biblical prediction of the consummation of the world by fire . . .'"

Tompkins, leaned over Etzel's shoulder and read the paragraph.

"Well," he answered in comment, "that preacher may not be making such a bad guess at that. The way Pithole has been burning lately, it could be our end. Now that I think of it, I have heard a weird theory about the oil also.

"One of the pipeline guards at the Cherry Run pump station has a pretty good notion. He's an Englishman. Came over just recently. He was telling the gang there about the 'dewponds' the English build on top of their hills.

"These ponds are about 50 feet in diameter. They have no source of water. But they never dry up. The water lost by evaporation even on the hottest day is made up at night. He says these ponds are built by digging shallow holes in what he called 'chalk.' The surface of the scooped-out hole is then covered with straw and the straw is then covered with soft clay. The pond eventually gets some water from a rain for a start. A whole barn of cows can be watered every day.

"What happens, according to this Englishman, is that the water forms from condensation of mists and clouds. The straw keeps the warm ground from the water. The cool night fog produces condensation and more water. It's a repeating process. Now that Englishman thinks that all that gas which we allow to escape from the wells along Pithole Creek so we can get the oil to come out of the ground faster mixes with the fog that forms over this valley at night. He says it is possible that the gassy vapors rise out of the valley and settle on the top of

the hills and then percolate through the soil into cavities a small holes of the rock and come out now on Holmden hill oil. You know, George, this version may be crazy also, but it sure is interesting. This whole narrow valley, come, think of it, stinks with gas something terrible on muggy nights.

"But I suppose as long as the miners keep on getting oil simply by digging ditches, and the oil continues to come out water pipes, we are going to have people speculating where the stuff is coming from.

"I sure would like to know for myself, George. What we need is some scientific men. They might be able to explain it

Chapter Seventeen

PETROLEUM ENGINEERS and scientists were scarce in 1866. Knowledgeable men, however, arrived in the oil region every day, on every overland stage, by river packet and freight wagon.

When the springs, water wells, ditches and potholes continued to pour out oil in undiminished quantities and after the foreman of the Van Syckle pipeline had remarked that the miners had carted, rolled and dragged more than 2,000 barrels of oil to his dump in the first ten days after the Tremont Ho burned, George Prather, Esq., of Messrs. Prather, Wadsworth and Company, petroleum bankers and investors, took notice and decided that he would inspect the "oily miracle."

Prather's arrival from Oil City was awaited eagerly. He was regarded as Venango County's most knowledgeable oil operator. He was its oldest operator. He was its luckiest operator. He was likewise a shrewd investor. For when the bank refused to lend money on new oil drillings the refusal was subsequently underlined with failure. The new wells in unexplored fields turned out to be dry. If anyone would have given both a scientific and intelligent explanation for the mystery on the hillside Prather certainly would, so the puzzled citizens of Pithole felt. And his diagnosis would carry much influence.

But Prather, the veteran, was as astonished as the most amateurish oil miner in the ditches. The banker had seen many seepages before. In 1849 near Rouseville, ten years ahead of Colonel Drake's discovery well, Prather had helped skim oil from a spring run. On the Buchanan Farm hillside the oil oozed almost imperceptibly. After a whole summer of careful swabbing with a blanket and rags Prather helped squeeze out 20 precious barrels. But here in Pithole City the seepage was astonishing. It literally poured . . . almost as if the oil were being forced out of the earth by some giant, subterranean pump . . . with an unseen, unexplained, and unrelenting pressure . . .

Prather's first belief was that the Van Syckle pipeline, which passed above the seepage was faulty. But he had been assured by Superintendent Smiley that the delivery was tight, without leaks, especially in the area where it might influence the flow of oil into the muddy ditches and water wells. It was Prather saw for himself. In a private room at a branch of the bank in Pithole, Prather wrote:

"Feb. 27, 1866

"Dear Smiley: I had a long, careful look at the oil mines and the ditches on the hill. Frankly, I don't quite know what I am to say except that they astonish me also.

"The oil seeps here much faster and in more generous quantities and over a larger area than I remember seeing in the Buchanan Farm years ago. In comparison it is a flood.

"I hesitate to say where it originates. You say that your line is not leaking. I have seen so for myself. I know from my records that the Holmden hillside did not produce one good well in the first exploratory drillings. Pithole's wells are along the creek bed. That's a mystery—oil today where we had no oil just a few months ago.

"I will have to give this phenomenon more thoughtful study. Just quickly, and I hope not too recklessly, I think the oil is coming from the numberless wells which have been drilled in the flats along Pithole Creek. I believe that the creek water has entered the oil rocks. There has been too much reckless drilling and abandonment of holes on the flats.

"The fresh water from the stream in the thaw of the first week of February has very probably entered natural vents in the underground rocks and crevices in such volume that it is forced the oil out of the flats into the spring veins on the hillside.

"This suggestion sounds fantastic. But a capillary action with water pushing oil ahead could conceivably cause the oil to rise 250 feet to the top of the hill where it would seep out in natural outlets. Signed. Geo. Prather, Esq."

On the following morning The Pithole Record excerpted Prather's version. The round of debates on the puzzle started again in the drilling rigs, ditches, hotel dining rooms and saloons. But very few knowledgeable men could understand Prather's explanation. At least "Loud Mouth" Bill Haggerty, knowledgeable on almost any subject after a drink or two of adulterated whisky, had not yet heard of capillary action. But Haggerty always had a theory. He was sure to have an explanation for the seeping oil. He only needed to be asked.

Loud Mouth was hanger-on in Oil City saloons. By trade and between bottles he was a skilled wagon builder. On the first day of February, 1866, Loud Mouth delivered a new wagon to Snell and Clark. The firm had cut 2,000 tons of ice in frozen Muskrat Eddy at Eagle Rock and were desperate for wagons. The ice would soon be exposed to the spring sun. It would have to be hauled to firm's secluded storage shacks in the shaded hollows around Pithole City. In hot July the patrons of the hotels and saloons would have chilled wines and refreshments at sarsaparilla.

The wagon delivered, Haggerty swaggered into the "Buffalo and Erie" on Prather Street. He needed refreshing. He spied John Coffey, the bartender. Loud Mouth had two weaknesses... big thirst for whisky and a mammoth appetite for argument. To start the latter, he greeted Coffey with a, "what in the hell are you still doing in Pithole, Jack? I thought them Titusville desperadoes drove you and Stonehouse Jack and his gurlies and them firebugs out of these parts a month ago?"

When Loud Mouth spoke everyone in the saloon listened. His voice was raspy, like the wheels of a heavily loaded freight wagon gritting on an Allegheny River gravel bar.

The bartender winced under the inquisition. Sure the desperadoes had him marked for a free ride out of Titusville with the rest of his Western New York state roughnecks. But the desperadoes examined Coffey's Civil War record. Several prominent citizens came to vouch for him. Coffey was permitted to stay. He was cautioned he could make no more adventures outside the law.

He chose Pithole and was tending bar peaceably, the unpleasantness of the surveillance forgotten until Loud Mouth opened up an old wound. He must divert Haggerty. What better way than to slide a bottle of whisky to Haggerty's elbow. Maybe even Loud Mouth gets started on whisky he'll forget about me, thought Coffey.

"Hey, Bill, you been up to see the oil diggins, yet?" added Coffey by way of diversion.

"Yeah, yeah, I been there," said Loud Mouth, lifting the whisky to his fat face, gasping from the shock as the spirits burned his throat and wiping his thick lips with the back of his hairy hand.

"What about them, what do you want to know, Coffey?" he asked as he pugnaciously pushed part of the question back at the bartender and reached for the neck of the bottle again. Coffey felt relieved. Loud Mouth was diverted.

"Tell me, Bill," Coffey pressed, "where do you suppose the oil is coming from? It's got everyone up here guessing. Been going on for two weeks now. Mr. Prather, the banker, said in The Record this morning that the oil is being forced up the hill from water in the wells on the creek. What do you think, Bill?"

"Yeah, yeah, that's a good one," roared Loud Mouth, holding another empty whisky glass in his ham-like hands.

"There was talk about capillary action at Snell and Clark's. No the hell ever heard of 'capillary action' or oil flowing uphill..."

"But I'll let you in on a little secret, Jack. I'll tell you how it is."

"Thousands of years ago, my old man used to say, this whole region was miles under water. And all the whales of the ocean came here when they got the feeling they were going to die."

"Now that stuff they're digging for and pumping out and rolling down in barrels is nothing but whale oil that's seeping out of an old whale cemetery. Old Mother Nature is playing a trick. The Old Dame is kicking up," roared Loud Mouth... after his third whisky...

Chapter Eighteen

MOTHER NATURE took no exception to Loud Mouth's uncouth but buoyant remarks. If anything the "Old Dame" seemed to enjoy Haggerty's rather naive theory about the whale cemetery and his assertions that the oil springs in Pithole City were her idea of a prank. If she was "kicking up" Haggerty would see more of her antics.

His whale story was repeated and explained for each thirsty arrival at the Buffalo and Erie. An approving round of drinks all around followed each telling. And Loud Mouth enjoyed his audience. The bottle of whisky was drained and another invaded when a driller walked in with a fish story of his own. As yet it had no connection with the oil springs.

The driller had just come from the Holmden Farm where well No. 66 was being put down. Its depth was measured at 616 feet. Oil should flow at any moment. As the crew inserted the drill the water rose in the hole and began to overflow the well. The drillers anxiously watched the rising water for a show of oil. Instead, a living, brown-colored fish about five inches in length floated up out of the hole and plopped and wiggled about in the sand pumpings draining from the well.

One man grasped the fish quickly. So startled was the crew and so occupied with examining and theorizing about the finny freak, since it had no eyes, they forgot that a fish did not live out of water. It died shortly.

The latest story teller hushed the noisy patrons in the saloon. And before he could be accused of having told a fish story, he advised that the fish was bottled and taken to Mould and Adgate, apothecaries on Holmden Street. It could be seen there. Barnum, the great showman, would be notified and the fish would be offered for his collection of astounders.

Loud Mouth immediately seized upon the freak fish as a prop for his whale theory and popularity at the bar.

Where did the Holmden fish come from unless there was an underground river six hundred feet below Pithole?

And if there was a fish, and there had to be a stream or river, wouldn't there also be an underground ocean and a cemetery of dead fish...whales that had chemically been transformed to oil?

The more Haggerty dwelled on his theory the more plausible it became. It seems that the "Old Dame Nature" had trapped Loud Mouth Haggerty in his own levity.

Chapter Nineteen

THE OIL SPRINGS of Pithole City continued to flow and astound the oil region for a month after the Tremont House burned. They ceased as mysteriously as they had begun.

The day of judgment did not come. Azro Calamity Claag's Biblical explanation was worthless. The Van Syckle pipeline was not leaking. The condensation and dew pond theory offered by the Englishman and likewise the banker's "capillary action" explanation died also. And Loud Mouth Haggerty moved to another bar and his spouting whales apparently migrated to another underground ocean.

What then might have caused the oil to flow into the water wells and seep out of the ditches of Pithole City in February, 1866? Did Mother Nature act up?

Yes, as never before...Consider what The Pithole Record reported in an item lost among the columns devoted to the hillside attraction.

"This month of February, 1866, which is now almost gone will be marked on the astronomical calendar as the month which had no full moon. January had two full moons and March will have two. But February has none. Of course this peculiar conjunction that makes the moon show her face but a few hours before the month comes in and a few hours after the month goes out is a rare thing in nature."

"How rare do you suppose?"

"It has not occurred in your lifetime, nor in ours, nor since the time of George Washington, nor since the discovery of America by Columbus, nor since the Christian era, nor since the fall of Adam, nor since the creation of the world, unless that event took place back a myriad of years."

"And it will not occur again, according to computation of astronomers for two million and a half years...or probably never..."

Did Mother Nature employ the unusual position of the earth and the moon to tip her underground ocean of oil so that the tide sloshed out into Pithole's Streets?

Consider that there could have been a minor underground disturbance localized at Pithole on February 8, 1866. And those who were abroad that night, Annie Shultz on her run to the cowshed, the peddler Shalof and the printer Tom Dunn in the Tight Pinch Pass and Alfred Sniley with his fortune on the pipeline, thought they felt the ground tremble beneath them.

THE END.

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

BEDFORD COUNTY

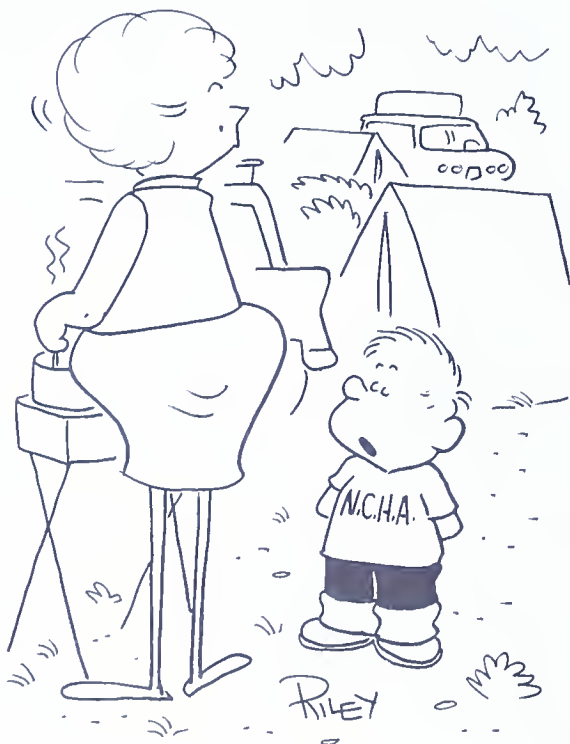
SHAWNEE STATE PARK in historic Bedford County has one of the largest campgrounds of any of our state parks and one of the most heavily used. Located on busy U.S. 30 and not far from the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the region naturally draws heavy tourist traffic.

Shawnee has so much to offer though that we heartily recommend a visit by every Pennsylvania camper. Early spring, before the great influx of traveling campers is an ideal time for investigating park attractions.

This was one of the very first Pennsylvania state park campgrounds to be equipped with wash houses with hot showers and flush facilities. The campground is situated on a wooded hill overlooking a 450-acre man-made lake. The impoundment is located on the spot where the Shawnee Indian's had one of the finest hunting grounds on the North American continent.

Established as a flood control project, the lake is 25 feet deep in spots and has a 12-mile shoreline. There is 2000 feet of white sand beach to accommodate bathers.

Group campfire songfests and Sunday morning outdoor church services have long been a tradition. A 20-passenger excursion launch offers tours of the reservoir.



"It stands for 'Nathan Charles Hubert Anderson'"

For the fisherman the large lake is stocked with picker bass, walleye, perch and muskie. Fishing can be done from the shore or from a rented rowboat.

For the dedicated stream fisherman, the Raystown branch of the Juniata (called "river of portals" by the Shawnee) is a fishing hotspot as are Koon Lake and Lake Gordon. Shobers Run offers excellent trout fishing.

You'll really enjoy a visit to the quaint old town of Bedford. From earliest Indian days Bedford was a stopping place for tourists. Many of the buildings date back to colonial times.

A must is a stop at the Fort Bedford Park and Museum developed by the community of Bedford and the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission. It was constructed on the site of the old fort built to protect settlers from Indian attack and used by General Forbes on his way to capture Fort Duquesne in the French and Indian War. The museum was dedicated in 1958, the bicentennial of that famous march.

The main display is a replica of the original outpost. Also displayed are Indian artifacts and colonial household goods of 200 years ago. A Conestoga wagon, appropriately enough, is included. Bedford was a gateway to the west for the early pioneers.

Once on the quiet tree-lined streets of this friendly town walked such notables as George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Ben Franklin and Daniel Webster to name just a few. The Supreme Court of the United States once met here.

The Espey house, still standing, was the headquarters for General George Washington in the Whiskey Rebellion. Recently it has been occupied by a bakery.

Other attractions in the county range from the unusual underground cavern at Mann's Choice to 3146-foot Beech Knob, the second highest mountain peak in Pennsylvania. Wonderland Caverns at Mann's Choice are the only fossil cave in the world, a delight for geologists and spelunkers.

Twenty miles north of Bedford on Route 869 is Beech Knob State Park, which contains a 200-site campground known for its spectacular scenery. The largest ski area in the Commonwealth with 15 trails provides challenging recreation for the winter sports enthusiasts. The mile-long chairlift is in operation Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays in the summer. Visitors can ride for a modest fee. From the top of the lift a 100-mile panorama of scenic beauty appears before your eyes.

A fine mountain trout stream Bob's Creek meanders through the park. Campers can enjoy a swim in the cold waters of the pool.

You will probably find Blue Knob much less crowded than Shawnee. If no sites are available at either of these fine state parks, try one of the many private campgrounds distributed throughout Bedford County.



The Palomino Rainbow pictured above tried swimming through a 1½ inch washer but didn't quite make it! Hatchery personnel at the Pleasant Gap Hatchery near Bellefonte found the fish in one of the installation's ponds. It had been placed in the pond last October and had grown to 9 inches in the meantime, picking up the washer somewhere along the way!

Continued from page 19

CREATURE WITH 10,000 EYES

ridly extended for a distance of one-third to one-half the nymph's length.

Lest someone think that the dragonfly nymph feeds mostly upon young fish, something should be said about its feeding habits. Any animal in the water which moves, including other nymphs, and which is not too large or strong for the nymph is liable to be eaten.

In almost every instance the nymph performs a beneficial service by culling the excess or unfit animals which happen its way. The little fish in the story might have been a bluegill, a species which many times becomes too abundant in ponds. Abundance often leads to stunted growth through competition for available food. Thus it is that the nymph plays a role in nature's chain of events and becomes a further part of it when fish feed upon dragonfly nymphs in turn.

As the nymph grows its skeleton splits down the back. It then crawls out of the old shell. A new skeleton, which was formed previously, soon hardens. This process occurs at varying intervals during this stage of the dragonfly's life, which usually lasts a year. Sometimes, in some dragonflies, the nymphal period is of three or more years duration.

The adult dragonfly which emerges from the nymphal stage is almost entirely a different animal. It is like the nymph, however, in one particular. Just as the nymph is

Pennsylvania Federation Honored By National Wildlife Federation

THE NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION has honored the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs for outstanding service during 1967.

The State Federation was cited for its outstanding record of accomplishments, including leadership in public support for enactment of the Commonwealth's Strip Mining Reclamation and Clean Streams programs, sponsorship of a conservation camp for high school students, conservation education programs and support of a major land and water conservation bond issue.

Announcement and presentation of the awards in the form of plaques, were made during opening ceremonies of the federation's 32nd annual meeting at the Continental Houston Hotel. The awards are made annually by the Federation to outstanding affiliates on the basis of their relative progress and accomplishment. Included in the judging criteria are such factors as public service, self-improvement, internal and external communications, and participation in a wide range of conservation programs.

Also recognized for 1967 was the North Dakota Wildlife Federation.

an efficient, though beneficial killer in the water, the adult is an efficient killer of thousands of flies and mosquitoes which it catches while flying.

Indeed, the adult dragonfly is among the fastest of all insects. Although some insects can fly faster, probably few are capable of their maneuverability at the same speeds. The four wings beat alternately—the front wings move upward together while the hind wings move downward together and vice versa.

While perched on or held in hand the structure of the dragonfly's body may be examined. Like all insects the body is made up of three distinct regions, the head, thorax, and abdomen. The head bears two enormous eyes and three smaller ones placed slightly in front of and between them. Each of the larger eyes is composed of thousands of tiny eyes crowded close together. These tiny eyes may number anywhere from 10,000 to as many as 30,000 in the larger species. They are designed to detect movement and can detect the movement of objects at a distance of 30 yards or more. In life the eyes of most dragonflies glow with beautiful colors like living jewels. The wings are attached to the thorax (the bulging structure). Behind the thorax is the long ten-segmented abdomen. At its tip are three appendages which are used by the male to grasp the female by the head prior to mating. Many times dragonflies may be seen flying about, the male holding the female. Only two appendages are found on the abdomen of the female.

After mating the female lays many hundreds of eggs in or on the water or in water plants. Wherever the deposition, the eggs hatch in due time, releasing a tiny nymph complete with the terrible, grasping, hooked labium.



AWARDS WERE PRESENTED to District Fish Warden Joseph Dick of Somerset and Paul Knepp, president of the Somerset County League of Sportsmen, for "outstanding service to the sportsmen of Somerset County" by the Southwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Presenting the awards was Dr. Gary Critchfield, delegate to the Southwest Division of the Federation.



SPEAKER

PENNSYLVANIA Fish Commission Executive Director Robert J. Bielo was guest speaker at a winter meeting of the Lycoming County Soil and Water Conservation Banquet at Warrensville.



JIM NANCE, right, outstanding football back of the Boston Patriots, was invited to do a little home state fishing at the New England Sportsmen's Show in Boston by Warren W. Singer, assistant to the director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Singer, left, extended the invitation to the native Pennsylvanian who comes from Indiana, Pa. Pictured with the two men is Steve Czarnecki, travel representative of Massachusetts' Department of Commerce.

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THE DAY THEY STOCKED THE BROOKIES

to believe that *anyone* could possibly be in this idyllic spot for any reason other than to "go for the brookies."

Hip-booted, rod toting fishing enthusiasts would inquire "Catch your limit already?" . . . I tried twice to explain that I wasn't really there to fish, but I was met with such icy stares and looks of disbelief that others asking the same question received a snappy "Yep!" For this I in turn received numerous "Atta Boy!" "Good for you!" and "How about that!" "Congratulations!"

In the evening as I prepared my charcoal burner for grilling hamburger (I can't stand fish) one happy passerby called out "Brookies for supper . . . oh boy!" I simply smiled and waved. I couldn't possibly have explained. Other criss-crossers offered to donate their catches to my evening meal. They looked crestfallen when I rejected them and attempted to explain that I didn't like fish. One man was so obviously convinced that I was a demented person for refusing his fish, that he immediately got into his car and drove off without removing his hip boots.

Later when I had finished my supper and sat reading, a happy passerby returned from where he had been fishing,

noticed my dirty grill and smouldering ashes. "How were they?" he asked cheerfully. I smiled and held up my hand in the OK sign. He walked on with a satisfied grin on his face.

The little hole where the brookies had been stocked gave up dozens of fish that afternoon and evening. The little angler slammed his car door, roared his motor and spun on the gravel road about 10 p.m.

Shortly after five the following morning the first early bird got his worm and cast it into the water. By the time I was up and around and had finished my breakfast I had only been asked "How they biting?" three times.

During the course of the day I learned that eight was the limit. Fewer and fewer were staying to achieve the limit. As catches became rarer and rarer, the frantic criss-crossing from upstream to downstream and from downstream to upstream became wilder than ever. Soon the standard question became "Catch anything?" rather than "Caught your limit yet?"

As I watched, worms, cheese and flies were cast into the hole and came back whole. Occasionally a lucky cast would catch one or two . . . but the big "fish-in" was over. When I built my fire in the evening at about 7:30 just one die-hard remained. He left by 8.

The following morning only one car had arrived by 9. A second arrived at 9. Both headed for places up and down stream, far from my "quiet spot." I spent my little day quite alone . . . except for the brook trout who remained to peacefully feed in the "hole" . . . untempted by deadly worms, cheese and flies.



GVERNOR RAYMOND P. SHAFER and Gordon L. Trembley, assistant executive director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, accept an Award of Merit from American Fishing Tackle Manufacturer's Association representative D. S. Morrison, left, of the Rodstream Corporation. The presentation, made in the governor's office, was given in recognition of the Commission's Fishing School Program.



GIVEN DIPLOMAS—These three women were given special recognition at the conclusion of a fishing school held during the winter months by Huntingdon County District Warden Jim Valentine. The women were called before the class group for the presentation of Fishing School Diplomas as "some of my most faithful fishermen" and "valuable helpers during stocking." From left to right the ladies are: Mrs. Margaret Snare, Violet Hall, and Verna Moore.

SAYLOR AWARDED CONSERVATION PRIZE

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN P. SAYLOR, Pennsylvania, and Representative John A. Blatnik, Minnesota, have been awarded the first BERNARD M. BARUCH PRIZES for outstanding contributions to the field of Conservation.

Harrison E. Salisbury, Assistant Managing editor of the New York Times and chairman of the awards committee of The Belle W. Baruch Foundation, and the Foundation's Trustees, announced the awards at the foundation's plantation, the 17,000 acre Hobcaw Barony estate of the late Bernard M. Baruch.

Rep. Saylor was cited for "contributing most to the field of conservation." The recipients were selected from a field of leading conservationists by a nominating committee headed by Richard H. Pough, President of the Natural Area Council.

In announcing the awards, Mr. Salisbury referred to

Rep. Saylor as "the father of the Wilderness Act, a milestone in the field of conservation." The Wilderness Act, passed in 1965, is considered the landmark conservation measure of the decade. It spells out a basic national policy for the preservation of wilderness, which assures protection, under law, of dedicated wilderness land. Rep. Saylor also co-authored the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act.

Rep. Blatnik has been described by President Johnson as "The Fighting General in the war on pollution." As author of the National Water Control Pollution Act, designed to clear up polluted streams, he piloted the bill through the House to a unanimous 390-0 vote. He has also successfully sponsored bills establishing water quality standards and the preservation of clean waters.

In addition to the two primary awards, the first of which will be on a continuing annual basis, the committee announced posthumous award Citations to two outstanding pioneers in Conservation: the late President Theodore Roosevelt and the late Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, noted American forester and public official.

Continued from page 8

UPER-DUPER COOPER BUG

lay a small pinch of natural deer-body hair over the mille body and tie it down firmly just in back of the of the hook. This end of the thread is now tied off with multiple half hitches or a whip-finish knot. It is essential to use deer-body hair or the hair will not flare properly.

Pull the hair evenly to the bend of the hook and pick up the long trailing end that was left dangling or in the material clip. Tie the hair down, flaring it up at the bend of the hook. Tie off the thread.

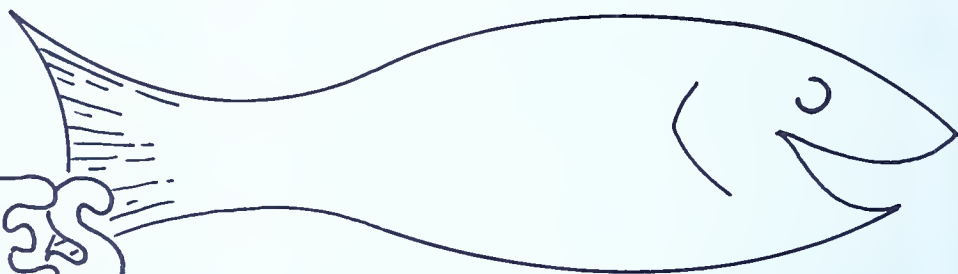
Take the scissors and trim the flared deer hair at the eye of the hook quite close. Trim the flared deer hair at the bend evenly about ½-inch out so it is fan shaped. Put a drop of lacquer on each of the windings. The Cooper Bug is now complete.

After you tie a few of these the procedure becomes very simple.

But don't expect to match Jack Cooper's speed. He has been tying these since 1937 and uses enough deer hair to keep the whole herd worried!

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



HUSKY MUSKY Honorable mention goes to Anthony Distler of St. Marys who caught the 36 inch, 15 pounder from the Allegheny River in Forest County early in February. (photo courtesy St. Marys Daily Record)

FISHERMAN Joseph Dropesky of Mt. Carmel caught this 43½ inch, 21⅞ pound musky from the Susquehanna in Northumberland County during the winter. It was big enough to qualify him for membership in the Husky Musky Club.



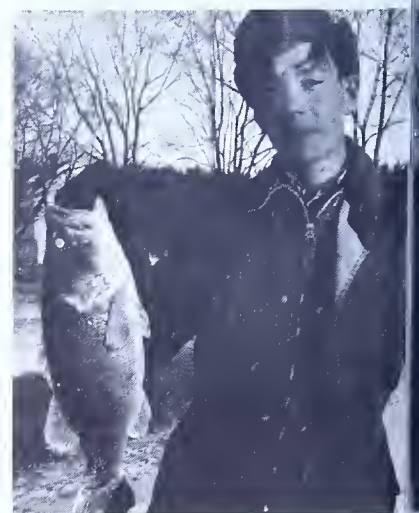
DAVID KOHR of ericksburg holds 77 inch, 13 pound n he caught from the us quehanna River at the York Haven Dam. The catch qualified him for honorary membersh in Pennsylvania's Isk Musky Club.



GLADE RUN LAKE is where eleven-year-old fisherman Joey Tersak of Pittsburgh caught this nice stringer of panfish. They all fell to the temptation of worms used by the youthful angler.



NICE STRINGER of bass were caught by Grant W. Cook of Pittsburgh. He caught them while fishing the Allegheny River during October. They measured 15 to 21 inches!



WILKES BARRE angler John landed this 23 inch, 7½ pound mouth bass from the Pennsylvania Commission's Harris Pond at Valley during the winter.

FISH TALES

FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



BL. HARRIGER, Dubois, holds north- and two walleyes which won Ice Fishing Rodeo at Kyle Lake, Jefferson County. The fish measured 25½, 18, and 12 inches. Contest was sponsored by Jefferson County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. (photo by Bill Gigliotti)



ABERT SOLOSKY, Bethlehem, holds citation winning 14¾ inch yellow perch caught in January 1968 from Lake Wlenpaupack.



FIRST SENIOR Fishing Citation of 1968 went to Robert Erdman of Elysburg who landed a 5 pound, 26½ inch chain pickerel from Sullivan County's Hunter's Lake.



TEN YEAR OLD Edward Orloski won two citations for the 26½ inch, 4 pound 9 ounce chain pickerel he caught at Glen Summit in Luzerne County. The youthful angler from Mountaintop won both a junior and a senior for his catch.



STONEY CREEK in Dauphin County is where angler Edward R. Marriott caught this trophy chain pickerel. It weighed 5 pounds, 9 ounces and measured 26½ inches.



DELAWARE MUSKY was caught by New Jersey fisherman John Vitell of Sparta. The 30 inch, 6 pound 11 ounce 'lunge was one of the first reported caught there since the river was stocked with fry in 1965. It hit a lamprey eel. He was fishing one mile north of Dingman's when he landed it. (photo by Harry Grosch, New Jersey Division of Fish & Game)



JUNIOR CITATION was awarded to Harold Mullen of Sayre for the 13½ inch, 1¼ pound yellow perch he landed at Lake Wesauking in Bradford County. He caught it while winter fishing during January.

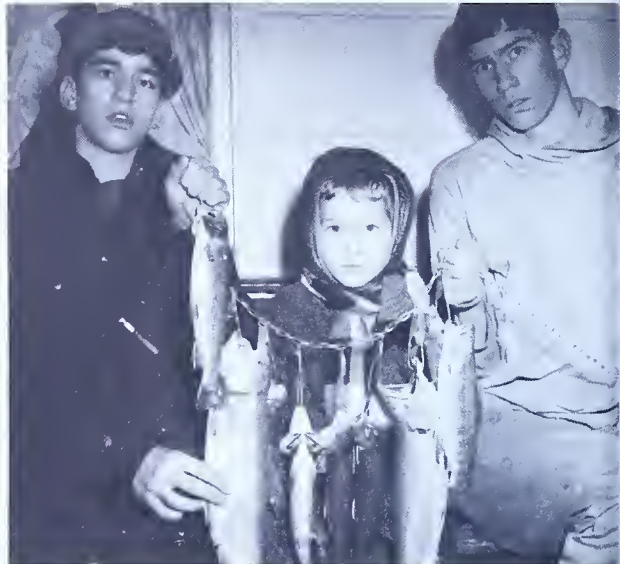


JAMES LENDLE of Coplay holds whopper he caught at Promised Land Lake during February. The largemouth bass measured 21½ inches, weighed 6¼ pounds and hit a minnow on a tip up.



THE MILLER BROTHERS of Brockway—Gary, David, and Bruce—hold beautiful stringer of brook trout taken through the ice at Parker Dam in Clearfield County. Using tip-ups and live minnows the boys caught eight in all. They ranged in size from 10 to 17 inches.

CANONSBURG ANGLER George Sekura holds dandy walleye he caught in the Allegheny River. The 10½ pound trophy measured 30½ inches!



TINGLEY LAKE in Susquehanna County produced 18½ inch largemouth for angler Julius Yamrich of Philadelphia. He caught it last July about mid-day on a bucktail spinner.



ELEVEN YEAR OLD Jeff Forbes of Ridgway was awarded the first Junior Citation of 1968 for this 15½ inch brook trout which he caught at Ridgway Reservoir in January.

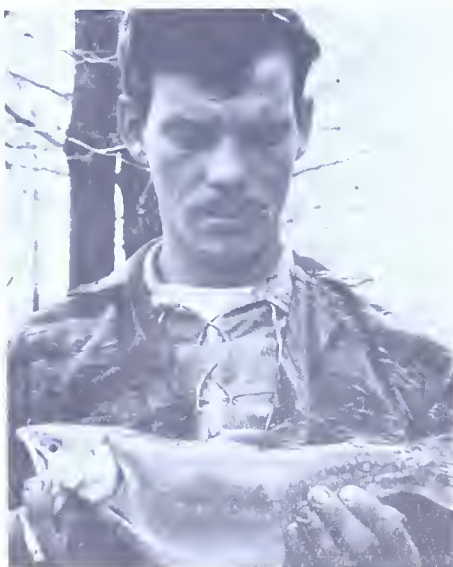


ROBERT R. KOHR of Hummelstown holds 40 inch pound musky that won him a spot in Pennsylvania's Fish and Boat Club. He caught it from the Susquehanna River in Lancaster County.

CAUGHT A BIG ONE?

Don't keep that trophy catch a secret—let other Pennsylvania Fishermen see your prize! Send a picture of yourself with your catch to: Fish Tales, The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.

Don't forget to include your name, complete address, size and species of fish, where and when caught and what used on the back of the photo.



HAPPY FISHERMEN Verne and Al Rihs of Pittsburgh hold Conneaut Lake catch of Northern Pike taken last October. The fish measured 24, 25, 26, and 31 inches. All were caught from shore on large chubs.

PETE BENYAK and son Pete hold 20 pound, 40 inch muskellunge caught from the Susquehanna River at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Falmouth Access Area. The Bainbridge fisherman caught the trophy there three years ago!

WHITE CREEK in Susquehanna County produced big brookie for fisherman Glenn Gregory of Springville. Gregory caught the 16½ inch, 2½ pound prize last season.



CASTING WITH THE COOPS

MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**

ELDRED CONSERVATION CLUB

WHEN THERE WAS THIS FELLOW that bought the foot cabin cruiser kit and hauled all the small packages to his basement and put the thing together over the winter. Come spring he had to tear the house apart to get the boat out to the water. This old story is in effect what the members of the Eldred Conservation Club, McKean



CLUB DIRECTORS Layton Howell and Mitchell Stahlmann and vice president Arthur Gill hold new sign that will mark their Cooperative Trout Nursery project.

erty, had to do when they launched into the cooperative nursery business. They built their first 30 foot runway in the basement of the club president's home.

President Bill Shaffer didn't seem a bit worried about putting it out when it was done, so he hosted six of his fellow club members for a week from the rigors of the McKean County winter and the trough was built. No one seemed to check with Mrs. Shaffer; but it was suspected she shared the cooperative nursery movement, too.

In a little more detail, the Eldred sportsmen showed considerable ingenuity in the construction of their nursery and in its use and maintenance. Initially, it was built in a large redwood water tank. This tank was disassembled and used for raw materials. The basement work of the Shaffer home became the site to build two 15 foot sections that could easily be passed through the doors of the house.

Arthur Gill, club vice president, admitted at this point things got a bit tricky. As one of the "engineers" on the job, he said, "We hoped that the sections would go together. We'd planned on a series of bolts to lock-in and seal the joints. They fit and we were in business." Then Arthur Gill, Warden Wilbur Williams, and a couple of their friends gave us one of those grins that only an ex-service man could put a label on.

The aptness of the club did not stop at this point. After the two sections of trough were put in place, a layer of gravel was tried to provide adequate bottom for the fish.

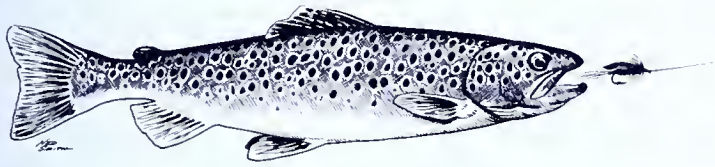
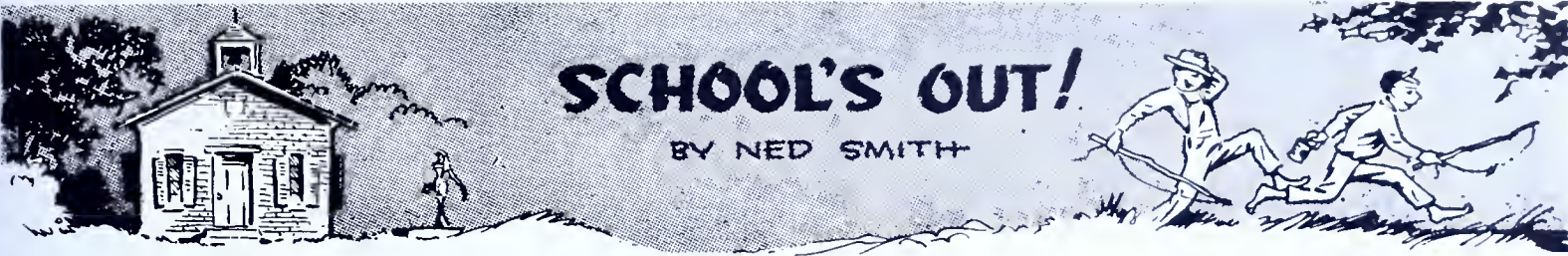
This proved a bit difficult to clean properly so a layer of cement replaced the gravel and the nursery was open for business.

The problem of cleaning the raceway presented itself and once again the club members were adequate to the task. Mitchell Stahlmann, club director, explained it this way: "We had a pretty good fall of water from the source to the raceway and from the raceway into the pond below our nursery. So we just got ourselves about 30 feet of plastic pipe and used it for a syphon." This was oversimplification. Actually they fill their pipe with water from above the nursery, drop it into the raceway and run the lower end down into the pond. The end of the pipe is screened against sucking small fish and it is a rather easy job to vacuum the whole affair in a few minutes. Between cycles of fish, the trough is drained down and scrubbed out with work brooms and brushes.

One final bit to the construction of the nursery involved predator control. As Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, will tell you, predation is a problem with all fish nurseries and hatcheries. Birds, predatory mammals, snakes and turtles all take their toll of trout. Usually the smaller nurseries will have screen coverings of some sort that have to be lifted out of position to feed, clean and remove the fish. Extra work is involved with these screens which are sometimes ill-fitting and not too effective. The Eldred people went about it a little differently—as usual. According to Layton Howell, a club director, "We made standup screens and boxed in the whole nursery. Now the feeders and other workers can walk in and do their jobs in an easy manner." The 30 foot raceway has a wooden frame over it with screen and wire covering that is imbedded into the ground. Locked doors permit entrance and exit to key-carrying workers in a convenient manner with no problem when fish are being transported. Members of the club feel that the man-high framing permits more insect life to enter the area than the close-to-surface screening found on other small cooperative projects. Human predators, a problem of a lot of nurseries, are no threat to the Eldred fish as a result of the structure.

The nursery at the moment is small but effective. This is the club's second year of activity with the new ponds. Prior to the reconstruction, the Eldred Conservation Club had operated a nursery at the same site from 1956-1961. Some production problems developed that curtailed the operation until 1966 when, with the cooperation of the Fish Commission, the sportsmen made significant changes in the ponds, the numbers of fingerlings, and the feeding arrangements. The end product is the current success. The group produced 1200 legal brook trout last year with 2000 healthy fish in the rearing ponds this year. All in all, the Eldred Conservation Club has a neat, tidy operation that is doing its job to make Casting with the Co-ops better fishing for the McKean County anglers.

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THE SMARTEST TROUT

A CENTURY AGO the colorful brookie was the only trout in Pennsylvania waters, but today the brown trout, introduced from Europe, outnumbers the native fish in most anglers' creels.

How do you know when you've got a brown trout? Look at the spots. The brownie has round, black spots (and a few red ones) with pale borders. There are few if any spots on the tail. The brook trout has wriggly "worm-track" markings on its back instead of spots. The spots on the sides are paler than the background, except for a few red ones. The rainbow, an introduced western trout, has no red spots. They are all small and black, with no pale border, and the tail is heavily spotted.

The brown trout gives us trout fishing today where we would otherwise have none. Many streams that are too warm for brook trout are just right for browns, and the latter don't have the rainbow's tendency to migrate downstream when the hatchery truck leaves the scene.

In addition, the brown trout is better able to withstand fishing pressure. The brookie never seems to learn about anglers and fish hooks, and even the rainbow often feeds recklessly. But the brown trout profits by experience, and no fish that swims is smarter than an old brownie. Careless wading, sloppy casting, too-heavy leaders, or dragging flies will put him down, and once alarmed he won't feed again for a long time.

He's particular, often insisting on the fly being the proper size, color, and shape. Even if it looks all right he'll often refuse to move more than a few inches to intercept it. Probably more patterns of flies have been invented in an attempt to fool brown trout than all other fish put together.

Luckily for the fisherman, not all brown trout are so wise or experienced, and even the variest have their weak moments. Many are the lures and baits that will take them if used in the right places at the right time. In the high, cold, discolored water of opening day the lowly

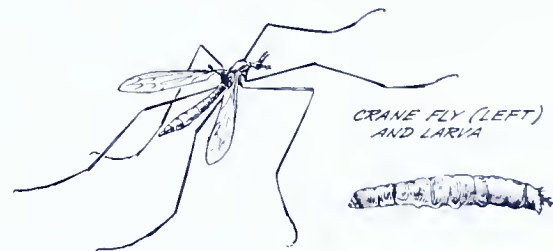
garden worm fished close to the bottom is hard to beat. A black feather or maribou streamer can be good, too, when fished deep and slow. Small spinning lures, especially those with metal bodies and revolving spinners, probably take as many early season browns as anything.

As soon as may-fly hatches become common, from late April well into June in most trout waters, the dry fly becomes very effective. Most anglers use flies that match the natural insects for browns, avoiding most of the gaudy flies that appeal to brooks and rainbows. Wet flies and artificial nymphs are deadly, if you are skilled at using them. During April and May a properly fished natural minnow is usually successful. Try casting it upstream and retrieving it through pockets in fast, broken water.

As may-fly and caddis-fly hatches diminish many fishermen turn to imitations of terrestrial insects—ants, beetles, jassids, and grasshoppers. Speaking of the latter, the real, live insect is also a good bait in the summertime.

Few fish are as challenging as the brown trout. Trying to catch him can be exasperating, but the experience has made experts out of many so-so fishermen.

MEET THE GALLINIPPER



SOME FOLKS CALL him "gallinipper" and others a "big mosquito," but the long-legged insect we often see bouncing up and down over the water is really a crane fly. Despite his resemblance to the mosquito the crane fly never bites or stings.

Some species lay their eggs in streams, the larva developing into repulsive, thin-skinned, dirty-colored squirmy creatures nicknamed "water-worms." They may be caught by picking through submerged trash and leaves lodged in fast water. Others are found beneath stones on the bottom.

Why bother catching them? Because, when impaled on dry fly hooks, they are unbeatable trout bait.

CATCH A TROPHY
FISH AND RECEIVE
A PENNSYLVANIA
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A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

Fishing Citation

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO

For an outstanding angling achievement in
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Species _____

Length _____

Weight _____

Type tackle _____

Bait or lure _____

Where caught _____

in _____ County

Date caught _____

Executive Director _____

SENIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	25 in.	Channel Catfish	30 in.	Muskellunge	45 in.
Bluegill	11 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	36 in.
Brook Trout	17 in.	and white)	15 in.	Rainbow Trout	27 in.
Brown Trout	28 in.	Eel	40 in.	Rock Bass	11 in.
Bullhead	15 in.	Fallfish	18 in.	Smallmouth Bass	20 in.
Carp	36 in.	Lake Trout	30 in.	Walleye	30 in.
Chain Pickerel	25 in.	Largemouth Bass	23 in.	Yellow Perch	14 in.

JUNIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	20 in.	Channel Catfish	20 in.	Muskellunge	30 in.
Bluegill	10 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	25 in.
Brook Trout	14 in.	and white)	14 in.	Rainbow Trout	18 in.
Brown Trout	18 in.	Eel	30 in.	Rock Bass	10 in.
Bullhead, Catfish	14 in.	Fallfish	14 in.	Sheepshead	20 in.
Carp	25 in.	Lake Trout	24 in.	Smallmouth Bass	18 in.
Chain Pickerel	23 in.	Largemouth Bass	18 in.	Walleye	22 in.
				Yellow Perch	12 in.

Actual applications for a Citation may be secured by contacting any district fish warden, regional office of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, or by writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg (Zip Code 17120). Application blanks are also carried from time to time in the Angler.

PROBABLY...

... you read a lot of magazines. Some are about things you like to do, others are about things you want to know about. And some may be strictly for entertainment. Ever see anything in them about Pennsylvania's fishing or boating?

Probably not because right now you're holding the magazine that can keep you informed and entertained about these growing sports in the Keystone State. Join the growing group that knows what's going on.

You're already a subscriber? Do a friend a favor—sign him (or her) up.

Just mail this coupon to us or contact your district fish warden. It's easy to join the group that knows what's going on.

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KEYSTONE COOPERATION—

Keystone Lake, Armstrong County, is now officially available for public fishing and boating. It is fortunate that the seven owner companies forming the Keystone Power Company saw fit to lease this 840 acre lake and certain bordering lands to the Commonwealth.

All too frequently, privately constructed lakes and water authority reservoirs are kept closed to public trespass. Many of these impoundments are located in areas critically in need of recreational waters; however, it is a rare case where they are opened even for limited fishing or boating. Thus we are truly impressed with the action of the Keystone Power Company in actively seeking to turn this beautiful lake and scenic grounds over to a public agency. We also want to point out that the Fish Commission, in accepting the responsibility for Keystone Lake and the surrounding lands, has embarked on a new course of cooperative management and development with industry. If successful, the Keystone project could lead to the eventual opening of many other water areas now closed to all trespass. Thus the Keystone project is important to fishermen and boaters throughout the Commonwealth.

Quite possibly the Fish Commission is not the ideal agency to hold the lease controlling this area, as our basic programs involve only fishing and boating. The Keystone area has potential for much greater recreational use which should include hunting in the fall and certainly picnicking, hiking, and camping in the summer in addition to fishing and boating.

Thus we can foresee problems at Keystone as persons having recreational interests beyond those usually administered by the Fish Commission are going to be asking for facilities outside our normal jurisdiction.

In anticipation of this matter, we are actively considering an overall development plan that encompasses many recreational and educational uses of this area. Other agencies, with the companies' indulgence, may of necessity be asked to join in the development and operation of this potentially tremendous park site.

Our immediate concern is that the local people have patience if their personal recreation interests are not covered in initial development efforts. It should be remembered that in undertaking the leasing of this site the Commission accepted a responsibility that apparently no other agency (state or local) was willing to accept to assure public use of this area.

We want Keystone Lake and the bordering lands to serve a broad spectrum of compatible recreational uses, but to accomplish this aim it's going to take time, patience and cooperation. Without this type of public backing the venture could fail, thus setting back not only this project but chances for eventually opening other reservoirs on a similar cooperative basis.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

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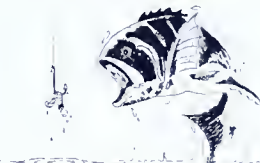
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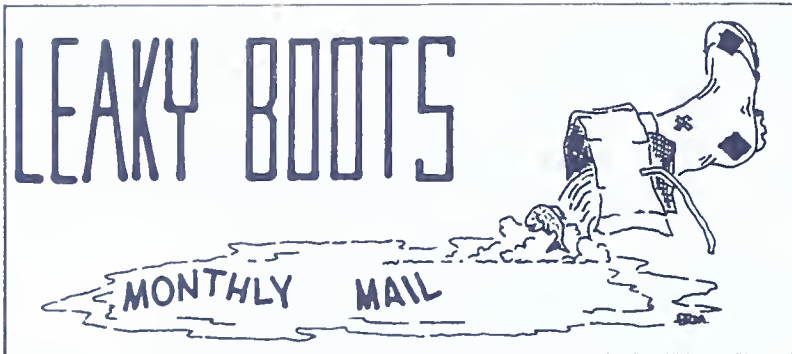
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PITHOLE PICTURE



Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a picture of one of the last buildings left standing in the old Pithole. I shot this over 30 years ago . . .

I enjoyed the story "Oil Moon Over Pithole" very much.

Frank Clisby, Lake City

UNUSUAL CATCH!

Gentlemen,

I bought a three year subscription to the Angler at the Sportsman's show and, having read the complimentary copy, was prompted to send you this picture of a large snapping turtle I caught last summer at Black Moshannon State Park Lake while fishing with a friend from a canoe.

We were trying for bass with spinning tackle using some purple plastic worms I had rigged up with a sinker dropper to take them down. I had on 8 pound test line. After making a usual cast along some lilly pads I felt tension and set the hook into what I thought was a bass.

It turned out to be a 31 pound snapper that snapped once too often. I finally managed to bring him to the surface hand over hand where my buddy got him in his musky size net. Doubt if I'll ever have a more unusual catch!

Jim Hellick, Hanover

We doubt it too! Watch our Fish Tales pages for your picture.

LACKAWAXEN LETTER

Dear Sirs:

I have read the "Angler" for many years and consider it a must for the serious Pennsylvania fisherman. Also I wish to express my appreciation for all the work the Pennsyl-

vania Fish Commission has done through the years to make the fishing in our state better than it ever was in "the good old days!"

It was with much interest I read the letter you had on the "Leaky Boots" page from Donald Jones of Allentown (in the November 1967 issue) about his experiences with the wet fly in the Lackawaxen River. To catch so many trout and kill so few not only reveals this man to be a real sportsman but also a man with angling "know-how" . . .

Floyd W. Baker, Harrisburg

WANTS TO TELL—

Hi!

Want to tell you how much I enjoy the Angler and so do my friends.

If they are still available will you please send me a copy of "Ice Fishing in Pennsylvania"?

Thanks for all the hard work the men of the Commission do to give us better fishing and law enforcement.

Mrs. Leon Pratt, Mansfield

Your copy of "Ice Fishing in Pennsylvania" should have reached you by now—and thank you!

POLLUTIONS

Gentlemen,

While I am sending my renewal check for another three years for the Angler I would like to include a question.

Why aren't fish kills and pollution violations reported in the Angler?

Last spring I drove 170 miles to my camp in McKean County to find Potato Creek covered with oil. I talked to quite a few people at this time but none seemed to know any more than an oil line had broken at Colegrove.

This break had happened a week earlier but there was no story in any of the papers.

I believe if stories like this were printed in the Angler many more persons would be informed and the Clean Streams Laws would be easier and better enforced.

John Petrovich, West Mifflin

In order to get your Angler out on time we have to set a copy deadline of two months prior to the month of publication. The issue you're now reading went to the printer's the first of April.

This means that reports of a timely nature wouldn't be of much use to readers for by the time you get to read them they are at least two months old, consequently you wouldn't have read about the Potato Creek pollution until two months after it happened.

At the same time we don't always find out about such pollutions immediately. Generally the districts assigned to our enforcement officers are pretty large and, unless an interested sportsman or citizen makes a point of bringing it to his attention, he may not find out about it for several days—often too late to collect needed samples and data.

Clean water is mandatory to the economic survival and development of the state. All that's needed is more support from people like yourself!

Your interest in the Angler and Clean Streams is appreciated.

SADDENED BY DEAD FISH

Gentlemen:

I read your magazine each month. I believe the Angler is a fine publication.

However, since your magazine stresses conservation, isn't it a contradiction for you to show pictures of so many people proudly displaying dead fish in nearly every issue? Why do you preach conservation on the one hand and encourage people to kill fish on the other by offering this Fishing Citation and displaying scores of dead fish each month?

As a dedicated fly fisherman who hasn't willingly killed a trout in years, I am outraged and saddened to see photos of beautiful dead fish which can never again provide sport for anyone. This is particularly distressing since it is approved by a state conservation organization. Oh, I know that the fish must die of old age some time, but I seriously doubt that anyone is really qualified to glance at a freshly caught fish and arbitrarily decide to kill it because "it is old and ready to die anyway."

Phillip C. Deboard, New Cumberland

Failure to utilize available natural resources is not necessarily conservation. It may just as likely be something entirely different—preservation.

Conservation involves the wise use—and not waste—of our natural resources.

Many Pennsylvania fishermen as well as non-residents from nearby states don't realize what sort of fishing the Keystone State offers sportsmen. The pictures published under Fish Tales are visual proof of a fraction of the action.

The Citation Awards are given for trophy catches. It's doubtful if many of the anglers who manage to land such a prize "arbitrarily decide to kill it because it is old and ready to die anyway."

COOPERATIVE COOPERATION

Gentlemen,

The members of the Morris Rod and Gun Club have instructed me to send you this letter of appreciation for the attractive sign furnished for our Cooperative Trout Nursery by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. We are very happy with our sign and appreciate the fine cooperation that has been given us during the development of our Cooperative Trout Nursery. . . .

Charles A. Broughton, Secretary
Morris Rod and Gun Club

FLY TYING BOOKLET

Gentlemen:

In your April issue of the Pennsylvania Angler the letter "Away From The Crowd" in the Leaky Boots column is answered with a mention about a fly tying booklet. Is this booklet available to the public?

A friend of mine whom I had pleasure in teaching how to fish last year took to fishing like a duck takes to water. He said he hadn't known he was missing so much fun and enjoyment. Recently he asked me to teach him how to tie flies.

It would be appreciated if we could get a copy of your booklet.

Looking forward to a fine year of fishing and reading the Pennsylvania Angler.

Jim Belsick, Belle Vernon

Our booklet "Fly Tying" certainly is available to the public and a copy of it should have reached you by now. Any interested Angler readers may get a copy free by requesting it from the Public Relations Division, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

NON-RESIDENT PLANS

Gentlemen,

In the hope that it may be possible to obtain non-resident fishing licenses by mail I am enclosing a check for a license for my wife and myself as well as all pertinent information.

As a native of northern Michigan and now a resident of New York I made my first foray into Pennsylvania fishing water at Lake Wallenpaupack on Memorial Day weekend in 1967. The beauty of the place and fishing action more than justified the modest fee for a non-resident tourist license.

This year Mrs. Miller and I plan to make several trips on weekends to try waters around Carlisle, Hawley and Shohola Falls . . .

Charles C. Miller, New York, New York

ENJOYS "OIL MOON"

Gentlemen,

I personally, and many of my friends, have enjoyed very much following the series you have been running "Oil Moon Over Pithole" in the Angler.

It was desirable variety and I congratulate and compliment you on it.

Senator Richard C. Frame, Vice Chairman
Forests & Waters, Game & Fish Committee

MUSKIE ENTHUSIASM

Sirs:

I have been fishing Pennsylvania's waters for warm water fish for a good many years and have enjoyed everyone of them. But since the Commission has been stocking the muskellunge in Pennsylvania waters I have been devoting much of my time to fishing for muskies.

While I have not as yet caught one of any size I am still trying.

I have been trying to keep up with the muskie program by word of mouth from my fishing friends and by reading the Pennsylvania Angler of which I have been a subscriber for a good many years—and by fishing lakes, ponds and streams that I have never fished before—but I would like more detailed information on the muskie program.

John H. McElwain, McVeytown

We're sending you a copy of our pamphlet "Pennsylvania's Muskellunge Program."

Keep fishing new waters, talking to other fishermen, and reading your Pennsylvania Angler!

EUTROPHICATION—

EVERY FISHERMAN AND BOATER HAS PROBABLY AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER SEEN A BODY OF WATER THAT IS QUITE LITERALLY "GREEN." A PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION BIOLOGIST EXPLAINS WHY . . .

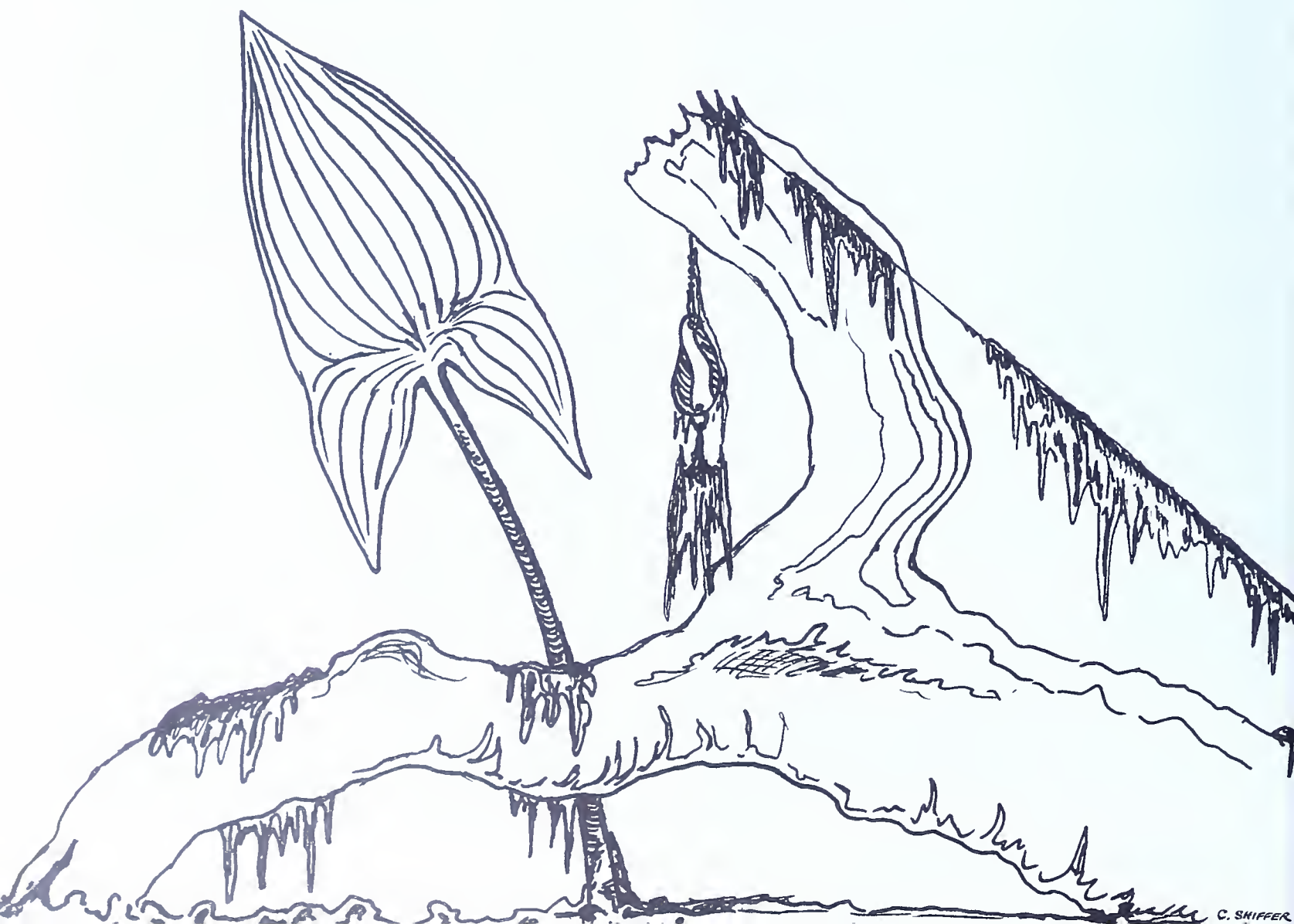
HIDDEN MENACE / TO OUR WATERS

by BOB HESSER
Fishery Biologist

drawings by
CLARK SHIFFER
Fishery Biologist

EACH PASSING YEAR there are more and more complaints from fishermen such as: "I can't make one cast without bringing back half a bale of hay!" Similar anguished cries are heard from the cottage dweller who asks: "What happened to our lake? It used to be crystal clear, now it's nothing but pea soup."

The appalling truth of the matter is that both of these conditions result from a process which normally in nature may take centuries to accomplish. It now occurs seemingly overnight. This dynamic problem is known as "eutrophica-



tion." To some people this is undoubtedly one of those terms which when encountered is skimmed "once over lightly"; however, let us examine it more closely.

The term eutrophication stems from the Greek word "eutrophos" meaning well nourished. As we refer to eutrophication here, we can simply state with little reservation that many of our waters are becoming too well nourished. Specifically, too many nutrients in the form of phosphorus and nitrogen compounds are entering our waters. They are causing aquatic vegetation to flourish and choke these waters—the very ones from which we derive so much benefit and pleasure.

Where do these compounds, these fertilizers, come from? The embarrassing truth is that they come indirectly, or in some cases directly, from you and me. They gush from our industries which produce the goods we cannot live without; some leach from the farms which produce our food; and a surprising amount comes from one of the worst offenders of all, our sewage with its ever-present detergents. The really sobering aspect of this last source is that in many cases untreated sewage is not the worst problem. Rather, it is treated or partially treated sewage which is the culprit. A classic example of a stream so affected is Spring Creek near State College.

Spring Creek arises in limestone strata and thus contains much natural fertility. In fact, this natural fertility once made Spring Creek, with its exceptional trout population and great mayfly hatches, one of the finest trout streams in the state. Today, however, with the discharge of *treated* sewage into it, Spring Creek is a marginal trout water choked with aquatic vegetation. Perhaps it is appropriate to state at this point that despite this seemingly hopeless situation, some encouraging research is now being conducted by the Pennsylvania State University. This research involves spraying the offending wastes on adjacent lands. It is anticipated that all of these wastes in the future may be disposed of in this manner. It is not conceivable that "spray irrigation," as it is commonly called, will be the panacea in all situations such as this; but the imagination and resourcefulness displayed in this project indicate that someone does care that a "Spring Creek" is being lost.

As we consider examples of lakes which are succumbing to eutrophication, several come to mind. Although all have the same characteristics, one northeastern lake in particular is typical. In 1954 a survey showed it to be a clear, deep lake with well oxygenated water from top to bottom. One was able to see clearly to a depth of 28 feet and it was indeed excellent trout habitat. In fact, with its 65-foot depth it was viewed as a prospective kokanee salmon lake.

In 1965 this lake was resurveyed. It was found to have changed radically. It had become the proverbial pea soup green with visibility limited to *one foot* below the surface. Dissolved oxygen content was less than one part per million at a depth of 25 feet; and even at levels where dissolved oxygen values were satisfactory for trout, temperatures were nearing the maximum tolerable levels. Thus a priceless trout fishery may soon be lost, a victim of eutrophication.

In the case of this lake and similar ones, cottages spring up and literally line the shoreline. Unsuspecting residents, some with noble intentions, install elaborate septic systems and immediately turn to enjoy their pleasant surroundings.

However, the majority of these septic systems, both good and bad, are installed so close to the water table that ultimate infiltration of nutrient materials to the lake is almost a certainty. This is held to be true even though dye testing in many cases has shown negative results.

A significant factor which has tended to amplify or bring the eutrophication process more to our attention in the past five years was the drought. With natural flows in our streams and springs becoming more reduced, and at the same time waste discharges remaining fairly constant, one can readily see that nutrient levels would tend to become greater.



In nature or in an unpolluted situation, the tendency among organisms is to reach and maintain a state of dynamic equilibrium. We have, in reality, a delicate food chain which begins with elements and compounds. From these materials the algae, or primary producers as they are known to the biologist, arise. These organisms serve as food for the aquatic invertebrates; otherwise known as the primary consumers. Fish then emerge as the secondary consumer. The final link in the chain is the decomposers, the bacteria and fungi which reduce and convert the dead of the above organisms back to the original compounds.

So you see that it is we humans who foul this natural process by adding our excess compounds to the very first link in the food chain. When this occurs, we upset the state of dynamic equilibrium referred to previously in which a wide variety of species of life exists, each with a certain number of individuals. An unnatural condition then prevails with great numbers of a few species existing.

More simply stated, as we increase the compounds or nutrients in a body of water, increased growth and numbers of a few species of aquatic plants occur. One of the by-products of plant respiration is oxygen, and light is necessary for its production. So what happens late at night or during a series of several dark days? The answer is that these plants take back for their own metabolism much, and in some cases all, of the available oxygen. What then be-

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AIR—LIKE THE GREAT OCEANS—is a “sea around us.” Except that it envelops us more completely and intimately whether we wish it or not. We only escape from what it offers, to a degree, in air conditioned retreats where, depending on the efficiency of the system, the principal change is usually only in temperature.

Just as life-giving water can carry death-dealing organisms and substances in transparent disguise, so can the air we breathe introduce irritant and poison to our unsuspecting flesh.

This concerns fishermen because the pollution load in our air is more than first cousin to water pollution . . . it is “blood brother.” For the air and the earth are washed with water. While the angler may suck airborne poison into his lungs on Monday . . . by Friday he could be fishing in it.

The tiny particles of air polluting matter and the individual molecules of gases not naturally occurring in our atmosphere are, of themselves, “little” things. The total annual burden of these in U.S. skies, however, weighs as much as *all* our automobiles: 133 million tons . . . 70 million cars at 1.9 tons each.

This weighty load, suspended over our heads until brought to earth by one means or another, represents the air pollution caused by five of man’s activities. *Transportation* exhaust fumes from truck, car and train add up to 85 million tons. *Manufacturing* belches up 22 million more tons. The generation of *electric power* pollutes our air to the tune of 15 million tons while *space heating* and the burning of *refuse* add 8 and 3 million tons respectively.

The threatened increase of pollutants as more people engage in expanded polluting activities is even more frightening. Our 70 million automobiles, for example, will mushroom into 120 million by 1980 (one reason why long range investors chuckle at day-to-day stock market fears over monthly auto sales.) Automakers have responded to air pollution problems with the installation of crank case ventilation systems which have brought about noticeable results. When every car and truck is so equipped such

AIR For Our HEIRS

by Bill Walsh

man-made phenomena as the notorious smogs of Los Angeles may be licked.

It is significant that M. A. Wright, as President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, has charged industry with the responsibility of cleaning up its contributions to air and water pollution. In a talk before the Houston Chamber of Commerce he said:

"We in business have only two alternatives. Either we voluntarily implement effective pollution abatement programs—at all levels of business and industry—or in the near future our actions in this area will be spelled out by Congressional legislation. If our efforts in this area are made mandatory, not only will we be forced to take more costly and less efficient action, but we will also forfeit our claims to being a responsible segment of society. To those who say they cannot afford to take effective anti-pollution measures, I can only respond that they can't afford not to."

Pennsylvania—a leader among the states in conservation foresight and action—is aware of the air pollution threat. In his Conservation Message to Pennsylvania legislators, Gov. Raymond P. Shafer called for the establishment of an air pollution monitoring network and more effective Keystone-state enforcement of the federal law which will require all new automobiles to be equipped with emission control devices. For one thing, Gov. Shafer recommended that the control device be added to the list of equipment normally checked during the semi-annual vehicle inspections.

Other Pennsylvania action against air pollution is being taken by the electric utility and coal industries in Pennsylvania. The joint effort involves a \$4.3 million research program to study the physiological effect of sulfur dioxide; the development of equipment to remove sulfur from bituminous coal before it is burned; and the development of low-cost methods for recovering sulfur dioxide from the flue gases after the coal has been burned.

This commendable action may not be without reward to the industries concerned. One authority estimates that some \$300 million worth of sulfur alone is part of our annual air pollution load. The electric industry—coal's largest customer—is contributing to the Pennsylvania program with financial support and technical guidance through the Edison Electric Institute and the Association of Edison Illuminating Companies.

In commenting on Los Angeles' efforts to clear its smog, U.S. NEWS and WORLD REPORT said: "In Los Angeles, as in most places, the initial response of polluters told to clean up was as predictable as religious ritual: 1. It is technically impossible. 2. It is economically ruinous. 3. If you bother me I will move my factory, and 4. Take me to your leader. The Los Angeles Air Pollution Officer had a list of officials in his desk drawer which he handed the company's representatives. Next day, the industry would be back saying, 'OK, what do we do?'"

Indicating, of course, that the public officials contacted let it be known there'd be no favoritism and that clean air *was* important to everyone. Incidentally, not one industry ever moved out . . . except the makers of crude incinerators banned by law and the people who burned junk cars. But a lot of them threatened to.

This attitude-improvement on the part of industry and public officials is one facet of what today's conservationist

calls the Third Great Wave of Conservation. It is aptly expressed in a speech by Frank C. DiLuzio, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Water Pollution Control, before the California Municipal Utilities Association early in 1967 . . . in which he commented on the widening gap between economic well-being and environmental degradation. He touched the nerve-center of the problem when he said:

"We face a situation which requires: *first* that we no longer regard 'economic progress' as separable from environmental quality; *second*, that we no longer regard the environment as a free and suitable sink for our untreated wastes; and *third*, that we no longer regard the person down stream or down wind as the one who must bear all the costs of pollution, because, in effect, we are *all* down stream or down wind."

The subject of air pollution as it affects water quality has also come under the scrutiny of the National Wildlife Federation—a non-profit organization which has, in recent years, probably done more to "upgrade" the image of fish and wildlife management than any other similar organization. Thomas L. Kimball, its executive director, is known not only for his zeal on conservation issues . . . but for his forceful and colorful language in describing the conservation challenge facing America.

In a recent issue of NATIONAL WILDLIFE, the Federation's official publication (its managing editor is former GAME NEWS editor, Pennsylvanian George H. Harrison), Kimball said:

"The spectre is easy to see. It paints your sky a dirty yellow or a smudgy gray, and dirties the view wherever you look. Its subtle black magic puts cracks in your white sidewalls and turns the masonry in your home to dust. It can turn a bright white sheet to tattletale gray before it can dry, and it can transform a white Christmas into a drab New Years in any city. . . . Pollution control engineers point out sadly that when we remove air pollutants we invariably do so by putting them in water, then releasing it to pollute a river. At the same time, most water-pollution-control and treatment systems eventually burn or otherwise oxidize their wastes, thus polluting the air. . . . We know what causes the problem. We know how to solve it. We can afford to do it. We cannot afford not to! Man perishes within five minutes without air."

Kimball points out other dangers. He reminds that the amount of heat our atmosphere can hold is greater as carbon dioxide increases in our air. The danger in this trend, of course, is a potential increase in the earth's average temperatures.

By the same token, too much particulate matter in the air can screen out the sun's rays and cause another Ice Age . . . as volcanic ash is thought to have done before.

So there exists again in America—and Pennsylvania—the classic problem whose solution will determine how well man will live into the future or, perhaps, even IF man will live into the future. It means that today's angler is concerned about air pollution as a citizen who probably wants to live on a clean earth . . . but, also, strictly as a fisherman because of an old axiom that says, "What goes up . . . must come down!"

Perhaps it would even be more appropriate to say, "What goes up in smoke . . . comes down in (and into) water . . . FISHERMEN'S WATER!"

NOT GETTING ANY ACTION?

THEN TRY THESE

BAITS FOR SUMMER FISHING

HERE ARE SOME
SUGGESTIONS YOU
MAY WANT TO TRY
WHEN THINGS GET
SLOW DURING THE
SUMMER MONTHS

TRIED ALL SORTS OF BAITS for summer trout or panfish? Used worms, minnows, katydids? Crickets? Bumble bees? All right, give it a go with the four-eyed milkweed beetle, or some of the hard cased insects such as the June and rove beetles, and cicada. These terrestrials, appearing at a time when aquatic insects have, for the most part, completed their life cycle, will stir fish into action. Impale on small, light weight wire hooks in size 8 through 12, and stretch out your leader to 9 to 12-feet in length. Drop the bait into long stretches of shady, riffly water where trout stay on hot days, or beside submerged logs or stumps in quiet ponds for panfish. Keep a good grip on your rod and your hat! Action will come fast.

Let's look at some of these terrestrial insects that become good summer baits, beginning with the four-eyed beetle. In the first place, what is this insect? The name is a misno-

by Don Shiner



mer. This bright red colored beetle, about a half inch long, has four jet black spots positioned on the tough wing cases so as to resemble extra pairs of eyes. The larvae bore into the lower stems and roots of milkweed. They go through a metamorphosis in July through August, changing into the brightly colored winged beetle. Adults remain on or in close association with this weed since they continue to suck juices from the milkweed's leaves and seed pods. You can pick handfuls of this harmless, herbivorous insect from milkweeds in old fields or vacant lots, or gather those, which fly about, with a net or scoop made from cheese-cloth.

The insect is small, requiring a small light wire fly-type of hook, but it takes trout and panfish. Their attraction may be due to the bright red color (it is pretty well established that trout are sensitive to various colors) or it might be due to some peculiar taste or odor, like the formic acid found in ants. Whatever the reason, the four-eyed beetle is a good bait to use in late summer when streams and ponds are low.

Another bait in league with this four-eyed insect is the rove beetle. The insect that I have in mind (there're several thousand varieties, including some yet to be named and classified) measures about 3/4-inch long and shaped like the queen black ant. It is harmless to handle. It is found on the ground in fields or may be gathered by placing a piece of raw meat on the ground. The antennae of this insect has segments which are sensitive to odors, especially those of decay. The beetles quickly find the meat. A day or two later you can gather them as bait. Use a small No. 10 or 12 hook inserted through the insect's enlarged thorax. Drop the bait quietly in a pool, or behind an obstruction such as a rock or log which causes water to tumble and become aeriated. Unless the trout has been spooked or especially well fed, it will rarely permit the beetle to pass undisturbed.

A third late summer bait worthy of investigating is the Cicada, the tuneful crooner of the insect world. This large insect emerges from the ground during late July and August sometimes in tremendous numbers. Some are cyclic, going through a 17-year cycle when swarms appear. Cycles are generally local, so eruptions take place somewhere in the northeast sector of the continent almost every year, while other individuals appear on a yearly basis. Years when they are abundant find the woodlands ringing with their song. They emerge from the ground during the early morning hours, climb up trees and fence posts where they await the drying and splitting open of their case. The winged adult emerges, dries its wings and then goes about the business of laying eggs in the branches of trees. The adults are quite easily gathered from tree trunks during the early morning. Harmless to handle, they are quite large and hooks of sizes 6 or 8 are best. Trout and smallmouth bass gorge themselves on cicadas whenever they are available.

Numerous varieties of the familiar June beetle are acceptable baits in late summer. These are the hard shelled beetles which emerge from larvae that we know as white grubbers or grub worms. They live in old saw-dust piles at lumber mills and trunks of old apple trees. Both larvae and adult are acceptable baits. A few adult members of this group, referred to as stag beetles, have large formidable pinchers. Fish do not appear to object to these pinching



THE FOUR EYED milkweed beetle (above left), so named because of the eye-like spots over the wing case, is a good bait for summer trout and panfish. Likewise the rove beetle (above right) is also good, particularly during late summer months.



VARIETIES OF JUNE Beetles (above left) are good baits for trout and bass. Larvae of these insects are found in rotted wood, and they also are excellent baits. The cicada, tuneful singer of the insect world (upper right) appears in great swarms every 17 years, but individuals appear yearly. They have great appeal for all kinds of fish.



THE JAPANESE BEETLE has grown increasingly common during the past decade (above left). Use these to an advantage on the trout streams in late summer. Centipedes and millepedes (above right) are likewise good baits. Look for these in decaying leaf humus and beneath old logs.

appendages on the beetles any more than those found on the hellgramite. Use a medium size hook, say No. 6 or 8, and fish them on the surface of a spring-fed pool. Add extra footage to your leader. Wade cautiously. Stand to

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LITTLEST CAMPER in the Sorensen family trip was two year old Karen who lugged her own knapsack.

A YOUNG MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN JOIN DAD ON A CAMPING TRIP. IT'S THEIR . . .

FIRST TIME OUT

by
Joan
Sorensen

ENGINEERS HAVE A HABIT of saying all it takes is "organization" when a new project is proposed and this time I fell for it. I agreed to take our three girls, (ages 2, 6, and 9) camping for a week. For years I had taken the easy way out and stayed home but now the girls were old enough to want to go along and my lack of experience wasn't a good enough excuse.

We decided to try Tionesta Dam, we knew there were camp sites near the Tionesta Reservoir, in Forest County about 135 miles from Pittsburgh. We deliberately chose a camping spot that would give us real camping practice but close enough to stores and recreation facilities to compensate for any mistakes we made in planning our equipment.

The improved tent and trailer campground at the Reservoir is located downstream from the Dam on the east side of Tionesta Creek about one mile from Tionesta. It is equipped with a water supply, sanitary facilities, picnic tables, charcoal grills, waste water disposal units and a parking area.

Years of hunting camp experience made general preparation routine for my husband so I only had to worry about food, medicine, clothes and equipment. We were going to be gone seven days and everything had to fit into our little sedan.

Pushing gruesome stories about fallen tents, days of rain, bugs and other wild things to the back of my mind I started makings lists. No one was going to pull the organization bit on me.

Before I go any further let me list some essentials for the novice family camper: friends, (especially friends with children) scout or camping hand books, maps and guides put out by department stores and equipment manufacturers.

Not only do these give good general information but they also keep you posted on innovations in equipment which can make camping with children easier.

I had to start somewhere so I put everyone's name on a page in a notebook and listed things I knew they simply had to have. By this I mean glasses, the baby's blanket—all personal items. I also looked up the probable temperature range of the camp site we had chosen. This brought me up against the problem of clothes. I decided to try the theory of "if I don't take it I don't have to take care of it." I wanted to spend as much time as possible in or on the lake and visions of taking care of extra junk haunted me.

First I thought of comfort—some kids may be quiet when they're miserable but not mine. Cotton fleece hooded shirts and pants would keep them warm and nylon hooded jackets to pull over the sweat shirts would take care of wind, light rain, and cold mornings. Since space was part of the problem I added jersey shorts, long sleeved and sleeveless jerseys and blue jeans, leather shoes, sneakers, thongs and swim suits.

I don't like to do laundry on a trip so I packed double socks, pants and tops for the baby. Boots for the kids are

a bother but worth it if the grass is wet. I hate to admit choosing clothes that don't show dust but plaids are great as is anything red, beige, brown or olive green. Colored socks are nerve savers and one color assigned to each child cuts dressing time.

At this point I didn't have anything that couldn't be rolled up and shaken out but we weren't going to be in the woods all the time, calico shifts with matching scarfs did the trick for the girls but, because I was curious, I called a friend with boys to see what she did about dressing up. She said, "perma pressed pants packed on the bottom of the load and a box of white shirts in their laundry wrappers packed on top take care of church and most resort town requirements."



SAILING PROVIDED some of the recreation for the family during their stay in Forest County.

I don't like suitcases; they take up too much room and are in the way in a tent. Duffle bags are easier and knapsacks are about right for small children to handle.

I never thought of a separate swimming bag but driving past a dandy beach when the swim suits were buried on the bottom of the pack makes that mistake the kind that only happens once.

Some general methods of family travel can be transferred to camping. Small pillows and a sturdy bag for personal treasures help make things easier for each child. We used regular awning material and the pattern in the girl scout handbook for these bags. An army surplus store also has heavy denim bags. Another bag with playing cards, crayons, pocket puzzles and books took care of rainy days and dull spots during the trip.

As for the trip itself, we cheat. We offer a dime to the child that does NOT ask "how far are we?" even once and seat belts help keep fighting down to verbal exchanges in addition to offering protection.

Speaking of personal treasures—even the darkest tent had no terrors when each of the kids had their own flashlight under their pillow.

A tackle box was turned into a first aid kit and a hasp lock kept the toddlers out of the prescriptions and aspirin. Wash-n-Dry towels in the glove compartment are handy and I've heard that some are being made with insect repellent but I haven't found them yet.

So far these are just variations on the theme of family travel but camping has the added problem of food. Time after time the response to questions about food was "take three times as much as you think you'll need." I did but had to buy more. The amount of food five campers can eat is unbelievable. I pleaded inexperience and planned our meals so we could buy ice, meat and milk every few days. One of the most original ideas handed on to me was freezing everything we meant to pack in the ice chest.

During a talk with an experienced camper (she was

taking four children on a camping trip along the Canadian Coast) I picked up the idea of packing our lunch during the breakfast cleanup. This way the time from ten to three would be free for all of us to swim, go sight seeing, boating, or fishing.

We could swim in the river near Tionesta or take a boat out on the Reservoir. One of our girls was determined to learn to fish and, although she didn't catch anything she wasn't discouraged. A park ranger told us that practically all the waters in the area provided good catches of one species or another. At least twenty-two legal muskellunge were caught in Tionesta Dam during the year and recorded in Haller's contest in Tionesta. The largest was 43½ inches long and weighed 23½ pounds. Some other big fish recorded at Haller's in 1967 were a 24 inch walleye weighing 5 pounds, a 20 inch bass weighing 4 and ¾ pounds and a trout 18 inches long.

Nearby Cook Forest State Park was an easy trip down Route 36 (south and a little east of the Reservoir). This 8,000 acre park offers swimming (there is a nice baby pool in addition to the larger adult pool) hiking and nearby there are facilities for horseback riding, canoeing, golf, bicycling and fishing along the Clarion River.

Seventeen well-marked trails, totalling approximately 27 miles, (take a water canteen) wind through the area and some of trees, 200 to 500 years old, are up to 200 feet in height. Walking through these trees we got a clear idea of what this country must have looked like when it was settled.

An observation tower at Seneca Rocks offers a view for miles around and there are excellent picnic facilities throughout the park as well as food concessions and the Cook Forest Inn.

A picnic lunch is fine but by the end of the day everyone was ready for a real meal.

Dehydrated foods, dry milk, biscuit mix and soup mixes all helped keep bulk down and cut preparation time. Meat was kept in the ice chest.

Camp cooking is an art of its own but for a while I'm going to plan old favorites—which means pancakes for breakfast. This would have been easier if I had brought a griddle for the stove or even the fire. Pre-cooked meat also gets food on the table faster at breakfast time.

Lunch is fine with just fruit and sandwiches but leave

continued on page 25



SISTERS Nancy and Laura passed some rainy weather with a deck of cards.

Monongahela River

McKeesport
To
Pt. Marion

Monongahela



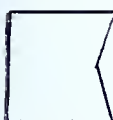
BOATING

with **ROBERT G. MILLER**

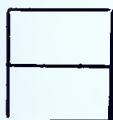
DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

The Monongahela River, from McKeesport to Point Marion, practically abounds with facilities for the pleasure craft owner—facilities which range from a simple municipal ramp to full service marinas which include cocktail lounges.

Like its neighboring waterways, the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers, the Monongahela River is spanned here and there by locks and the same precautions and safety measures required while cruising the former are adaptable on the latter.



McKeesport: Boating McKeesport Inc., 203 Erie St., ramp, fresh water, dock power, gasoline, oil, repairs, accessories, rest rooms.



McKeesport: Mon Valley Speedboat Club, 312 Kent St., overnight dockage, dock power, fresh water, rest rooms, refreshments and showers.



Elizabeth: Elizabeth Boat Club, N. Water St., ramp, overnight dockage, electricity, rest rooms, showers and picnic area.



Elizabeth Seaplane and Boat Base, about one mile south of Rt. 51.



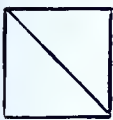
Pine Run Boat Club, located off Elizabeth-Bunola Road. Area provides a ramp and picnic area.



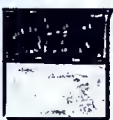
Monongahela: Public Ramp., off Rt. 837. Paved ramp and parking planned by the Pa. Fish Commission. Mariners Boat Club, foot of Nelson Street. Overnight dockage, power, fresh water.



Dot Marine Sales and Service, near Charleroi. Ramp, repairs, parts, accessories and sanitary facilities.



Pa. Fish Commission ramp at Speers. Paved ramp and parking area off Rt. 88, south of Charleroi.



Fayette City ramp. A paved ramp located off Rt. 201 at old ferry landing.



Charleroi Boat Club, off Rt. 88, at Dunlevy. Ramp, overnight dockage, sanitary facilities, picnic area. Marine Sales and Service, Wharf Street, Dunlevy. Diesel fuel only.

Consequently, if you're a novice, it's wise to check with local veteran boatmen before setting out on a cruise. For example the "Three Rivers Boating Guide," by Capt. Jack Ross and Associates, 711 Cottonwood Dr., Monroeville, Pa., contains a lot of valuable information pertaining to boating on the Allegheny, Ohio and Monongahela Rivers.

The following is a thumbnail sketch of facilities found along the Monongahela River:



California public ramp off Rt. 88. Beach type ramp, parking, no charge. California Boat Club, ramp, electricity, fresh water, rest rooms, picnic and swimming areas.



Inland Marina, Rt. 88 south of West Brownsville. Ramp, dock power, repairs, rest room facilities, snack bar, picnic and camping area.



Packrall's Bay, on Rt. 88, east of Fredericktown. Ramp, power, ice, water, rest rooms, restaurant and cocktail lounge.



Ten Mile public ramp, south of Millsboro off Rt. 88. Paved ramp, parking and picnic area, rest rooms. Ten Mile Yacht Club, at mouth of Ten Mile Creek. Ramp, parking, gasoline and oil. Holiday Harbor Marina, charter service, hoist, overnight dockage, repairs, refreshments, rest rooms, showers, snack bar and motel rooms. Dale's Boat Basin, Rt. 88, ramp, haulout service, overnight dockage, repairs, storage, parts, accessories, gasoline and oil, towing.



Rice's Landing, one mile east of Dry Tavern, off Rt. 88. Beach type ramp, parking, no charge.



Jessop Boat Club ramp, overnight dockage, picnic area. Riverside Boatel ramp, overnight dockage, rest rooms, restaurant and bar.



Scott's Harbor, at Point Marion. Ramp, hoist, dock power, overnight dockage, repairs, rest rooms, picnic, camping and trailer areas.

Youghiogheny River

Facilities are also provided along the Youghiogheny River, in the immediate vicinity of McKeesport. They include Trich's Boat Yard, on River Road, which provides dockage and repairs; and Surfside 4, on Water Street, with its restaurant and cocktail lounge; as well as the Benwood Lounge, foot of Fifth Street, with dockage for patrons.

A Fly Tying "Accident"

THE GRAY SQUIRREL NYMPH



WEIGHTED SQUIRREL NYMPHS are shown above in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 (seen from left to right).

by CLARENCE GLESSNER

photos by Jack Roddick

THE GRAY SQUIRREL NYMPH has a short but interesting history. It was first tied as the result of an experimental accident, an "accident" which we have come to regard as one of our most fortunate fly tying blunders. For more than three years now none of us like to put a rod together near trout water unless we have at least one squirrel nymph in our fly box.

The "we" of this piece are all residents of Shippensburg, a town dropped on the map right in the heart of the famous Cumberland Valley trout country. "We" are two of my fishing pals and I.

Jack Eschenmann, president of our local fly fishing club and an expert angler is an employee of the Letterkenny Army Depot near Shippensburg.

Ray Coover, also a member of the local fly fishing club, is the proprietor of a local radio and television service.

I am a faculty member of the teaching staff at Shippensburg State College.

One evening four years ago on the "fly fishing only" stretch of Green Spring, a typical limestone meadow stream near our town, the fishing was slow. I began to examine some of the probable fish food under the stones and on the roots and stems of the water plants.

A day or so later, when I attempted to tie a lure to imitate the gray, crawling "bugs" I had seen on the bottom of Green Spring, I created the "accident."

In my box of dubbing fur I found a gray squirrel tail which I had been using to tie pin head streamers. This was phase one of the "accident." I could just as easily have chosen to use muskrat or other gray underfur for my imitation.

However, at the base of the squirrel tail I found an area of soft gray fur which seemed to be the color I needed. In stripping the fur I failed to separate the short, soft fibers from the longer hairs (phase two of the accident), and some of the longer strands of hair were dubbed in with the shorter fur. When the lure was completed, it had a rough mottled, juicy-looking appearance. Some of the long squirrel

tail hairs protruded in all directions from the body of the nymph. It resembled nothing I had seen under the rocks.

I gave three of these to Ray, who was the first among us to fish them. He first used them on Green Spring, fishing them by quartering across and downstream with one piece of wrap-around fuse lead twisted on his leader about 12 inches from the lure.

"I caught trout on that goofy lookin' thing in spots where I've never before seen any signs of fish," he told me the next day when he came begging for another half dozen squirrel nymphs.

"I hung two on a wire fence and left one in a fish," he offered as evidence of his depleted supply.

When I tied up the next batch for Ray, I had to go begging for a supply of gray squirrel tails. There isn't much of the short, gray fur at the base of one tail, and this is best for dubbing. Furthermore, these first productions were tied on a size 8, 3x streamer hook which required several good sized pinches of fur to create a tapered body and a thickness at the head and thorax of the nymph. (We have since learned how to conserve the precious fine fur by building up the body with wool and covering it with dubbing.)

As an innovation for the second batch I wrapped the hook with 12 to 15 loops of light lead wire before building up the body. These weighted nymphs seemed to work even better than the first, especially when they were allowed to sink to the bottom to be retrieved slowly at a nymph-crawling pace.

Since Ray's original success on Green Spring, all of us have consistently taken trout on the squirrel nymph. It has been a "killer-diller" on Big Spring rainbows. During the 1965 season Jack and I caught and released more than three hundred trout on a quarter mile stretch of Big Spring near Newville using our squirrel nymph in all sizes from 10 to 18.

As our success has improved, we have, likewise, improved our tying of the nymph. We now carry his lure in sizes tied on number 8, 3x streamer hooks and 10 to 28 on regular size hooks. Sizes 10, 12, and 14 have caught the most fish. We think these sizes are more deadly because the trout, perhaps, mistake them for cress bugs, which abound in the limestone we fish. We have observed that our success improved when we began to shape the body of



UNWEIGHTED SQUIRREL NYMPHS shown here are sizes 18, 20, 22, and 28 (seen above, left to right).

the 10 to 14 sizes to look like the oval body of the cress bug.

For several years Jack has been tying and fishing, with very good success, his own imitation of the cress bug. He ties his creation, also weighted, on a size 14 hook. Using gray wool to build up the oval body, he simulates the back of the bug by tying in from the bend to the eye of the hook, and on top of the gray wool, a portion of wood duck breast feather. Clipped grizzly hackle wrapped over the wool before the duck feather back is tied represents legs.

Jack has taken fish on this imitation from almost every stream, lake, and pond where he has fished it. He has had super success in still water or slowly moving currents. It is a deadly lure in farm ponds for blue gills. He allows the bug to sink to the bottom and retrieves it at a slow, slow, inch-by-inch pace.

Jack's nymph with the wood duck breast feather for a back and protruding hackle legs on the under-side looks more like the real cress bug than the little oval ball of fur on a hook which we call the squirrel nymph. Whatever the fish think these lures are, or why they take them so eagerly, we may never know. Both Jack's and my "bug" have been taking fish consistently for more than three years.

Often, when we believe we are thinking like a fish, or when we are observing a strike, we are sure we have a satisfactory answer as to the potency of these nymphs. Then some crazy fish leaps almost out of the water to meet our weighted nymph at the moment it hits the surface as if it were a dry fly, or another takes it greedily just under the surface in a fast riffle. This always smashes our clever theories about our "bug" being basically a still or slow water bottom lure.

We have always felt that it was a representation of cress bugs, but we have had excellent results with these nymphs in streams where we could find no trace of the natural. In such streams as Mountain Creek, Conodoguinet Creek (Horse Valley), and the Conococheague the larger sizes tied on the regular size hooks 10 and 12, and 8 and 10 streamer hooks seem to produce more strikes than the smaller sizes. These smaller sizes produce best in the limestone springs of our Cumberland Valley.

After reading Ed Koch's article on midge nymphs in the "Angler," in which he reports a great variation in size, shape, and color of the underwater life he has examined, one is tempted to conclude that a pinch or two of fur dubbed and wound on a hook, regardless of shape, size, or color, must look pretty much like food of some sort to the fish. I know that trout are at least attracted to our squirrel fur lumps. They may not always hit it, (what lure *can* make such a claim?) but I've dropped it carefully into a pool among several cruising trout and have watched them swim over and at least investigate the offering. Several times I have also seen them hit the lure before it touched the bottom. At other times they have picked it off the

bottom when I moved it about an inch or two, especially if the moving nymph kicked up a little mud. Giving the nymph a slowly rising motion from bottom to surface has produced vicious strikes.

There is some skill involved in fishing this nymph, as in all nymph fishing. I have given one of these lures to fishermen along the stream who have asked, "What are you using?" after they have seen me take several successive trout. Sometimes, when I hand one of these "bugs" to such an inquisitor, with the advice to fish it deep and slow, I can tell by his facial expression that he has no initial confidence in my little ball of fur wrapped on a hook. Frequently, out of courtesy, I suspect, he will tie on the lure and fish it like a wet fly or streamer, as if he had not heard me say, "Deep and slow." Soon he gives up trying and will go back to the white maribou streamer or perhaps the black ant he had been fishing.

Occasionally I meet such an inquisitor who seems to "catch on fast" and quickly masters the deep and slow technique which is the secret of the squirrel nymph.

And what is this secret? Well, there is no *one* secret. Several things contribute to catching trout with this lure:

FIRST, properly weighting the hook with lead wire (8 to 12 wraps, depending on hook size) and shaping the oval body with protruding hairs is important. Normal nymph shapes, tied with short fur only, do not work nearly as well as the roughly-tied, juicy-looking bug.

SECOND, use as light a tippet as fishing conditions will permit. We use 7x and 6x. With the light tippet the nymph has better action and the leader is practically invisible.

THIRD, cast up and across stream allowing the nymph

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ENLARGEMENT OF Squirrel Nymph tied on a number 12 hook reveals what the "accident" looks like close up.



KEYSTONE LAKE, with 18.4 miles of shoreland in Armstrong County, is the latest addition to public recreation facilities in Western Pennsylvania. The Lake and shore area have been leased for a token fee to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by owners of the nearby Keystone Generating Station (Atlantic City Electric Company, Baltimore Gas and Electric Company, Delmarva Power & Light Company, Jersey Central Power & Light Company, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Philadelphia Electric Company, and Public Service Electric and Gas Company). Fishing and boating will be available free to the public with the start of the 1968 season. Later other recreational facilities will be constructed on the 2,642 acres of land and water.

by GEORGE FORREST, Chief—Public Relations Division



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SPORTSMEN WILL HAVE OVER 1000 ACRES OF ADDITIONAL PUBLIC WATER TO ENJOY IN COMING YEARS. IT'S THE RESULT OF AN AGREEMENT SIGNED RECENTLY BETWEEN THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION AND THE OWNERS OF THE KEYSTONE GENERATING STATION IN ARMSTRONG COUNTY.

COMMONWEALTH AND UTILITIES JOIN TO PROVIDE NEW Public Recreation Area

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION has assumed control of the new Keystone Lake recreational area in Armstrong County after an agreement was reached between the Commission and the seven public utilities which own the lake. Governor Raymond P. Shafer announced completion of the agreement accepting a lease for the five-mile Keystone Lake.

The Commission is currently investigating potential sites for the construction of modern public access sites, picnicking areas and boat landing docks. Once sites are chosen designs will be developed for the multiple facilities with construction slated for 1969.

An initial fish stocking has been made recently to provide the lake with potential trophy catches when 84,000 northern pike were planted. Other species scheduled for stocking soon include 250,000 largemouth bass, 2,000,000 walleye and 77,000 catfish.

Governor Shafer, in accepting the project agreement, said:

"The fact that seven electric power companies have agreed to lease to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania their jointly owned Keystone Lake for development of a new recreational area is a historic step forward in joint development of natural resources for the greatest possible use by the general public.

"Because of the civic consciousness exhibited by these utilities, the Lake will not only continue to serve millions of electric customers of the Keystone Generating Station located there but can now be developed into a multiple use recreational area for all Pennsylvanians."

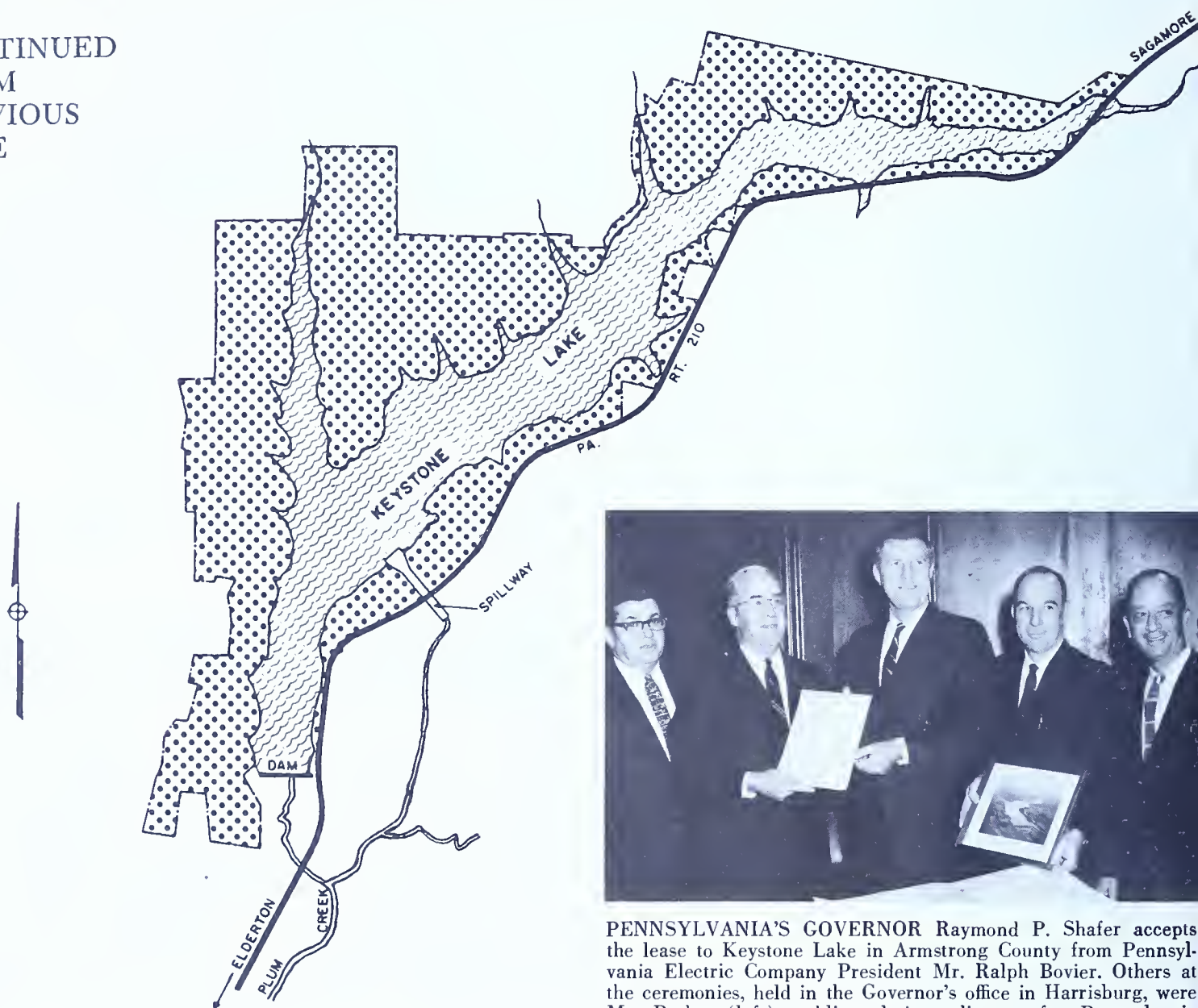
Ralph F. Bovier, President of the Pennsylvania Electric Company which operates the Keystone generating facility for the owners, presented the lease to the Governor in the presence of Robert J. Bielo, Executive Director of the Fish Commission.

"We are happy to work with the Commonwealth in providing: fishing, boating and related outdoor recreation for the enjoyment and pleasure of all citizens," Bovier said. "By opening this privately constructed area to public use the owning utilities are demonstrating their deep interest in adding to the amenities of Pennsylvania life and their concern for the social needs of their customers."

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PUBLIC RECREATION AREA

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PENNSYLVANIA'S GOVERNOR Raymond P. Shafer accepts the lease to Keystone Lake in Armstrong County from Pennsylvania Electric Company President Mr. Ralph Bovier. Others at the ceremonies, held in the Governor's office in Harrisburg, were Mr. Parks, (left) public relations director for Pennsylvania Electric; Mr. Robert J. Bielo, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; and Mr. I. M. Meier, of the Pennsylvania Electric Company.

The Keystone Recreation Area, consisting of 1,009 acres of water and 1,633 acres of land in Plumcreek and Cowanshannock Townships, parallels Highway Route 210 for a distance of 5½ miles. It was formed by constructing a dam 90 feet high and 1,400 feet wide across Plum Creek Valley.

It represents an investment of more than \$6,000,000 by the following utilities: Atlantic City Electric Company, Baltimore Gas and Electric Company, Delmarva Power & Light Company, Jersey Central Power & Light Company, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Philadelphia Electric Company and Public Service Electric and Gas Company.

Keystone Lake was constructed to supply cooling water for the gigantic Keystone Power Station which generates electricity for more than 5,000,000 energy users in a four state area.

By collecting run-off in the watershed during periods of heavy precipitation, the reservoir has greatly improved the year around quality of water in Plum and Crooked Creeks. The collected clean water dilutes mine drainage from up-

stream sources. The Lake also serves as a regulator for the stream from Elderton west to the Crooked Creek Reservoir in that it reduces flow in periods of heavy precipitation and increases flow in times of low rainfall. It releases a minimum of 55 cubic feet of water per minute the year around.

Under terms of the lease, water demands of the power plant will be supplied on a priority basis. Beginning March 1 the Fish Commission accepted exclusive control of establishing, maintaining, operating and controlling the recreation area with the stipulation that all facilities shall be made available free to the general public without discrimination.

The dam breast and land within 300 feet of it, and the spillway and land within 150 feet of it, will be excluded from public use for safety reasons.

The Fish Commission plans to immediately investigate potential sites around the Lake for construction of modern public access sites, picnicking areas and landing docks. After feasible sites are selected designs will be developed for the facilities with construction planned for 1969.

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

CAMPING NEAR SOME "HOT" SPOTS

THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT FISHING—you never know how many times a real prize winner has rocketed through shadowy depths, sized up your lure and turned back at the last minute just before striking. Perhaps it's best we don't witness such things. Few people could stand the suspense.

Experts say that nearly every stretch of fishable water holds its share of hulking, long-time residents. This may or may not be true. But one thing has been proven: fish far larger than normal have been taken in all sections of Pennsylvania. Once in a while, a lucky angler begins a routine, carefree outing and winds up making headlines.

Last year at Lake Wallenpaupack, for instance, Frank Kociolek of Dupont managed to hit the right spot with just the right combination. When the spray settled and the action subsided, Kociolek claimed victory over a 24-pound, 33-inch brown trout—a new state record.

Also last year another state record was smashed when Pottstown angler Allen Roen netted an 18½-inch crappie bass weighing three pounds, eight ounces. His prize came from Lake Ontelaunee in Berks County.

No doubt many anglers would like to try wetting a line in the same waters that are known to have produced lunkers in the past. A camping trip to these spots might make an ideal change of pace outing for the whole family.

Operated by the Pennsylvania Power and Electric Company, four all-electric campgrounds at 5,670-acre Lake Wallenpaupack have been widely acclaimed and are understandably crowded most of the time. If a shore-front campsite is desired, campers have learned to plan an early arrival. For detailed information on up-to-the-minute conditions, write: Wilsonville Park, Star Rt., #2, Hawley, Pa.

Lake Ontelaunee, a 1,080-acre water supply reservoir not far from Reading, contains a wide variety of species including largemouth and smallmouth bass, walleye pike, northern pike, yellow perch and, of course, crappie bass. Nearby private campgrounds include Blue Rocks with 75 campsites at Lenhartsville: Old Dutch Mill Park, 80 sites, Kutztown;

and Sacony Park, 35 sites, also in Kutztown.

The Delaware River has long been famous for top-notch shad fishing, as well as most other popular species. The river section bordering Pike County produced the record American white shad in 1965 for Vincent Graziano of Milford. It measured 28½ inches and weighed seven pounds, four ounces.

River Beach, a private campground, is strategically located for fishermen. Situated on Rt. 209 between Milford and Port Jervis, the area offers choice of 75 campsites. Another nearby private area with sites along the river is Covart Farm at Matamoras. The 56-acre campground contains 50 campsites in choice of wooded, open or wilderness type locations.

In 1966, a 15-inch, three-pound rock bass was brought to terms by John Rhodes of Hershey. It was taken from Swatara Creek in Dauphin County and established a new record. Valley Glen, a 200-site private campground, is located right on the stream. The park is found off Rt. 743, four miles west of Palmyra.

The 40-mile section of Swatara Creek flowing through Dauphin County has also produced its share of hard-hitting smallmouth and largemouth bass. Other private camping areas nearby include: Hershey Highmeadows, 125 sites, two miles northwest of Hershey on Rt. 39; Deck Acres, 52 sites, six miles east of Hershey on Rt. 322; and Ridge Run, a new area with 35 sites, two miles east of Elizabethtown off Rt. 230.

William Alexopolis of Pittsburgh trolled the depths of Crawford County's Conneaut Lake in 1951, ending the day with a 55-inch, 42 pound, eight ounce musky to his credit. The record still stands today, although fish almost as large have been caught since. Oakland Beach Park operates a private campground on the east side of the lake. It offers a total of 60 campsites just 700 yards from the shore.

Also still standing is the record for walleye, a 36-inch, 12 pound whopper caught by Ebensburg angler, Firman Shoff, again in 1951. It was taken from the Forest County section of the Allegheny River. Many popular camping spots exist in this region, including Tionesta Reservoir and those in the Allegheny National Forest. Cloverleaf, Pennsylvania's oldest private campground, offers a total of 112 sites on river frontage, boating and other recreational facilities. The area is located on Rt. 62 just north of Tidioute.

Any fisherman who has connected with a big brownie and lost him knows the feeling of having a hold of a . . .

by DON BODNAR

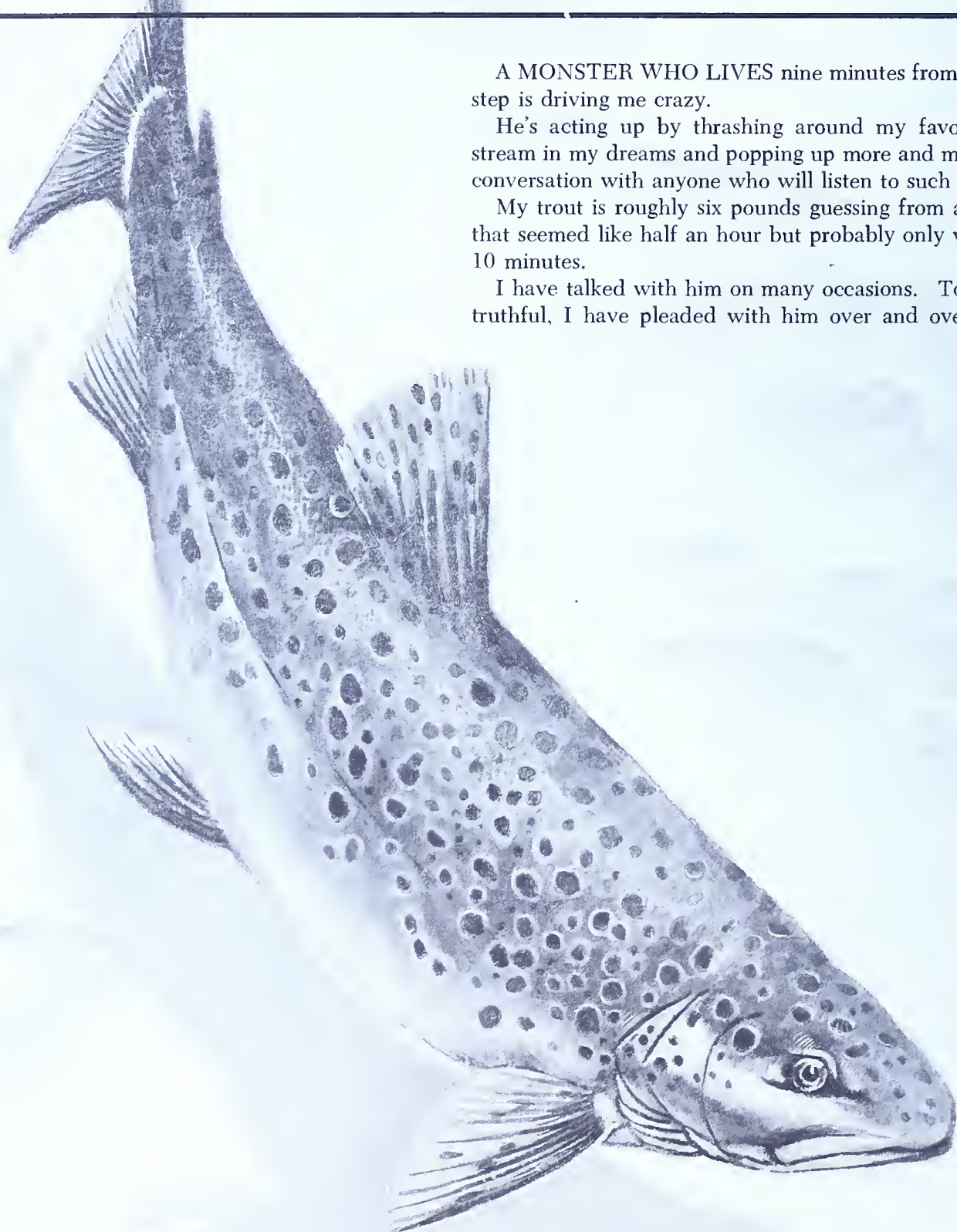
SENIOR CITIZEN TROUT

A MONSTER WHO LIVES nine minutes from my doorstep is driving me crazy.

He's acting up by thrashing around my favorite trout stream in my dreams and popping up more and more in my conversation with anyone who will listen to such fish talk.

My trout is roughly six pounds guessing from a skirmish that seemed like half an hour but probably only was about 10 minutes.

I have talked with him on many occasions. To be more truthful, I have pleaded with him over and over to take



Don Bodnar

any of my offerings ranging from tiny nymphs to the largest of streamers. "C'mon. Take it now. One time. One time. I know you're there."

No dice.

I missed him the season of 1966.

The 1967 season passed also. And every now and then, I think about him, my monster brown trout, and particularly when I caress my record book and read about my first encounter with him April 27, 1966, in the Neshannock Creek.

The day began with pleasure and ended with tears, real tears.

I sped from my office for home where my often understanding wife had a couple of sandwiches waiting. "Again," she said. "You just went yesterday and the day before and you don't have time for me and the baby."

It got me right here, but not enough to dissuade me from my duty. On went the waders and trout jacket and into the car went myself and a couple of flyrods. Obeying all traffic signals and signs to the best of my ability I arrived at my spot in nine minutes. "Right on schedule," I thought.

I rigged up my six and a half foot rod with a three-pound test leader and tied on a brown nymph with which I had much previous success on the Neshannock. No one else seemed to be having any luck although I lucked in two keepers a foot each. I thought for a moment about a comment made by the brother of a trout-fanatic friend of mine: "Hey. That nymph of yours looks just like those pellets they use in the hatcheries."

I dismissed it as a bad joke. "Just jealous," I told myself.

The sun was almost down. I slipped out of the stream and headed back to where the car was parked only to be stopped by a pleasant scene. A man and a woman who apparently was his wife were fishing a riffle with flyrods. I broke open my flyrod and enjoyed the scene and wished I could bottle it for these lousy post-trout days in New Castle.

The couple exchanged some "Uh Huhs" and that kind of talk, eventually walked out of the water, exchanged some tidbits with me, sloshed to their car and rode away.

The sun was down.

A little bit of light was left. I dragged two tired feet to the car which was parked streamside. About a half flyrod from the car I heard a splash, a big one. "Some dirty so and so is throwing rocks," I said to myself as I stopped short. Some kid probably. "Hey, no kids are around here this time of day." I looked in the direction of the splash. Deep, silent water just down from a rock which curled clear water around it. Suddenly the splash came again and through the now dark and very still air I knew that it was a fish, a very big fish.

I froze momentarily. What was I going to use!

Quickly I opened the car door, took a flashlight and went to the other side of the car where I hastily assembled my flyrod once more and tied on the biggest white marabou streamer I could find. I slid into the water and started casting upstream, gradually letting the line and streamer cut into more downstream water.

A long time later—no luck.

Ready to go home, I made the last cast not caring whether the streamer landed in a bushy clump of trees and bushes on the other side.

Now it was pitch black.

I don't know where the streamer landed. But suddenly it appeared that I had hooked onto one of the big rocks that form the bed that the Neshannock rolls over. Then suddenly the rock was moving. "What did I have." The message was clear by now. I had hooked a trout that could really fight back.

He was toying with me at first, I thought, just tugging and then taking flight downstream and taking my line with him and bending my flyrod into a U-turn and a half. Before all of my line was gone, he accommodated me by easing upstream of his own accord and I thanked him for the courtesy. Now he was parallel with me on the stream which was pushing my waders against my skin and was about nine feet away I guessed. He shook and he splashed and indulged in a temper tantrum. By now the only way I knew what was going on was by sounds, the rod and line and the silhouette of the U-turned rod against the night sky. "I don't want to lose you, Baby," I murmured to myself.

The fish and I battled back and forth for a time upstream and down and occasionally a car's headlights would cut the dark on the adjacent road and I hoped that one would stop and permit me to see what I was doing. No soap.

The fish was aiming upstream again fast and I kept taking in line and now he was at my feet. Right at my feet. Foolish, I thought, trying to net something you can't see so it was just like an argument, a stalemate. We kept each other on the line but neither of us gave an inch.

Then, like a drag racer starting with rear wheels spinning, he bulled his way across current and just as quickly came back and went downstream about six feet from me, where he began thrashing water like crazy until he spit out the remains of my streamer—a chewed up marabou which I had tied.

My feet really were shaking now. Somehow I coordinated them and maneuvered to the bank where I sat down on some rocks and cried . . . tears. Real ones.

Then I began to regain my sense of hearing and I heard the water splashing on the rocks. Now my hands were shaking.

"The heck with it."

I threw my gear in the car and headed home. It was then I vowed to catch the monster and to eat him. But as time went on, I knew I would throw him back if I were so lucky as to land him.

From that day on, every night and day away from the office would find me in that same spot whether in necktie and white shirt or in fishing gear.

My fishing buddies knew I was crazy fishing the same location every night.

Perhaps I was because the season passed and I had not netted my prize.

Then came mid-April 1967.

There was talk of a big one loafing around a feeder stream.

"Here I go again," I said to myself.

But never did I ever see him again. Never did I hook him again. Persistence did not pay off. The only satisfaction I got was hearing rumbles here and there about "that big one."

Maybe late some night this summer.

CONTINUED
FROM
LAST
MONTH

1967 SENIOR CITATION CATCHES



TWO OF OVER TWO HUNDRED Citation winners in 1967 were Jeff Belo of Pittsburgh who won a Junior Citation, and Fred J. Hann Jr. of Springdale, who won a Senior Citation. Presenting the awards for the outstanding catches is Allegheny County District Warden Paul Sowers. The presentation was made at the Coraopolis Sportsmen's Club. Rules and size requirements for receiving the awards are printed this month on the rear cover of the Angler.

Gus Wheeland, Sunbury, 20 $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Union County.

George E. Hohenshilt, Millerstown, 21 inch, 4 lbs. 13 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Juniata River, Juniata County.

Darwin Mitchell, Beaver, 22 inch, 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

Richard J. Bosinec, Tarentum, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Bullhead, Lock 6, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

Verne A. Rihs, Pittsburgh, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 8 lbs. 3 oz. White Catfish, Glade Run Lake, Butler County.

James Cipalla, Girard, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. Perch, Gravel Pits, Erie County.

Harvey E. Lupold, Duncansville, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 12 lbs. 1 oz. Channel Catfish, Raystown Dam, Huntingdon County.

David Stocker, Easton, 20 inch, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

David Naftzinger, Port Clinton, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 3 lbs. Brook Trout, Rattling Run Creek, Schuylkill County.

Edward W. Farnkopf, Philadelphia, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 5 lbs. 5 oz. Largemouth Bass, Penn Canal, Bucks County.

David E. Murray, Cumberland, Md., 15 inch, 1 lb. 7 oz., Crappie, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Milo Garey, Leeper, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 3 lbs. Crappie, Allegheny River, Forest County.

Danny Schroder, North East, 32 inch, 11 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Walleye, Lake Erie, Erie County.

James K. Alifimoff, Cheswick, 20 inch, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. Bullhead, Allegheny River, Allegheny County.

Jack Annis, Sunbury, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 4 lbs. 1 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Charles E. Lucas, Lower Burrell, 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Forest County.

Joseph Sabot, Barking, 20 inch, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Joseph Sabot, Barking, 21 inch, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Elmer Petri, Jr., Erie, 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Walleye, Lake Erie, Erie County.

Phillip Brewer, Laceyville, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 lbs. 3 oz. Bluegill, Browning's Pond, Bradford County.

David Schmeck, Fleetwood, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Crappie, Mine Hole-Fleetwood, Berks County.

Thomas R. Pheiffer, Easton, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Doris K. Milliner, Hatfield, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Yellow Perch, Lower Promised Land Lake, Pike County.

Richard Sadulski, Brackenridge, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Lock 9, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

John Cunningham, Drexel Hill, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 1 lb. Rock Bass, Yellow Breeches Creek, Cumberland County.

Lester Heckman, Hamburg, 30.5 inch, 9 lbs. Walleye, Delaware River, Monroe County.

John H. Doyle, Renfrew, 19 inch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Bullhead, Lake Arthur, Butler County.

Gerald T. Chapleski, Allentown, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 4 lbs. Bullhead, New Tripoli Quarry, Lehigh County.

Lou D'Ambrosio, Pittsburgh, 22 inch, 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

Mrs. Betty May Allison, Osterburg, 46 inch, 27 lbs. Muskellunge, Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.

Albert Baginski, Easton, 19 inch, 3 lbs. Bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Richard Sadulski, Brackenridge, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. Bullhead, Lock 9, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

Albert Guillardmod, Huntingdon, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Raystown Dam, Huntingdon County.

Joseph P. Roda, Pittsburgh, 12 inch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Bluegill, Tamarack Lake, Crawford County.

Harry F. Heath, Reading, 20 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Maiden Creek, Berks County.

William H. Stubbs, Jr., Cornwells Heights, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Bullhead, Delaware River, Bucks County.

Walter Wishwanick, Warminster, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 3 lbs. 11 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Big Neshaming Creek, Bucks County.

Kenneth J. Watson, Clarks Green, 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ lbs. Chain Pickerel, Browns Lake, Monroe County.

Robert E. Ludwig, Selinsgrove, 20 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Guy Hummel, Hummels Wharf, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

John Krugle, Harwick, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 3 lbs. Bullhead, Allegheny River, Allegheny County.

John S. Brown, East Stroudsburg, 21 inch, 5 lbs. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Smallmouth Bass, Lake Valhalla, Monroe County.

Michael Parobek, Lower Burrell, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Bullhead, Allegheny River, Armstrong County.

Peter Sabot, Jr. New Kensington, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Peter Sabot, Jr., New Kensington, 20 $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Peter Sabot, Jr., New Kensington, 20" Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Chalmer Osborn, Conneaut Lake, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 29 lbs. Muskellunge, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

Clarence Wheal, Hughesville, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 lbs. Fallfish, Loyalsock Fly Fishing Area, Lycoming County.

Clarence Wheal, Hughesville, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Fallfish, Loyalsock Fly Fishing Area, Lycoming County.

Charles G. Bannon, Oil City, 21 inch, 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Venango County.

Gordon Hill, Jr., Easton, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 lbs. Bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton County.

George J. Hinkle, Lancaster, 23 inch, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Largemouth Bass, Octorara Creek, Chester County.

Edward V. Yesh, Belle Vernon, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Dutch Fork Lake, Washington County.

Randall E. Whitton, Tionesta, 17 inch, 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ lbs. Crappie, Tionesta Creek, Forest County.

Albert Baginski, Easton, 22½ inch, 4 lbs. Bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Pete Sipe, Middletown, 20 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Edward Goralczyk, Jr., Pittsburgh, 23½ inch, 5 lbs. Bullhead, Beaver River, Beaver County.

Thomas K. Robinson, Philadelphia, 20¼ inch, 3½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Neshaminy Creek, Bucks County.

Donald Madden, Jr., Scranton, 20 inch, 5 lbs. Bullhead, Lake Winola, Wyoming County.

Mark L. Geyer, Irwin, 20 inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Pymatuning Lake, Crawford County.

Donald G. Mead, Conneautville, 15 inch, 1 lb. 9 oz. Crappie, Heasters Pond, Crawford County.

Tom Butchkoski, Hershey, 11¼ inch, 1⅞ lbs. Rock Bass, Palmyra Quarry, Dauphin County.

Kevin O'Brien, Apalachin, New York, 23 inch, 7 lbs. 1 oz. Large-mouth Bass, Highland Lake, Bradford County.

Philip Karl, Harrisburg, 16 inch, 2 lbs. Bullhead, Yellow Breeches Creek, Cumberland County.

Ronald W. Weaverling, Huntingdon, 15 inch, 2 lbs. Bullhead, Raystown Dam, Huntingdon County.

Robert D. Lavelle, Jeannette, 15½ inch, 2 lbs. Bullhead, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Keith Jackson, Parkesburg, 16½ inch, 1⅝ lbs. Bullhead, Parkesburg Dam, Chester County.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fromlak, Pittsburgh, 36 inch, 21 lbs. Carp, Allegheny River, Allegheny County.

George A. Stahl, Sunbury, 20 inch, 3½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Charles Yeager, Sunbury, 20⅝ inch, 3 lbs. 9 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Snyder County.

Rick McKenzie, Jr., Warren, 21 inch, 3½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Warren County.

Oscar Barth, Philadelphia, 24¼ inch, 8¼ lbs. Largemouth Bass, Brule Lake, Sullivan County.

Irving C. Hall, Confluence, 21½ inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset County.

Kathleen H. Rearick, Jersey Shore, 46 inch, 26¼ lbs. Muskeelunge, Hills Creek Lake, Tioga County.

William J. Ostrom, New Brighton, 31⅝ inch, 10½ lbs. Walleye, Near Franklin, Venango County.

George Sekura, Canonsburg, 45½ inch, 24¾ lbs. Muskellunge, French Creek, Crawford County.

Jack Haywood, Carlisle, 12 inch, 2 lbs. Rock Bass, Susquehanna River, Cumberland County.

Charles Kantz, Selinsgrove, 20 inch, 3 lbs. 3 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Penns Creek, Snyder County.

Ralph N. Oberdorf, Danville, 33 inch, 16 lbs. Channel Catfish, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Ralph N. Oberdorf, Danville, 30½ inch, 15 lbs. Channel Catfish, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Peter P. Marcinkevich, Scranton, 23¼ inch, 8 lbs. 6½ oz. Largemouth Bass, Desantis Pond, Lackawanna County.

Lee Drake, Metuchen, New Jersey, 22 inch, 5⅝ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Pike County.

Walter C. Krause, Jr., Johnstown, 23½ inch, 6 lbs. Largemouth Bass, Canadohta Lake, Crawford County.

Anne C. Vlachos, Swarthmore, 20 inch, 4¼ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Octoraro Reservoir, Chester County.

William C. Kurtz, Myerstown, 20½ inch, 4 lbs. 9 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Arthur Thompson, Tower City, 22½ inch, 5 lbs. 1 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Dean A. Rachau, Jr., Centre Hall, 20¼ inch, 3 lbs. 13 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Juniata River, Juniata County.

Joseph Talcik, Philadelphia, 21 inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Frank Sabot, Barking, 20 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Jimmy Jones, Oil City, 20 inch, 4¼ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Allegheny River, Venango County.

Peter Sabot, Jr., New Kensington, 20½ inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Elwood L. Camp, Jr., Elysburg, 17 inch, 2 lbs. 13 oz. Brook Trout, Big Fishing Creek, Clinton County.

Mrs. Minnie R. Fry, York, 22 inch, 4 lbs. 9 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Lancaster County.

Mrs. Anna Bachman, Nazareth, 30 inch, 8½ lbs. Walleye, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike County.

Richard C. Ritter, West Mifflin, 47 inch, 25 lbs. Muskellunge, Edinboro Lake, Erie County.

Charles S. Weiss, Lehighton, 23 inch, 5 lbs. 13 oz. Largemouth Bass, Bradys Lake, Monroe County.

Donald Shartzter, Farmington, 38 inch, 13 lbs. Northern Pike, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Fayette County.

John H. Bailey, Meadville, 49½ inch, 33 lbs. Muskellunge, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

John M. Hutchison, Newville, 20½ inch, 4½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Juniata River, Perry County.

Iver M. (Smoky) Stover, Harrisburg, 21¼ inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Stanley Shubzda, Plains, 16 inch, 2⅝ lbs. Black Crappie, Meadows Lake, Susquehanna County.

Raymond H. Lounsbury, Ulysses, 27½ inch, 4¾ lbs. Chain Pickerel, Hills Creek Lake, Tioga County.

Richard F. Anderton, Greenville, 21 inch, 5½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

Mrs. Henry J. Heil, Bethlehem, 21⅝ inch, 4¾ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Delaware River, Northampton County.

Raymond E. Anderson, Jr., Confluence, 20½ inch, 3 lbs. 11 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Youghiogheny River, Fayette County.

Jack Gordon, Brownsville, 16 inch, Bullhead, Dunlaps Creek, Fayette County.

A. R. Burkett, Manns Choice, 27 inch, 3 lbs. 13 oz. Chain Pickerel, Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.

Robert J. Petak, Johnstown, 20½ inch, 4 lbs. 5 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Duman Dam, Cambria County.

Alex Heklar, Jr., Freemansburg, 19⅞ inch, 3 lbs. 9 oz. Brook Trout, Saylors Lake, Monroe County.

Allen C. Winco, Philadelphia, 21 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Neshaminy Creek, Bucks County.

Bill Chapla, Old Forge, 14 inch, 1¼ lbs. Yellow Perch, Duck Harbor Pond, Wayne County.

Eugene R. Snyder, Dallastown, 20 inch, 4 lbs. 3 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Lancaster County.

Eugene R. Snyder, Dallastown, 22 inch, 5½ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Lancaster County.

Robert McGarrity, Conshohocken, 30¾ inch, 11⅞ lbs. Rainbow Trout, Upper Woods Pond, Wayne County.

Robert Dennis, Conneaut Lake, 48 inch, 45 lbs. Muskellunge, Conneaut Lake, Crawford County.

Anthony S. Pomictier, Breslau, 24¾ inch, 8⅝ lbs. L.M. Bass, Brenchleys Pond, Bradford County.

Anthony A. Karuzie, Avoca, 33 inch, 13½ lbs. Walleye, Susquehanna River, Lackawanna County.

Jack Osborn, Allison Park, 20¾ inch, 3¼ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest County.

Seldon J. Almon, Meadville, 31 inch, 11⅝ lbs. Walleye, French Creek, Crawford County.

Harry Fenstermacher, Milford, 32 inch, 12⅝ lbs. Walleye, Delaware River, Pike County.

Robert E. Rearick, Jersey Shore, 45⅙ inch, 24½ lbs. Muskellunge, Hills Creek Lake, Tioga County.

Max L. Reitz, Lewisburg, 21¼ inch, 4 lbs. 13 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Penns Creek, Snyder County.

W. J. Zartman, Lebanon, 21 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

N. W. Lichtenberger, Highspire, 20 inch, 4 lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin County.

Dennis C. Devine, Mechanicsburg, 20¼ inch, 4 lbs. 15 oz. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Perry County.

John M. Sardzinski, Mt. Carmel, 20⅝ inch, 4⅝ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland County.

Michael J. Yench, Plains, 30¾ inch, 12 lbs. 1 oz. Walleye, Lake Carey, Wyoming County.

Edward T. Gray, Meadville, 45 inch, 35 lbs. Muskellunge, French Creek, Crawford County.

A. Roy Aaron, Titusville, 37¼ inch, 27¼ lbs. Carp, Tidioute, Warren County.

Steven Smoggie, Clarksville, 31 inch, 11¾ lbs. Walleye, Tionesta Creek, Forest County.

Robert L. McHugh, Sharon, 30⅝ inch, 10½ lbs. Walleye, Allegheny River, Warren County.

Thomas P. Archambeau, Shippensburg, 28¼ inch, 12½ lbs. Rainbow Trout, Letterkenny Dam, Franklin County.

George M. Popella, Monessen, 19 inch, 3½ lbs. Brook Trout, Virgin Run Lake, Fayette County.

Harry R. Beck, Northumberland, 20⅝ inch, 4⅝ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Susquehanna River, Snyder County.

LeRoy A. Gosseck, New Brighton, 23 inch, 7¾ lbs. Smallmouth Bass, Form Bell, Beaver County.

HIDDEN MENACE *continued from page 5*

comes of those organisms in the food chain that depend upon given levels of dissolved oxygen twenty-four hours a day? The answer to this, of course, is obvious; those species that thrive at reduced oxygen levels will predominate and the more desirable species will be eliminated. Included among these desirable species are fish such as trout, walleye and smallmouth bass.

We in the Pennsylvania Fish Commission are greatly concerned with the eutrophication of our waters. It is becoming more evident that our management programs must be altered or revised from time to time to deal with this menace. Let us again use our lake to illustrate this point. Suppose it were to become lost as trout habitat. A pattern of angling which has existed for generations would change. The emphasis on trout would quickly change to one on warmwater species. As explained previously, species of organisms, including the fish population in such a situation, change to fit the conditions; however, the resulting population is seldom what the angler desires. It is at this point that the management changes come into play. Instead of the relatively simple technique of periodic plantings of trout, the lake must now receive the vastly more complex and

expensive type of management procedures required by warmwater species. The sad part is that even if we do evolve good populations of fish, such as muskellunge, northern pike or largemouth bass, eutrophication will eventually take its toll of these species too; then what?

We must come to realize that a clear, weed-free, clean-bottomed trout lake or stream represents a creation not of man's making, but that man can cause it to be lost forever.

What then should be done to protect the remaining clean waters or, in fact, to revive the now marginal stream or the pea-soup lake? We could always kill the vegetation with herbicides, if and when it occurs, and probably kill many remaining desirable organisms in the process.

This is not the answer. What we must do, and we have no choice, is to go to the source of the problem, the nutrients themselves. We must learn and be willing to treat or transform our wastes so that they will not disrupt the vital chain of life in our waters. Can we afford or, in fact, do we have the technology to do this? I would certainly hope that a nation which will soon land men on the moon will briefly consider these questions; then meekly and with a red face say, "Yes."

GRAY SQUIRREL NYMPH *continued from page 15*

to sink and drift naturally with the current. Occasionally try to impart the nymph-like rising motion by slowly lifting your rod tip.

FOURTH, in still or slow water allow the nymph to sink to the bottom and retrieve it very slowly. Move it about three inches and let it sink and rest before the next short retrieve.

FIFTH, fish the unweighted nymphs in sizes 18 to 28 on or near the surface. Use the dry fly technique and avoid drag. Don't strike too soon when using these small size hooks. They are so small and "well padded" with fur that the trout won't drop them immediately.

These five hints are the deapest and most sacred of our squirrel nymph secrets. Good luck!

The squirrel nymph is easy to tie. The novice fly tyer, unless he has not mastered the skill of dubbing fur and winding it to shape a body, should have no difficulty in creating it. A few tips learned from tying many dozens of these "bugs" follows:

1. Use a sturdy hook and bend the point slightly off center to create more hooking space. Bend while hook is in vice clamped over the bend area.

2. Don't tie in too much thickness of body just above the point of the hook. Leave adequate "hooking space."

3. Use a heavy streamer type thread (except for sizes 18 to 28) and wax it generously before dubbing.

4. Try to dub evenly, avoiding lumps of fur on the thread at one spot.

5. Deliberately try to dub in some of the longer hairs with the fine gray fur secured at the base of the squirrel tail. Allow them to protrude in all directions and at all angles from the body of the lure. When the nymph is fished these hairs create a breathing, crawling type of motion which brings more strikes than a smoother, monocolored fur body.

Bill of materials for the squirrel nymph:

Hooks: Sizes 10 to 28 in heavy weights. Try a few on 8 to 12 streamer hooks.

Thread: Heavy black of weight used for tying streamers. Lighter for sizes 18 to 20.

Lead: Thinner of the two lead wires now available on plastic coils.

Wool: Beehive Brand, 3 ply Scotch Fingering wool in gray or dark colors. Avoid using plushy, thick wool.

Wax: Beeswax.

Fur: Fine gray secured from base of a closely clipped gray squirrel tail with longer fibers of hair from tail in same base area mixed in sparingly.

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BAITS FOR SUMMER FISHING

one side so your outline blends with shoreline foliage. The beetles will get your bites.

Still another insect worthy of your attention in summer is the Japanese beetle. Imported accidentally from the Orient, the insect-pest has become increasingly numerous during the past decade. Larvae live in the ground as small white grubs. Adults appear July through August, depending upon locality, and swarm about roses, honeysuckle and lilac bushes, as well as other ornamentals. Gathering a day's supply of this beetle-bait amounts to a five or ten-minute stop at some bush in the yard. They can be

gathered by handfuls. More round than rectangular in shape, the beetles are best used on a small No. 10 or 12 fly-type hook.

You can very often get trout and panfish moving by chumming this beetle bait. That is, drop several onto the water to get fish interested in this bait. Then slip them one in which you have impaled a hook.

Centipedes and millepedes are likewise good summer baits. These arthropods are found in decaying humus and rotted logs on the woods floor. Some varieties of centipedes have mildly poisonous bites but millepedes are harmless. Either one impaled on a long shank hook, of say, 10 or 12 size, will take fish in late summer.

This by no means completes the list of terrestrial insects which are suitable for trout and panfish. Fish normally turn to these and others to supplement their diet. Grasshoppers (locusts), crickets, caterpillars of all types and bees are also fine baits. Give these baits a go and watch the action climb.

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AUTHOR SORENSEN

FIRST TIME OUT

the honey and jelly at home. Tiny bees will chase the toddlers all over and no two year old is going to give up a peanut butter sandwich without a fight even if it is covered with bees.

Packing the food was an unfamiliar problem. I suppose campers got along for years without coffee cans with plastic lids but I don't know how. A large one is just right for cooking tools; a turner, a can opener, a pick, some tongs, a long handled wooden spoon, some measuring cups and a hot pad. I also have a very long pair of tongs that are handy for open fire cooking. Smaller cans will hold soap, steel wool, a small knife, a small brush, salt and pepper shakers and any other little things necessary for getting a meal. The boys next to us managed to get meals time after time with just a fork, a butcher knife and one bent spoon but they must have had a lot of practice.

I always thought wild things were afraid of people but the Racoons were waiting for us. The first night we caught them taking the lids off our cookie boxes. It's just a matter of time before they will be able to manage a can opener.

Campers around us had chuck boxes heavy enough to stop most animals but I was told several times that small

chuck boxes were more convenient. Many campers I talked to had made good sturdy boxes only to find it took two strong men to lift them. The best campers around us had small wooden boxes with sliding tops that looked as if all the problems had been solved before putting them together.

We finally sifted down to one dry box of food that would fit into the car and left the ice chest and working box (which contained paper towels, plates, bags, aluminum foil and any closed tins) outside covered with a light tarp.

There were large tables in our camp so we put our stove up high, marked off the cooking area and made the rule: "NO KIDS AROUND THE STOVE." Hot water, fuel, and hot coals in the adjacent fire made it too dangerous for pre-schoolers and cooking like this requires more attention than a regular range.

Since I'm not the last city girl to cook on a camp stove I would like to remind others to put the dishwater on just as you call everyone to the table. I try to leave enough water in the bottom of the kettle so there's water for washing up in the evening.

Somewhere while I was planning the trip, I ran across an article on camp rules. They were few and simple; keep the kids at their own fire unless invited to another; keep them quiet early in the morning and after dark and teach them basic safety rules concerning fire, water and tools.

I don't know if we were lucky but one of the things that surprised me was the quietness of the camps. With from two to five children at each site I expected there to be a lot of noise and confusion. Another thing that impressed us was being able to leave anything out on tables or in the camp area. "Don't worry, no one will bother it," other campers told us.

I put a pair of blue jeans to dry on a rock near the creek and forgot them. When I came back a dozen or so children were catching crabs, they had obviously avoided the jeans and one of them had anchored the jeans with a rock.

But, even though it was our "First Time Out" we had a good time, and we're going back next summer.

BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From C. L. T., Portersville:

"What tools and spares should an outboarder carry in his boat?"

Answer:

—The absolute minimum in the way of tools would be a pair of slip-joint pliers and a couple of screwdrivers. If your boat uses a lot of Phillips screws, you should also have a screwdriver of this type. The need for additional items will be determined by the boat itself and the kind of boating you do. If you make long cruises, you'll want a large selection, while for short jaunts near the dock or water skiing the requirements will be less. The same is true of spare parts; a few shear pins (if your motor uses them) are enough spares for many boats. The skipper who ventures further away from his home port will want spark plugs, a spare prop (with nut and other fittings as required), and perhaps a fuel filter cartridge if his engine uses the throw-away type. A roll of friction tape and a small roll of solid insulated copper wire are generally useful, and if you cruise at night, be sure to have spare bulbs for your navigation lights. An extra plug for the transom drain is a good bet, too.

From J. D. M., Tionesta:

"When is the best time of year to buy a used boat?"

Answer:

—Generally speaking, used boat prices are lower about the end of the boating season, when owners are faced with the problems and expense of winter layup and storage, and when the faults that bothered them all season are fresh in their minds. If you buy from a dealer—and this is always the best way—try about June. At this time of year, the new boat business is pretty well over for the season, and the dealer has a yard full of trade-ins in which a lot of his money is tied up.

From G. C. B., New Enterprise:

"Every time I try to tune up my inboard engine, it starts to backfire. What can I do to cure this problem?"

Answer:

—Your trouble is caused by trying to get top RPM from the engine simply by adjusting the needle valve on the carburetor. Up to a point, a leaner gas mixture will give you higher speeds, but the entire engine must be in top shape for top performance. The backfiring you have is caused by the mixture exploding too early in the cylinder—before the intake valve closes. A higher-octane gasoline will help, and sparkplugs with a colder rating will help more. For absolute maximum performance, you'll have to take off the head and clean all the carbon and other deposits from the combustion chamber and the top of the

piston. These deposits stay hot between cycles and will fire the mixture too soon if it is exceptionally lean and more explosive.

From T. J. V., Pittsburgh:

"Which is better for building a dock, oil drums or styrofoam?"

Answer:

—A wood-framed dock using oil drums will give you the lowest yearly costs, considering the original investment plus upkeep divided by the life in years. A much better dock, at somewhat higher cost, can be constructed with steel framing and styrofoam. You pay your money and take your choice, but remember that oil drums have been banned on some lakes and reservoirs. Any dealer or lumber yard selling styrofoam will have free plans for docks of various designs, and a fair compromise for an individual owner would be a float of treated wood with foam logs, which should last for ten years or so with proper maintenance.

From S. W. E., Mt. Pleasant:

"How many locks are there between Pittsburgh and the Gulf of Mexico?"

Answer:

—The Ohio River at present has 33 locks in 981 miles, with a total drop of 430 feet. At Cairo, Ill. (pronounced 'Kay-ro'), the Ohio empties into the Lower Mississippi, which has no locks at all. The Ol' Miss just runs downhill, 975 miles to the Gulf, dropping some 280 feet with an average current of about three miles per hour. A boatman intent on saving gas could float down to salt water in less than two weeks.

From F. J. N., Pittsburgh:

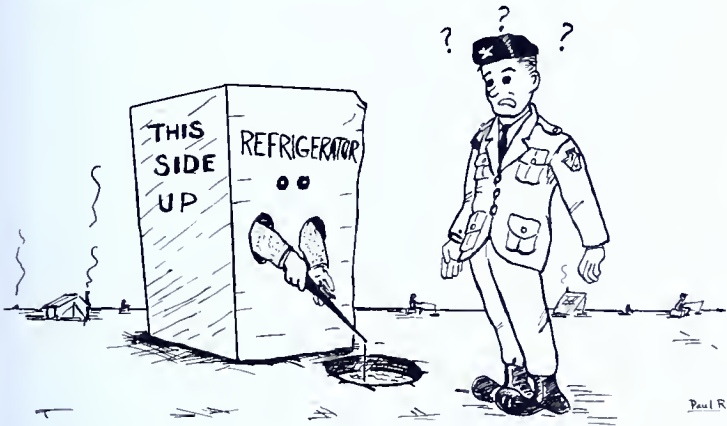
"How much does it cost to own and operate a boat?"

Answer:

—It's always a temptation to answer this question with Commodore Vanderbilt's classic remark: "If you have to ask, you can't afford one." However, even millionaires in these days of high taxes have their yachts out on charter when not using them personally, so costs are an important factor. Figuring all the normal costs of ownership, insurance, fuel, licenses, etc., a family of three or four can have a lot of fun every summer for about \$1,000.00 a year, in a trailered outboard. The cruiser owner who berths at a commercial marina will spend two or three times as much, unless his boat is quite large, in which case the sky's the limit. The happiest boatman is one whose craft and sport are within his means, whether he makes a big impression or not.



Notes FROM THE STREAMS



BOXED IN

■ Presque Isle Bay ice fishermen have come up with all sorts of unique ways of building portable ice shanties to protect themselves from the elements such as wind and cold air while ice fishing. For example, on Saturday, February 24 I saw a man fishing from inside a cardboard refrigerator box. He had two holes cut in the side for his hands to tend the rods and a gasoline lantern for heat!—**District Warden NORMAN E. ELY** (Erie County).

WARDENS ARE COMING!

■ While on patrol checking ice fishermen, I was accompanied by Deputy Game Protector Edward Manhart. We came upon two groups of fishermen on a lake, they were some distance apart, so it was decided I would check one group and he the other.

When I approached the fishermen, two men with snow machines were visiting the fishermen. These men started their machines and proceeded to the far end of the lake.

As it was told to me, this is the conversation the men on the snow machines had with the fishermen. "Hey buddy, Fish Warden is up there." Fishermen answered, pointing to Deputy Manhart, "Yeh, here too." Men on machines (with red faces) to Deputy, "Oh, didn't recognize you with glasses on."

Strange part was, these men never met Deputy Manhart before. It seems these modern day Paul Reveres were a little embarrassed.—**District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS** (Susquehanna County).

WARDEN'S WIVES

■ When Mr. George Krause, writer of Fur, Fin and Feather for the Altoona Mirror, calls my headquarters, he addresses my wife as "Widow Hollen." I guess this is true with most

warden's wives at this time of the year with all the stocking, public relations and law enforcement work to be done. They should be praised for the amount of their husbands "home work" they do.—**District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).

BY BOAT

■ Area sportsmen made arrangements to stock Cloe Lake by boat when trout arrived for the Fish Commission owned water area and the first stocking was scheduled for March 2nd. Joe Barkley, of the Punxsutawney Sportsmen Club called me and asked if I would be good enough to remove some two feet of ice from the thirty acre lake so they could use the boat!—**District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).



WOMEN LEAD

■ Hats off to the ladies! Two of the nicest brook trout I ever saw taken in Potter County were caught by Miss Grace Razey of Roulette, and Mrs. Sarah Empson of Ulysses.

Miss Razey's brook trout was 20½" long and weighed 4 lbs. Mrs. Empson's brook trout was 19" and weighed 3½ lbs. Both were taken from open water at Lyman Run Lake during the ice fishing season.

The largest trout taken was from open water by Ray Brechtel of Galeton. A rainbow, it was 22½" long and weighed 4½ lbs.

The largest number of fish were taken by John Bradley of Coudersport. John is retired and spends most of his time fishing. He caught 73 trout during the winter season—most from open water but a number of nice ones came through the ice.—**District Warden KENNETH ALEY** (Potter County).

STREAM NOTES Cont'd



ONE, TWO . . .

■ An "experienced" ice fisherman went to one of our area lakes on the first day of December to fish for trout. He inspected the ice and decided it was safe despite the fact that it was only two inches thick. Out he went—and down he went! He pulled himself out, shook himself off and went home to change into dry clothes. Being a stubborn man, he returned to the same lake later that day. Still determined to do some ice fishing he ventured onto the ice again. You guessed it—he fell through again! There should be some sort of an award for a guy like this!—**District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE** (Huntingdon & Fulton Counties).

MUSKY INVADER

■ A couple of years ago Paul Antolosky, former Centre County Warden, and Jack Miller, a biologist, electro-shocked Fisherman's Paradise. While in the process of making this survey, they turned up a musky 8 to 9 inches in length and released it. Recently it was reported that a musky over two feet long had been caught by a fly fisherman at the Paradise. If these two were the same fish, there has been remarkable growth.—**District Warden PAUL F. SWANSON** (Centre County).

SCOUTS HELP

■ When we stocked Pine Creek this spring we were assisted by Boy Scouts from two troops—one from Knoxville and the other from the Osceola-Elkland area. These boys were a great help in the stocking and they really enjoyed it. It's good to see some of the younger people taking part in this type of work instead of hanging back and letting someone else do it.—**District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER** (Tioga County).

COOPERATIVE STOCKING

■ Clubs having cooperative trout nurseries in McKean County stocked an estimated 8,000 brook trout 6 to 10 inches in length on March 30 and 31st throughout the county.—**District Warden WILBUR WILLIAMS** (McKean County).

PITTSBURGH PUZZLER

■ It was a beautiful spring afternoon in March. I was assisting Regional Warden Supervisor John I. Buck, Public Relations Officer Tom Clark and Wardens Sowers and Mantzell with a fish truck display at Gateway Center in Pittsburgh. Quite close to the truck men were cleaning a fountain pond soon to be filled with water. One gentleman was standing there admiring several large "lunker" trout when he turned to me and asked, "How long will it take to fill the pond?" Bewildered I replied, "I really don't know, sir." The man stared in disbelief. Once more he inquired, "You don't know how long it will take?" I said, "Sir, I'm not connected with the pond in any respect." Puzzled the man uttered, "You are going to put the fish in the fountain pond aren't you?" "No sir, they're slated for North Park Lake," I replied.—**District Warden DONALD PARRISH** (Beaver County)

FISHING SCHOOL FEVER

■ During the winter months we held several Fundamentals of Fishing Schools in my area. Needless to say the attendance was excellent and the interest shown by the "students" was most encouraging. The youngest fisherwoman in attendance was a little blond haired, blue eyed tot five years old. An elderly gentleman, who listed his age at 84 years, never missed a night. Four teenage boys religiously took notes, and one man brought along a tape recorder and taped every single word that was spoken. When our fishermen show this type of interest and enthusiasm, we know that they want to learn more about catching fish, and we certainly intend to help them!—**District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE** (Huntingdon & Fulton Counties).

BERKS COUNTY CLUB

■ In March the Daniel Boone Rod and Gun Club stocked Antietam Lake with 235 rainbow and kamloop trout that all ran in size from 12 to 18 inches in length. To some people this might not sound like too great a project, but the men from the Daniel Boone Club know better. This club buys 500 trout each year from the Lobachsville Trout Farm and at their own expense raise them from April of one year 'til the following March when they are stocked in waters open to the public. The trout are purchased when they are approximately 5 to 6 inches in length. In one year this club raises trout to two and three times the size when bought. The Daniel Boone Rod and Gun Club deserves a vote of thanks.—**District Warden AMMON F. ZIEGENFUS** (Berks County).

BIG FISH, SMALL HOLE

■ Dr. Roy Black of Pittsburgh tried his luck at ice fishing this year at High Point Lake. The ice on the lake was thick and the hole he cut was smaller at the bottom than at the top. He dropped his bait in and was chopping another when he had a strike. He brought the fish in and found he had a Northern Pike that was too large to get up

through the hole. While trying to enlarge the hole with one hand and control the fish with the other it got away. He said he has had a lot of fun telling his friends about the big one that got away because it was too large for the ice fishing hole.—*District Warden JOSEPH S. DICK* (Somerset County).

SPELLING LESSON

■ While on patrol of Opossum Lake during the closed fishing period before trout season I found two boys who could not wait for the opening and were trying their fishing skills. Upon interviewing them I found one to be 14 years old, the other 12. I asked of them if they were aware that Opossum Laks was closed to fishing at the time. They said they were not aware of this law and told me they had looked at the signs posted in the parking areas but had read nothing which would prevent fishing. I took them to a nearby sign and asked the oldest of the two to read the sign to me. This is a sign which is posted by the Commission on all waters stocked with trout and it states "Fishing Prohibited Until Opening Day of Trout Season." My young friend could read "fishing" and "opening day of trout season," but finally in despair he looked at me and said "Mr. Warden we never had that word in our spelling lesson."—*District Warden PERRY D. HEATH* (Cumberland & Perry Counties).

EXCEPTIONAL EXPECTED

■ The fishing should be excellent in Potter County this season. With exceptional water during 1967 and a good carry over of trout and the Cooperative Nurseries and Pennsylvania Fish Commission's fish stocked this spring, it can't be anything but great! Approximately 180,000 trout were stocked in the Potter County streams by the opening day.—*District Warden KENNETH ALEY* (Potter County).

BABY SIT?

■ While conducting a Fishing School at the St. Mary's Public Library, a 10 year old boy walked up to the registration table after the evening session was only half over and announced "I would certainly like to stay for the remaining time, but I have to go to my aunt's home and babysit."—*District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE* (Elk County).

COMPASS NEEDED

■ While patrolling Lake Wallenpaupack along the Wayne County side, I came upon an ice fisherman walking along the road with all of his fishing equipment—sled, box containing his tip-ups, bait bucket, spud bar lunch, and extra warm clothes. It is not unusual to see fishermen along this road, but they are generally going out onto the ice, or just returning to their car. There was no car located any-

where nearby so I stopped to see how far he was going. He told me that he had parked his car at Pep's Landing and didn't know just where he was now. I told him to hop in and I would take him to his car. As we were going along the road, I informed him that he was about 3 miles across the lake from Pep's, but by road the speedometer showed 9.3 miles. When he arrived at the lake the weather was warm and a little fog was over the ice, but as the day passed it got foggier and foggier before he noticed he could not see shore anymore. He decided to start for home but walked just the opposite direction from his car. He told me all the ice fishermen he knew had everything from soup to nuts in their fishing box—he was going to add one thing more, a compass.—*District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY* (Pike & Wayne Counties).



WOMAN'S WAY—

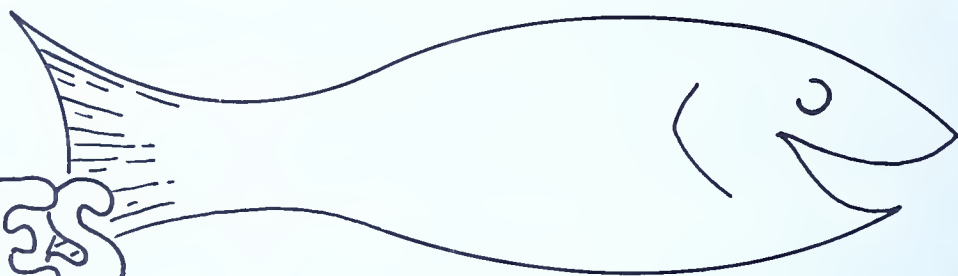
■ On a law enforcement detail, accompanied by District Fish Warden George Jones, we met Mrs. Ethel Smith of Tidioute, who probably is one of the hardest fishermen on the Allegheny River. (She was one of the finalists in the Pennsylvania State Championship Fishing Tournament at Tidioute last year.) Like all good fishermen, she has her favorite fishing hole but on this day she found her favorite fishing hole "polluted" with male fishermen. In fact she couldn't even elbow her way to a spot on the shore. Not to be outdone, she went home, hooked onto her boat with her Scout, and dragged it to the river and calmly pushed some of the fishermen aside as she launched it. She then rowed some twenty feet off shore and proceeded to fish. One of the men commented later "On her face was a constant smile reminding the gang on shore that a woman always has her way."—*District Warden JOSEPH KOPENA* (Forest & Clarion Counties).

"MAD RUSH" FOR MARABOU

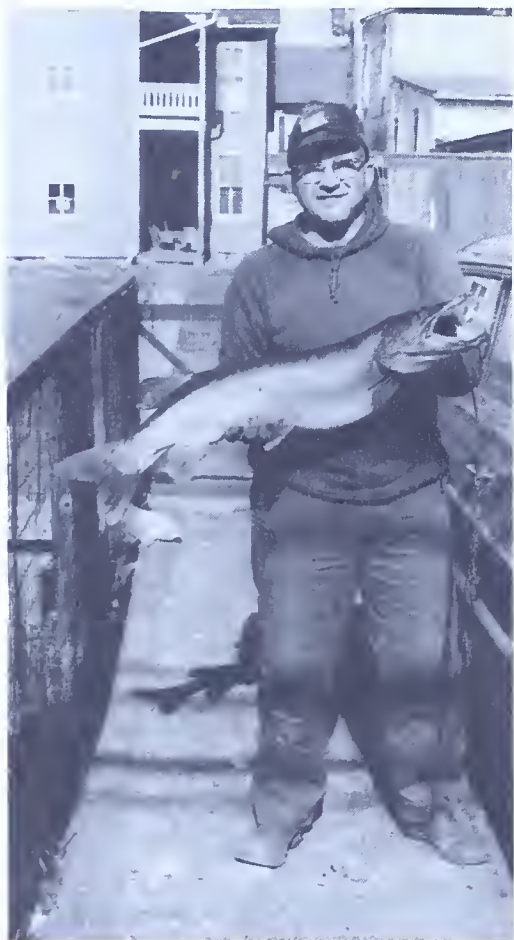
■ DeMans Sporting Goods store in Brookville reports a "mad rush" to buy white marabou streamers. The reason: A Ford City angler caught a 27" brown trout from North Fork Haven Fish-For-Fun area on a white marabou.—*District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE* (Jefferson County).

FISH

TALES



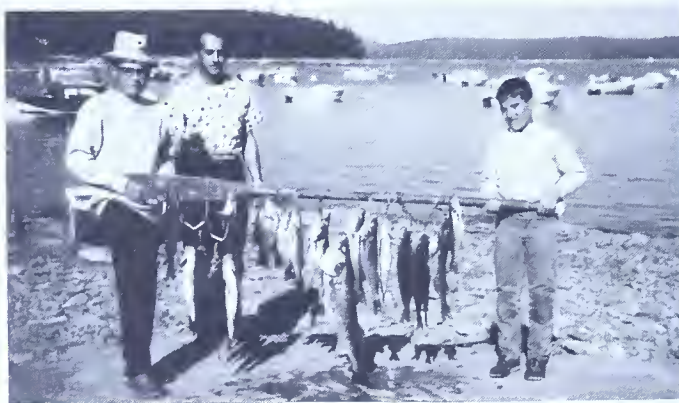
A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



CHARLES A. SNYDER JR. of Hummelstown holds the 40½ inch, 19 pound, 6 ounce Musky he caught early in February while fishing the Susquehanna River at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Falmouth Access Area. It hit a bucktail jig.



WARREN COUNTY produced this 44 inch, 23 pound, 3 ounce Musky. Fisherman Willis Hulings of Clarendon was fishing the Allegheny River at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Starbrick Access Area when he landed the trophy.



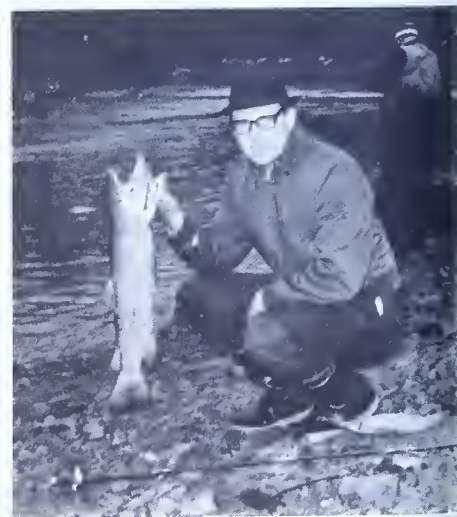
Lake Wallenpaupack is where Pittston fisherman Dominick Stuccio and sons Dominick Jr. and Samuel caught this nice stringer of walleyes. The walleyes ran from 15½ to 30 inches with the biggest being caught by Samuel, the youngest of the trio. Four calico bass were also included with the keepers.



STANLEY SKLANEY of Nanticoke holds a nice stringer of fish he caught while doing some rod bending on Lake Wallenpaupack. Included in the catch were: 16¼ inch rainbow, 12¾ inch bass, 13 inch perch, 13½ inch perch, and a 12⅝ inch perch.



HANOVER FISHERMAN Jim Hellick whose letter appears in this issue's Leaky Boots mail column, holds the 31 pound snapping turtle he caught while fishing last July at Black Moshannon. The snapper snapped a purple plastic worm and was brought in on an 8 pound test line.



BELIEVED TO BE the largest brown trout taken so far from the North Fork Creek "Fish For Fun" stretch near Brookville is this 27¼ inch, 6¾ pounder caught by George Bowser of Ford City. It hit a white marabou.



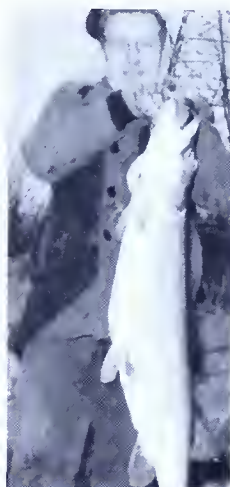
CRAWFORD COUNTY'S Conneaut Lake turned up a 46½ inch Musky for Albion fisherman Howard Taylor, left. The trophy was landed after a 20 minute battle with the aid of Bob White, right. The big lunker hit a 7 inch live chub.



SIX-YEAR-OLD Jeffrey Kizer of Port Jervis, N.Y., crossed the line to do some Pennsylvania fishing and came out the overall winner in the Wayne County Chamber of Commerce contest this winter. Ice fishing at Duck Harbor Pond with tip ups the youthful angler hooked this 29 inch, 7 pound pickerel and won three trophies to go with it.



YORK FISHERMAN Steven Zortman qualified for Honorable Mention in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club as well as a Junior Fishing Citation when he caught this 35 inch, 10¼ pound Musky at York Haven. He was spinning with a bucktail.



FALMOUTH Musky was caught December 20, 1967 by Thomas E. Devins of Willow Street. The fish weighed 22½ pounds, measured 42½ inches. He won a membership in the Husky Musky Club.



PERKIOMEN CREEK turned up another Musky this winter. This one measured 36 inches and weighed 12¼ pounds. It was caught by William Hillegas of Pottstown, right, near Delphi. With him is PFC District Officer Frank Rotchford.



MR. AND MRS. George Renfurt of Hawley hold a nice pair, caught while ice fishing Duck Harbor Pond Wayne County this winter. They were an 18¼ inch brown trout and an 18 inch pickerel.



KENNETH BIRD holds stringer of pickerel he caught during the winter season while fishing Lake Wallenpaupack. The Hawley angler reports all three measured between 18 and 20 inches.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Rebecca Sue Laughner hooked into this 24 inch northern in Beaver County's Little Beaver Creek. She hung on and screamed until an elderly fisherman helped her land the trophy.

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**



AT SITE OF YBAC the club's project secretary Rex MacCaffray and feeder Charlie Lyter stand beside a sign to be erected to direct visitors to the club.

TWO COOPERATIVE NURSERIES, the Carlisle Fish and Game and the Yellow Breeches Anglers and Conservation Association, serve Cumberland County anglers with little fanfare or public attention to their services. These two clubs deserve our attention this time.

The Y.B.A.C. is the senior club from the standpoint of being in the nursery business one year longer. This is their sixth year of operation from a rather humble beginning with wire baskets in the Boiling Springs Lake to their present site on the Lutztown Run.

Currently the nursery includes two 200 foot raceways with additional water control areas above the raceways. A building for food and gear, pole lights and fencing complete the setup. The physical appearance of the nursery is maintained by the club members and visitors are encouraged to attend feeding sessions and stocking trips.

According to Rex MacCaffray, club secretary, production has been good with this year's figures including 11,000 browns, 11,000 rainbows and 2,000 brooks. These trout are placed at 18 different points along the famed Yellow Breeches Creek from Mount Holly Springs downstream to Williams Grove. Boiling Springs Lake also receives trout from the cooperative nursery.

About 1,000 of the fish will be put into the fly fishing section of the Yellow Breeches. This is a bit of a change from previous years when the fly fishing area was stocked in greater numbers. This portion of the stream is now a fish-for-fun area with a greatly reduced mortality rate. Open waters will receive more fish this year.

Charlie Lyter, the current feeder, will be glad to show visitors through the nursery and point out the many services to the sportsmen of the area. There's a good chance that Charlie will also sell them memberships in the non-profit organization, or at least collect a donation for a small bag of feed. Either way, the visitors will get their money's worth.

Where the Y.B.A.C. serves the general public, the Carlisle Fish and Game Club serves a special segment of it—

the kids. This year, according to Herm Breuhl, co-chairman of the fish committee, the effort of the Carlisle Fish and Game Nursery will be to supply good fishing for the youngsters in the Carlisle area using the Letort. There is a special section of this stream set off for the young anglers and this will be supplied regularly with fish throughout the season. Fish used for this special area are purchased by the club from a commercial hatchery while trout furnished under the cooperative agreement are stocked in public streams.

In size the Carlisle nursery, located on the A. P. Loudon farm, includes a holding pond for show trout and about 200 feet of raceway that is currently harboring 3,000 mixed browns and brooks. Many of these trout appear to be two-year olds by their size, but they were all fingerlings a few months ago.



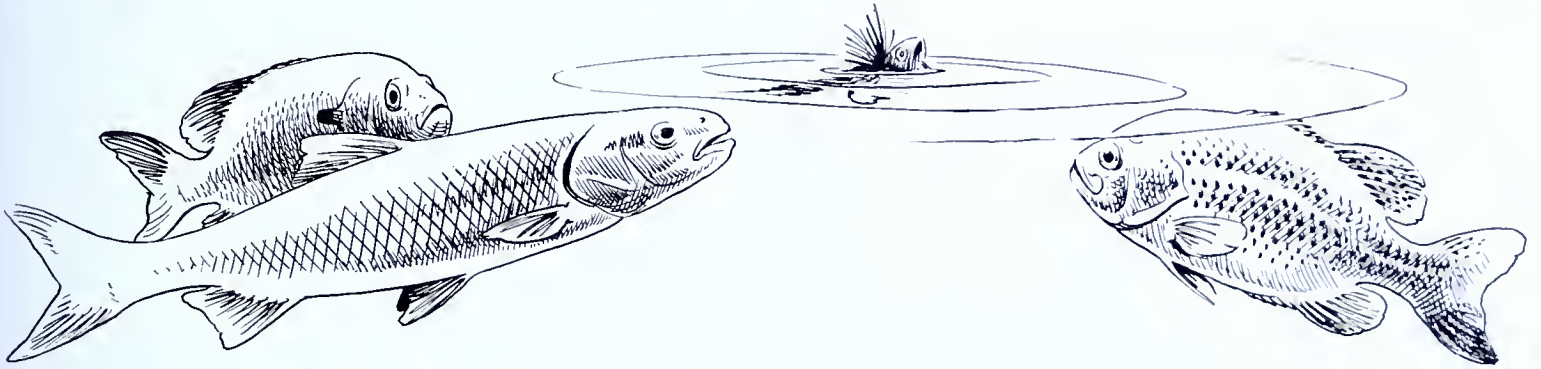
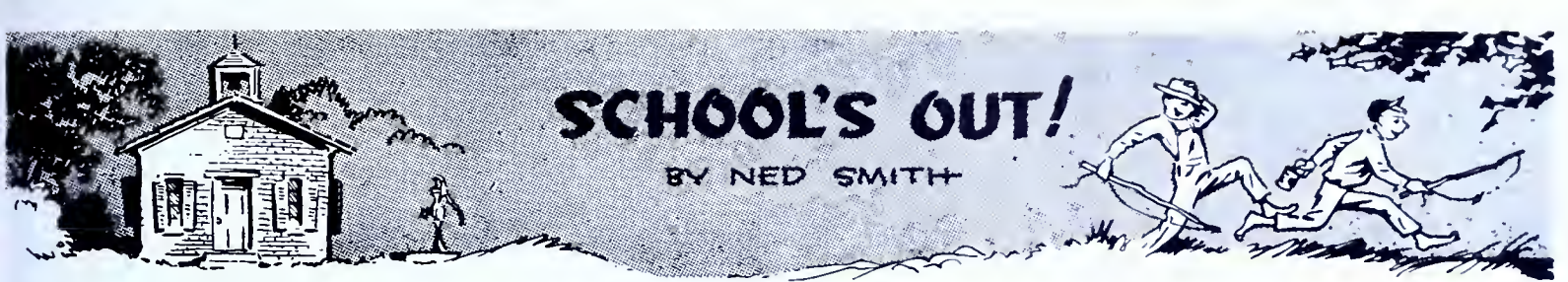
SEVERAL MEMBERS of Carlisle Fish & Game Association gather along the raceway at the club's cooperative project. From left to right the men are: Perry Smith, Vern Ross, Herm Bruehl, Paul Sunday, Ray Hollenbaugh (feeder), and Gene Early. Bruehl and Early are co-chairmen of the Fish Committee.

Roy "Farmer" Hollenbaugh, the feeder, attests the fine growth to the floating pellets so that there is no waste of food. "The venison that we pour to 'em doesn't hold them back none either," he said. Another factor is the space that the fish have. They certainly are not crowded and in addition have a mild current to buck which helps with the growth and firmness of the bodies.

Gene Early, the other chairman of the fish committee, spoke with pride of the self-cleaning screen at the lower end of the raceway. "It helps us particularly during the summer months when we have an algae problem coming off our show pond."

And speaking of problems, if there are any real ones, Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, and Perry Heath, district warden, are available to assist the club or clubs as needed.

There is no question about it; the Carlisle Fish and Game and the Yellow Breeches Anglers both prove that Casting with the Co-ops in central Cumberland County pays off for the anglers of that region.



POOR MAN'S TROUT

FLY FISHING IS GREAT sport, but don't feel left out if there are no trout streams in your area. Practically every creek in Pennsylvania contains fish that will hit a fly and provide just as much fun as trout. Try that neighborhood stream with a flyrod, flies, and spinners. Maybe you've been missing some excellent light tackle fishing close to home.

Nearly every unpolluted warm-water stream in the state contains sunfish of one species or another. They might be pumpkinseeds, colorful little fellows with blue and yellow striped gill covers and red-edged "ear flaps," or perhaps they are scrappy redbreast sunfishes, identified by their long, narrow, black ear flaps. Not as common in streams as in ponds, are the larger bluegills. All of these sunfish will hit dry flies, wet flies, nymphs, small poppers, and rubber bugs, as well as fly rod spinners. All are delicious eating, and ounce for ounce can outfight most trout.

Many boulder strewn creeks harbor rock bass. Although closely related to the typical sunfishes they are less deep bodied and have larger mouths. Rock bass are not great fighters, but will take flies, poppers, and small lures readily. In smooth water try retrieving a floating fly or bug with widely spaced twitches of the rod tip. They'll usually strike during the pauses.

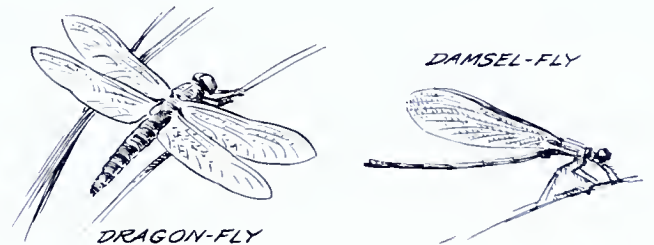
Fallfish are probably the nearest thing to trout, in size, shape, and habits in our warm-water streams. Like trout, they often station themselves in front of rocks that break the current. They hit flies, popping bugs, and spinners, and provide a good fight on a fly rod. Oftentimes refusing to move more than a few inches to pick up a passing fly, they are a challenge to your casting ability. Best of all, they sometimes attain a length of sixteen inches or more. Fallfish are bony, but when taken in cold water their flesh has an agreeable flavor.

Some of the larger, slower streams are home to the slender chain pickerel. A bucktail or feather streamer (especially a yellow one,) or a fly rod spoon or spinner cast over weed beds or around stumps will often catch Slim Jim. His sharp teeth are hard on monofilament, however, so be sure to examine your leader frequently.

These are the so-called "poor man's trout," but the fellow who learns to catch them on a fly rod will soon stop envying

the trout fisherman. In addition to being willing strikers and good fighters on light tackle most species are abundant almost everywhere. Except for the pickerel there's no closed season, and creel limits are most generous. Trout? Who needs 'em?

SNAKE DOCTORS



There's not a stream, farm pond, or lake in Pennsylvania that isn't patrolled by dragon-flies and their cousins, the damsel-flies. Every angler has seen these conspicuous insects as they flit back and forth over the water or perch on shoreline weeds (or the rods of still fishermen). Considering their strange nicknames—snake doctors, horse-killers, devil's darning needles, snake-feeders—it's no wonder some folks are afraid of them. But the truth is, they are harmless. They feed only on insects which they catch on the wing, scooping them up in their hairy, bowed legs.

Dragon-flies are the heavyweights of the family. They perch with wings outstretched. Damsel-flies have very slender bodies and fold their wings over their backs when at rest. Dragon-flies are among the fastest flying insects, some species rustling along at a mile a minute. Damsel-flies flit about in a leisurely and aimless fashion.

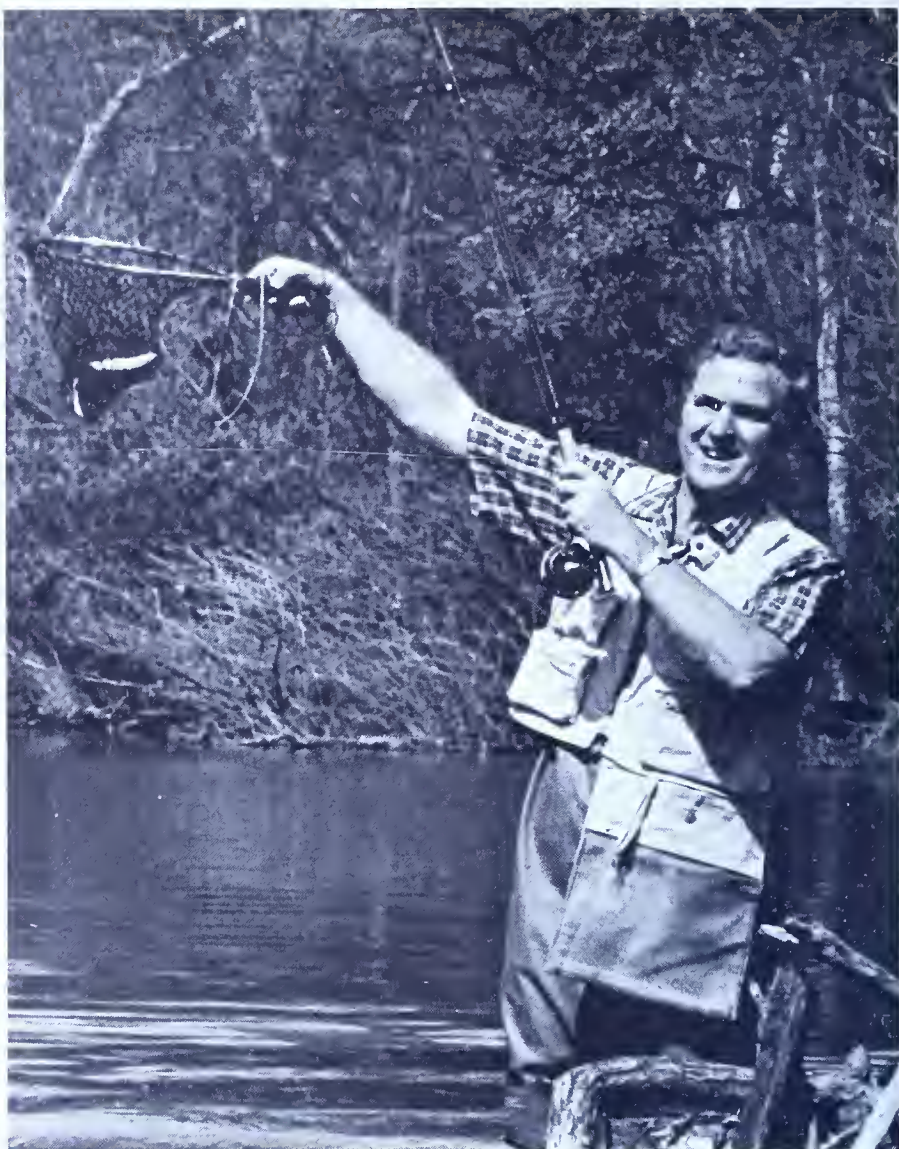
The nymphs, or immature forms, of both insects live in the water and feed on other aquatic insect life. As each species reaches full growth in the summer the nymphs crawl out of the water onto stones or plants; here their skins split down the back and the adult insects emerge. In a short time the wings have attained full size and they are fully mature, ready to hunt their insect prey above the water in which they spent their childhood.

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“GOLDEN RULE”—

National Safe Boating Week publicity focuses attention on general safe boating practices and specifically points out that “Safety First” is boating’s golden rule. It is unfortunate that many persons who venture out on our waterways in a variety of craft pay little heed to even the most rudimentary water safety practices.

The U. S. Coast Guard notes that in a national survey, capsizing accounts for more loss of lives than any other type of boating accidents. Reportedly, the common causes of capsizing are overloading; ignoring weather and water conditions; and operating in waters unsuited to the boat and the operator’s experience. From these comments by the U. S. Coast Guard, it readily can be determined that the good judgment of the boat operator is vitally important to a safe trip afloat. To this, we would like to add that everyone who is to be a passenger on a boat trip, whether for a pleasure ride or a fishing excursion, also must assume some responsibility for his own safety. The exercise of good judgment on matters concerning such things, as obvious overloading, an impending storm, the inability to swim and any of numerous other potentially dangerous factors, should not be ignored by anyone planning to participate in even the most brief trip afloat. For the most part, the application of common sense will serve as a deterrent to most water safety hazards.

Boat traffic on our waterways has increased many fold in the last few years. For this reason it becomes ever more important that all persons traveling afloat should put into practice boating safety procedures. Equally important, is the recognition, by all waterways’ users, of activities which can create hazardous conditions for others. This thought applies to all persons going afloat, whether they are in a simple kayak, or traveling in a large pleasure cruiser. The high speed motor boat towing skiers through congested areas and close to docks and launching points creates a hazardous condition for other waterways’ users as well as for his skiers and himself. Equally hazardous are unlighted fishing boats and fishing craft anchored in busy channels, blocking a smooth flow of traffic often necessary to keep congestion from developing. The swimmer who ventures across a heavily traveled lake or river without an accompanying boat to clearly mark his position places himself in jeopardy and sets up a hazardous condition for all boaters operating in the area. Of major importance is recognition that our waterways must serve a great number of users, often with widely divergent interests, all of whom are interdependent upon each other for a safe outing on their chosen water area.

Safety on our waterways is a matter of concern for all users. Sharing of the use of our waterways is a necessity. With the growing participation in water oriented recreation, new regulations and zoning control may be needed to assure safety practices are put into effect and to provide opportunities for a variety of waterways uses. Even more important than increased regulations and zoning is widespread education on matters relating to waterway safety. An education program that reaches only one group, namely the pleasure boater, cannot be completely effective in providing the level of waterway safety needed today for multi-purpose use of our waterways. Waterways safety education and the practice of the golden rule of boating, “Safety First,” must reach all groups using our water areas for recreational purposes.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

DIRECTORY

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Box 1673—Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

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Executive Director

GORDON L. TREMBLEY
Assistant Executive Director
Fisheries

(position vacant)
Assistant Executive Director
Watercraft Safety

WARREN W. SINGER
Assistant to Executive Director

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Comptroller



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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

JULY, 1968



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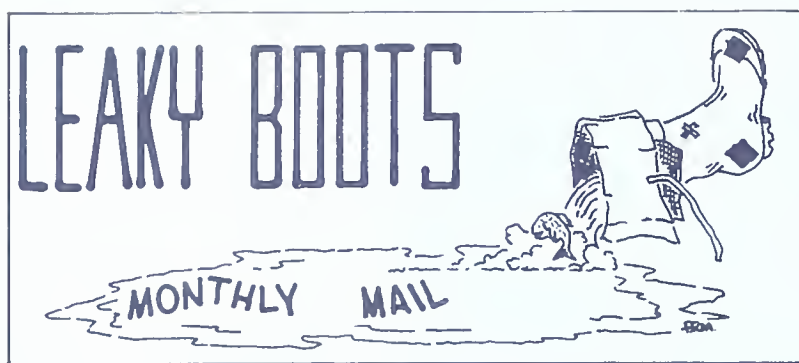
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IRKED BY BOATING ARTICLES

Dear Sir,

I've been tempted many times to drop you a line but never followed through.

I am a fisherman and every month I look forward to reading the "Angler" but ever since the Fish Commission took over boating I have been somewhat irked by the many boating articles in your magazine. I'm sure many fishermen are not interested in boating to the extent of the number of articles you publish in the "Angler."

If your hands are tied, as I suspect they are, how about changing the name of your magazine? If boating is as big as I think it might be in Pennsylvania why not a separate magazine devoted entirely to it?

You could include all phases such as water skiing, sailing, canoeing, outboards, inboards, regattas, etc.

The article that really moved me to write was the series "Oil Moon Over Pithole." This historical saga may be interesting to some people but I think your judgment is astray if you assume most fishermen would enjoy such an article.

Excuse me for complaining but I wanted to let you know how one reader feels. You've heard my gripe and you have my sympathy.

I think fishing in Pennsylvania is great!

Henry R. Diller, D.D.S.
Lancaster

Boating IS big in Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has administered the state boating program since 1931. Fishing and boating utilize a common natural resource and conflicts in its use must be reconciled in a manner that provides as much recreation as possible for all waterway users.

Likewise the Pennsylvania Angler is a magazine about Pennsylvania's waterways and how they are used, were used, and will be used. The "Angler" of today has been expanded to carry boating as well as fishing material and will probably grow in the future to cover other water oriented activities.

We don't believe the users of Pennsylvania's waterways would benefit by two magazines. Carried a step further such a policy might just as logically call for a separate magazine on carp fishing, trout fishing, and bass fishing for there are a lot of people who participate in only one part of the sport. It might further then be necessary to publish one magazine for the users of lakes, another for the users of streams, one for power boaters and one for non-power

boaters, and perhaps one for sail boating and one for canoeing.

The common denominator for all of Pennsylvania's water oriented sports is one thing—Pennsylvania's waterways. We feel therefore this must be a magazine about our waterways and, as we said before, how they are used, were used, and will be used.

We divide our potential readers into three groups—the boater, the fisherman, and the fisherman/boater. Stories are picked for their interest to all of our readers as well as to the individual groups.

"Boating" stories often provide good information for the outdoorsman who uses a boat in pursuit of his fishing sport or who may someday decide to try recreational boating just for the fun of it. At the same time many of our "fishing" stories provide good information for the boater who, sooner or later, may drop a line overboard and find out what fishing is all about. In between come stories that may indirectly tie into either sport.

At the same time a number of readers have stated an interest in "historical" stories. "Oil Moon Over Pithole" was historical. It was a story about a very important part of Pennsylvania's history—a part that played an important role in the economic development of the state—and Pennsylvania's waterways played an important part in the development of the oil regions. They provided a good share of the transportation of the era. As to whether or not "Oil Moon" was interesting to our readers we can only suggest you read some of the other letters written to "Leaky Boots." Some readers agree with you; others don't.

We're sorry you're irked, but you don't need to be excused for complaining. Frankly we think it's a good sign that you really are interested.

We're happy you think fishing in Pennsylvania is great. We do too!

So is boating!

FLY TYING

Sirs:

You advocate conservation and fly tying.

Why not have an article on tying flies each month. Maybe only half a page describing patterns and how to use them in Pennsylvania's waters.

William Brought, Carlisle

We certainly advocate conservation and we think fly tying is great. Although we don't have a regular fly tying feature page each month, we do carry a number of illustrated stories on the subject over the course of a year.

We like to see material from different fishermen/writer/photographers so the material on fly tying (or lure making) generally varies a good deal. However, nearly every issue has at least one page devoted to the subject (see pages six and seven this issue).

At the same time we have a booklet available at no charge that fly tying fishermen should be interested in—it's called "Fly Tying" and shows the basic steps of the art. Just write "Fly Tying," Public Relations Division, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.



ELECTRIC AUTO

Gentlemen,

Enclosed is a photograph I took last summer at Presque Isle. It's an antique electric car launching a boat at one of the boat ramps on Misery Bay—you just don't see this every day.

The car is owned by some local people who use it quite often, even for moving their power boat around.

Evan G. Thomas, Erie

Electric cars are certainly something we don't see often in this day and age, let alone one hauling a boat around. Wonder if the same party uses an electric boat too?

FISH TALES FAN

Dear Sirs,

Please send me the book "Fly Tying." I'm an amateur fly tyer and interested in catching some of Pennsylvania's famed lunker trout and bass this season with my own creations. In fact you can also include some Fishing Citation applications.

I enjoy reading the Angler. It's a great magazine but of all the stories, I enjoy the Fish Tales and the Notes From the Streams sections the most.

John Dombrowski, Glassport

GOOD FISH CONDITIONS

Gentlemen,

This is the first year that I have received your magazine and it has been very interesting.

I live in Lancaster County and I do most of my fishing here and this year trout stocking and weather conditions were both very good.

Keep up the good work with the stocking and the magazine!

Richard Krantz, Paradise

THREE MORE YEARS

Dear Sirs,

This month (March) my first three years subscription to the Angler expires. As I recall I wasn't too impressed with the first few issues but since then I think it has become a very fine magazine.

I'm enjoying the serialization of "Oil Moon Over Pithole"—I think it's one of the best yet!

Keep up the good work and send me the Angler for another three years.

Sam Miller Jr.

SEVERAL SUGGESTIONS

Dear Sir,

In your May issue on page 32 under "Boating" the first question concerning an easy way to back up a trailer was answered expertly by Capt. Ross, but I would like to give a hint which I have found to be even more easy—especially if you are alone and have no one to direct you. And since I have the old typewriter out I'll throw in a few more hints which I have found in over 30 years of fishing not only enable me to catch more fish but to enjoy the sport to a much greater degree.

1. Put a trailer hitch on your front bumper—you'll not only be able to put your trailer into any tight spot alone but the rear wheels of your car will be a car's length away from where they would be if you had backed in and this greatly decreases your chances of getting stuck when you pull out.
2. For trolling cut a ¼ inch wide by 1 inch deep V notch in an old rubber heel or other similar piece of hard rubber and fasten it to the top edge of the transom. You'll not only get rid of the annoying vibration of your pole but also protect it's finish.
3. An old piece of carpet on the bottom of your boat will make it practically slip-proof and will deaden the sound of moving tackle boxes, minnow buckets, etc.
4. Don't be a he-man but rather wear a life preserver. Hundreds of expert swimmers drown each year when their boats overturn or sink and the life saving devices are swept from their grasp by wind or current.
5. A piece of sponge rubber glued on the four corners on both the top and bottom of tackle boxes will keep them from sliding off boat seats, slippery rocks when shore fishing, etc.
6. On spinning—having been a spin fisherman for the past 15 years I have been to the edge of insanity trying to use flies. About 10 years ago I tried a 15 foot shooting head which was advertised as the answer to using flies with a spin outfit and I promptly broke the tip of my pole with it. I've tried spinning bubbles and small bobbers but they create too much of a splash and are difficult to set the hook quickly. This past winter I did a lot of thinking and came up with the answer and it works. I can cast a wet or dry fly up to 35 feet with my 5½ foot ultra light rod. I use a 3 foot piece of level floating fly line and a 4 foot tippet and I am catching trout but I still think it's a shame I can't fish those special fly projects with my spin rod.

I have found the above hints to be very helpful and hope some of your readers might also . . .

Fred Hardick, Punxsutawney

Lots of good advice there for Pennsylvania Angler readers.

IT'S BEEN A ROUGH HAUL BUT CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA'S BOATERS AND FISHERMEN ARE NOW PRETTY CLOSE TO HAVING A NEW 3,000 ACRE POOL ON THE SUSQUEHANNA AS THE NEW INFLATABLE DAM BEING BUILT BY PENNSYLVANIA'S DEPARTMENT OF FORESTS AND WATERS NEAR SUNBURY NEARS COMPLETION.

by
TED FENSTERMACHER



BEYOND AND PARALLEL with Bainbridge Street Bridge at Sunbury may be seen part of the cofferdam at the site of the new inflatable dam, after the work had again been temporarily flooded out. Equipment may be seen in the distance on the cofferdam.

FABRIDAM FUN *ISN'T FAR AWAY!*

"IT'S BEEN A REAL STRUGGLE, but we're getting there now."

So said George E. Edgecombe, vice-president of Harrison and Burrowes, Inc., the firm which is building an inflatable, 2,100 foot long dam that will provide the Sunbury area with a 3,000 acre pool with 30 miles of shoreline.

The new dam, about three miles below the confluence of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna River,

will form a pool extending up both branches of what the Indians called the "long, crooked river."

Edgecombe, who is directly in charge of the construction, could admittedly "write a book on the trials and tribulations of building a dam on this 'unpredictable' Susquehanna—beautiful though it is."

"I'm really gun shy in regard to saying when the dam will be completed," said the veteran builder of dams, docks and bridges. "This river has been so completely unpredictable for the period in which we have been working that it makes predictions difficult."

Then—when asked "Will it be completed this year?" Edgecombe grinned and said, "It surely better be."

And that is good news for the great number of boating and fishing enthusiasts of this Central Pennsylvania region.

Sunbury is only 17 miles from the Keystone Shortway (U.S. Interstate Route 80) and the pool is even actually to be closer than that to the Shortway making it available to a lot of people. The pool will extend to within a few



TYPICAL OF WORK being done late this spring at the inflatable dam project at Sunbury. The cofferdam was built to keep water out of the area where a concrete pad was being poured across the river.



WHAT IS LEFT of a large tree, resting on top of the inflatable dam abutment on the Sunbury side of the Susquehanna, gives evidence of the high water that has plagued the construction project.

miles of Danville which has its own Shortway interchange.

High water isn't the only thing that has thrown blocks in the path of the builders of the dam. Unusually heavy rains, at intervals, however, were the greatest problem since actual construction started for, as one of the engineers said, "The river was going up and down like a yo-yo."

Cofferdams were rebuilt several times. And on one occasion about \$1,000 worth of lumber forms were torn out and carried downstream. Some one, some where, doubtless found that lumber to be a bonanza. The rising waters repeatedly chased men, dozers, shovels and trucks from the dam site.

Before construction actually started there had been financial problems. Cost estimates had run much higher than expected. It had seemed the money available, money received from oil and gas leases on state-owned land, would be inadequate. There was then re-bidding, with some changes made, and the \$1,200,000 contract was approved, by former Governor William Scranton.

"The rubber strike also caused a delay," said Edgecombe. Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, developers and builders of the dam, have, however, built and delivered six of the seven inflatable sections of the dam. The seventh is expected during June.

Construction work on the first cofferdam had been started

by Edgecombe's men in September, 1966.

Most of the concrete piers, to be between the almost indestructible, inflatable nylon and neoprene bags, are now in place. Most of the 30,000 feet of pipe, of various sizes, for use of filling and emptying the bags with water and air—principally the former—is also in place.

No one is more thrilled about the approaching completion of the big dam than the many thousands of boating and fishing enthusiasts in the region. The eight and a half foot high dam is going to greatly improve and enlarge an area already popular with both.

Boat clubs have been long established locally. On the Sunbury side the city leases, at token rent, areas along the sloping, grassy bank between the concrete dikes and the river, to a half-dozen clubs.

Those clubs include the Reading, East Shore, Idle Hour, Sunbury, South Street and Bainbridge clubs. On the opposite side of the river, above Shamokin Dam, is the property and building of the large Northumberland Boat Club.

Some of the land of the clubs will, obviously, be underwater after the dam is in use but there will still be plenty of space. Ramps will merely be built on more elevated ground.

A number of marinas are planned at suitable locations

continued on page 6

AN INFLATABLE DAM of tiny size, compared to the one being built at Sunbury, at Craig's Pond at Seaford, Delaware, shows how the dams are built.





SUNBURY HISTORIANS point to the still good condition of this "stairway" built 139 years ago for boaters when another river dam stood at Sunbury. This was part of the Pennsylvania Canal System.

continued from page 5

FABRIDAM FUN—

around the 3,000 acre pool. Boats and motors have long been an important commercial item in the Sunbury region. Now they are to become more important.

Inflatable dams, by Firestone, have been in constant use, in California, since 1957. They have also been in use, in a great many states and foreign countries for many years. More are constantly being built. The local dam, however, will be the longest one.

Design of all is basic.

The inflatable bags, of teardrop design with the sloping part upstream, are anchored by specially-designed stainless steel bolts and thick stainless steel strips to the bedrock on the river bottoms. There is also a concrete strip, resembling a highway, along the riverbottom, under the bags.

In event of a threatened flood, the bags can immediately be either partially or completely inflated. It is believed, by the engineers, they will even give control over ice. If ice starts to form and thicken it can be broken by partial deflation of the bags.

Secretary of Forests and Waters Maurice Goddard feels the inflatable dams hold great promise for both large and small streams throughout the Commonwealth. He has been keenly interested in the project from the start and his department has been active in the work.

The Army Engineers, who must give approval before any dam can be built on the Susquehanna, because it is considered a navigable river, would not approve a conventional dam there, according to Homer R. Smith, Sunbury civic leader and a leader in the securing of the dam. Smith said "Quick release of great amounts of water is vital for a dam

approved for Sunbury because the Susquehanna can, and does, rise remarkably quickly at times."

It may seem strange but this Fabridam will not be the first dam at that Sunbury site. One was built there back in 1829 and it gave 75 years of good service before being wrecked, by an ice jam and flooded river, in 1904. At the same time many bridges were ripped out, by ice and flood, along the Susquehanna's North Branch.

The dam built in 1829 was constructed in conjunction with the building of the canal that ran from Chesapeake Bay to New York State. That dam was 35 feet through at the base and was nine and a half feet high. Cribbed timbers—many of which were 35 feet in length—were used and the dam was filled with rocks and stone. The old abutments, of hand cut stone, are still in place and still almost perfect, 139 years later.

A Sunbury historian, Harry A. Smith, wrote of the great recreational advantages that had been provided by that early dam.

Although it was built for the purpose of floating canal boats to the opposite side of the river, for loading and unloading, and for providing maintenance water for the canal and its locks, it was also a real boon to boating enthusiasts of the last century.

Row, sail and even steam boats used the giant pool extensively. In the summer of 1888 the International Association of Amateur Oarsmen held their widely heralded contests there. Charles B. Courtney, a contender in the contests who later became nationally known as a coach of rowing crews, said the body of water was as fine as any in the nation.

Steamboats carried both freight and passengers back and forth across the wide river. Passengers paid only a nickel.

No one expects steamboats again, on the Susquehanna at Sunbury, but there will certainly be great numbers of rowboats, motorboats, sailboats and canoes. There is already much talk of large regattas.

Even better, in the opinion of anglers at least, will be the fishing.

As Edgecombe said, "It's been a real struggle, but we're getting there now."

YOUR CATCH!

Ever wonder what kind of fish you've just caught?

Every fisherman probably has at one time or another, particularly when first starting. And that's the reason for a booklet published by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission called "Identifying the Common Fishes of Pennsylvania."

It's 16 pages of tips on how to identify a fish by such things as its fins, gills, color, body markings, and shape.

They're free for the asking by writing: "Identifying the Common Fishes of Pennsylvania," The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.



SKIERS FOLLOW a catamaran, each using only one ski during an exhibition.

SKI FUN ON PENNSYLVANIA WATERS

MANY PARTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH promise increased water sport fun for the future, including a growing amount of water skiing.

Northwestern areas of the state are an example of this expanding activity which has for a long time been an integral part of recreation in the state's popular Poconos where numerous lakes and beautiful mountains attract thousands of visitors each year.

The opening of the huge Kinzua Dam on the upper Allegheny and the Sharpville-Shenango complex near the Ohio border have stimulated this popular water sport.

Both big water bodies have helped to expand original interest long active in speed boating and water ski activity practiced at the outermost spit on Presque Isle Bay at Lake Erie, Conneaut Lake, Sandy Lake, Tionesta Dam and Lake Edinboro to name a few of the more popular long standing areas in the northwestern part of the state.

The Kinzua, a huge federal water control project, provides a 93 mile shoreline, 12,000 acres of water, and plenty



TRICKS LIKE these just don't happen—they take lots of practice and plenty of dunkings.

by THAD BUKOWSKI

of recreation opportunity. The Shenango is equally substantial with two extensive arms each nearly 10 miles in length.

Additional water, of course, will probably mean additional ski clubs of which there are already several in the area. The clubs, such as those at Sandy Lake, Conneaut Lake and Edinboro Lake, become focal groups from which interest may spread. The clubs help organize activities that provide training for new skiers as well as provide competition for the experienced, including jumping, trick skiing and the like.

The growing water expanses mean more recreation area—and more skiers, including many who have probably never skied before.

The sport, of particular attraction to the younger set, requires plenty of practice for those who become good and perform in competition and exhibition displays but most Keystone Staters with a like for the water, some physical adeptness, and some swimming ability can enjoy the sport.

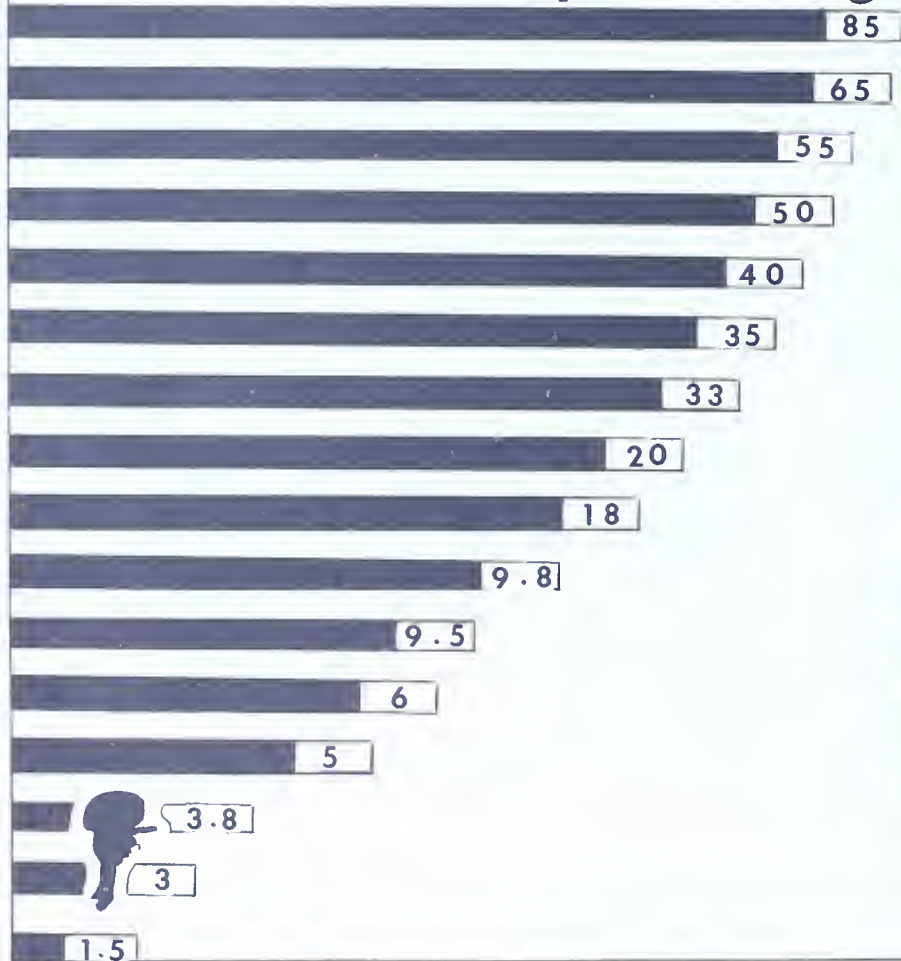
And now more of them will have a chance to!



SKI SHOWS are becoming more popular each summer as more skiers take to the water—the one at the left was held at Edinboro Lake. On the right 15-year-old Bonnie Lombardo holds Governor's Trophy won at a West Virginia event last year by the Sandy Lake-Conneaut Lake Water Ski Club for team excellence. She's already rated an expert in tourney performance for the points she's won in competitive events!



1968 Outboard 'hp' Range



NEW POWER PLANTS

By **BOB MILLER**

WHAT'S NEW for 1968?

If it is outboard motors you are thinking about, the "Big Three" of the industry have a surprise in store for the sportsman who has long been forgotten—the fisherman.

In previous years the industry was concerned mainly with turning out a product bursting at the seams with horsepower.

They haven't forgotten about horsepower for 1968 but two of the major companies have concentrated on the lower end of the scale and have produced a mini-outboard strictly for the benefit of the fisherman, the man who isn't looking for power but just enough to get to and from his favorite fishing grounds, enough to skim through the weed patches and just the right amount of hp for trolling. It's big enough to push a rowboat or canoe and can be used as an auxiliary engine for a small sailboat.

These small 1.5 horsepower outboards weigh in at a mere 19 pounds, can easily be tucked away in the car trunk and hardly take up any room in the station wagon.

A 3.9 horsepower outboard is the smallest turned out by the other major manufacturer and is considered as one of its best fishing motors.

On the other end of the sliding scale the outboard has reached the point where it produces more horsepower than

some inboard engines. Of course, in case of a breakdown, you just don't lift it off the transom, place it in the car trunk and haul it off for repairs.

The largest of these is an all new 125 hp, six-in-line powerplant which has been newly designed from top to bottom. Its running mate, manufactured by the same firm, is a 100 hp job.

Last year the same firm had on the market outboards of 95 and 110 hp and potential buyers might wonder where the advantage lies in view of the slight difference in horsepower—5 and 15 respectively. Sales representatives claim the 125 hp model will use 26 per cent less gas than 1967's 110 hp motor at full throttle, and 16 per cent less in the cruising range.

Outboards of 100 hp already top the list of 1968 models offered by the two other firms in the field and are not new for '68.

Instead both are featuring, as new this year, 55 hp models which range in weight from 190 to 195 pounds, depending on the length of the shaft; can pick up several skiers and push a 19 footer along at runabout speeds.

Even though the boat owner may not be interested in these particular models, he still has a wide range of horsepower to choose from—horsepower to fill any need and at a price to suit any pocketbook.

Each year a number of boats are stolen. Sooner or later yours may be among them but here are some things Pennsylvania's State Police suggest you try that may prevent the theft of your craft.



Three Pennsylvania State Policemen, all of Troop J in Lancaster, look over photos of boats—the type of photos which they say make locating and returning stolen craft a much easier task. Left to right are: Cpl. Harry Latsha, who recommends that boat owners photograph their rigs among other things. With him are Trooper David Rufe and Trooper Ronald Janick.

STEAL- PROOF YOUR BOAT

by
**BOB
MILLER**

"HOW CAN I steal-proof my boat?"

This is probably one of the questions most frequently asked or at least thought about by boat owners after purchasing their first rig.

Unfortunately there is no sure guarantee against theft and that old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," holds true even among thieves.

Prior to the 1968 boating season this question was tossed at Cpl. Harry J. Latsha, Troop J, Pennsylvania State Police, Lancaster, who has had his share of stolen boat investigations to make in past years.

"Naturally" said Cpl. Latsha, "there is no guaranteed method to prevent a boat from being stolen unless you keep

it at home and sometimes this doesn't work. Boats can be and have been stolen from backyards, from the driveway or garage, as well as from its mooring along the river."

"However, there are a few things the boat owner can do to make stealing his craft as difficult as possible," he added.

"For example," he noted, "the inboard or outboard owner could, after tying up his craft, replace the spark plugs with 'shorted' plugs. The engine may start but the malfunctioning plugs would probably prevent it from going too far."

"Also," said Latsha, "if you own an outboard don't leave the gas tank in the boat. If the outboard has its own self-contained tank, drain it into a can and replace it the next time you use the boat."

"Some owners of craft with electrically operated starters leave an extra key on board just in case they've forgotten to bring one along," he said.

"If you do this store the key in an inaccessible place and, while you're at it, why not paint an identifying mark in the same area so that if the craft is stolen you can identify it by this mark," he remarked.

Many small craft are easy prey for thieves simply because the owner likes to get away from the everyday crowd. Consequently he anchors in the most isolated spot he can find and this makes it much easier for the thief to operate.

There's safety in numbers so Latsha advises anchoring in the midst of other boats if possible. Usually there is always one of the other boat owners around and their presence serves as protection for other craft in the general area.

You can also join a boat club and make use of its facilities. Many have watchmen or caretakers on duty during the boating season to prevent vandalism and theft of equipment.

"I've seen instances where boat owners keep their craft on trailers by the water's edge and all the thief needs is a car or pick-up truck with a trailer hitch and away he goes with the boat in tow," said Latsha. If this applies to you, why take a chance. Remove one of the wheels and rest the axle on a block. It only takes a few minutes to replace the wheel.

For some fellows interest in boating is lost after the first or second fishing trip and their craft remains tied up along shore all summer long.

Even if you don't plan to use it," said the officer, "visit the boat every once in a while to make sure its still there. Make irregular visits to confuse anyone who may be lurking about and watching your movements in order to gradually determine the exact day and time you arrive."

To investigating officers most boats look alike and a vague description offered by the boat owner in reporting the theft of his outfit doesn't help one bit.

In order to aid the investigator, Latsha recommends that boat owners have available recent photos of the craft. These should be taken from all angles in order to show any unusual features.

"Photos, particularly colored shots, would greatly strengthen the possibilities of locating and returning stolen craft," he added.

"I would also recommend," said Latsha, "discussing this problem with your dealer who no doubt may have several other good hints to explore."



JUST BELOW FRANKLIN travelers/boaters John Sterner and Virgil Schwimmer set up one of their many camps—this one was located near Lower Two Mile Run at Ajax Eddy.

BOATER VIRGIL SCHWIMMER HAS MADE A LOT OF TRIPS ON THE BEAUTIFUL WATERS OF THE ALLEGHENY. IN FACT HE'S BEEN AT IT FOR OVER FIFTY-FOUR YEARS.

THIS MONTH AND NEXT, IN A TWO PART SERIAL HE TELLS ABOUT A TRIP HE MADE ON THE RIVER LAST JULY. ANGLER READERS SHOULD FIND HIS STORY INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE. IT'S CALLED . . .

ALLEGHENY RIVER RIDE

by VIRGIL SCHWIMMER

One day, a short time ago, my friend John Sterner said to me "Virg, you've boated and fished the Allegheny River for over fifty-four years. You've always told me numerous stories of its beauty, its wildness and of its history. Why don't you take us on a float trip down the Allegheny, starting at Warren?"

I thought this over for some time, and finally made up my mind to make what might well be my last trip on my beloved "Beautiful River," the Allegheny. LaSalle, the French explorer, named it "La Belle Riviere" meaning "the Beautiful River." He had come up the Mississippi from "New France" or New Orleans, Louisiana, as far as the

Indian village of Kittanning and reported to King Louis of France, "This river is, in our belief, the most beautiful river in the world; the surrounding lands just teem with all kinds of game and fish; there are trees of hemlock and white pine four and five feet across at the stump; beaver are everywhere and the Indians are very friendly; it is a land that should be claimed by us as it is a most favorable land in climate and natural wealth."

I suppose this report must have caused the King to act for in a few years De Celeron, the Frenchman, came across land from Niagara with an exploration party. Coming down Conewango Creek from Lake Chautauqua (now in New York State) he led a large party of some one hundred Indians and approximately two hundred white men, outfitted in about one hundred fifty canoes.

At various points, mainly where creeks intersected the river, he buried lead plates claiming this land for the King of France. One of these plates, supposedly buried at the Indian God Rock just below what is now Franklin and what was the site of the Indian village of Weningo, has never been found. So, for a number of years, this land of Northwestern Pennsylvania was known as "the land of the Beautiful River" and part of New France that the Frenchmen were determined to own and establish.

To me there could be no more appropriate name or description, for if ever there was a land that could be called "God's Country" this was and still is it.

Start at what is now Warren, just below the new Kinzua dam, which blocks any upstream river traffic (with out portaging).

The dam and the reservoir above is now known as the Allegheny Reservoir. Already it has become one of the outstanding multi-purpose recreation areas of the Northeastern United States. The new reservoir, with some thirty-two miles of navigable water, will soon gain in popularity to the point where a new name will be given this area of the state. Already, it is being referred to as "the Poconos of Northwestern Pennsylvania."

Both the Allegheny National Forest people and the Corps of Engineers have extensive plans for the development of a remarkable all-purpose recreation area. Over a

million bass fingerlings have been stocked by Department of the Interior's Bureau of Sports Fisheries. A new Federal Fish Hatchery is planned for just below the Dam.

Beginning our trip we put our boat in at the Warren square—a fourteen or sixteen foot broad beam aluminum skiff-type boat for summertime boating on the Upper Allegheny, with a small outboard motor of about six horsepower. Only in the months of late February, March and early April can this river be boated by large boats and motors. Actually the Upper Allegheny is just a succession of eddy after eddy separated by riffles and rapids caused by rock bars. Many of these rapids can be "shot;" however, some will have to be "lined through." An old method handed down to us by our pioneer boaters. It is done by fastening a good, strong line to the stern of the boat and then fastening the other end to the bow. By shore-wading you can grasp this line and work your boat through rapids; as your boat will draw only a few inches of water.

Let's return to our starting point of Warren for a moment. Legend has it that here is where the Allegheny River received its present name. The story goes that a French fur-trader by the name of Conoquenessing (English translation—Kinney) with his Indian guide worked their way here from the Finger Lakes section of what is now New York. When he first saw the river, he turned to his guide and asked "Where does this river go?" The Indian grunted, shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing down river, he said: "Allegawe! Allegawe!" Upon further questioning, Kinney learned that there had been a federation of river tribes of people here before the arrival of any

timber cropping, navigation of the river above Warren was almost impossible because of numerous mill dams. The Public Land Law of 1792 caused a tremendous amount of litigations, especially between the Holland Land Company and early settlers. The settlers would file claims to the land and take up residence just long enough to cut off the enormous pines and hemlocks growing here. Then they would move on and start the same process all over again. The Holland Land Company brought this type of plundering the land under a semblance of control. They issued orders that no settler could get supplies from their stores unless the settlers entered into written agreements with the Company as to land tenure and residency. This helped for a short time but still the hillsides were gradually cut off and left denuded of the original forests. Towns and cities (even today) from here to the Gulf of Mexico can trace some of their buildings to the Pines of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

Back to our trip—we put in on the right bank at the Diamond or town square. One can see the Courthouse, built and established in 1819, and other buildings that have seen many years, and people come and go.

From here we start our down-river trip. After passing the old Bridge pier site we approach the old Morrison bars riffles which are about one mile long. It is best to keep to the right, until about one-third of the way through then veer toward the middle and pass between the two bars. You'll now be entering Reese's Eddy, which is about one and three-quarters mile long. Best traveling is near the middle until you enter the Bend when one should angle



"IDEAL OUTFIT" for a week's cruise of the Allegheny says author Schwimmer. John Sterner at the bow while Schwimmer handles the controls.

Indians in this part of the country. It seems that they had moved on westward, leaving their Mounds behind them; for they were reputed to be the Mound builders.

So, we have two Frenchmen and two names for the same River; one came from the South; the later one from the North. Each named the river as it suited their fancy.

Warren (which is two hundred and three miles from the river's junction with the Monongehela River) is where the famous "Pittsburgh Fleets" were formed in the early 1800's. Here, raft after raft were joined together for the early Spring trip down river. Even in the early years of the

toward the left shore in order to pass through the upper bars above the eddy. We veered to the right at the head of Mead's Islands, for they were cutting and harvesting the timber again on Mead's Island, at the time of our trip. The timber crews have built a crossing from the left shore where it is very shallow. We were barely able to get by and had the water been real low water we would have had to portage. We continued to the right until we passed the Lower Grass Flats Island and then we started to cut to the

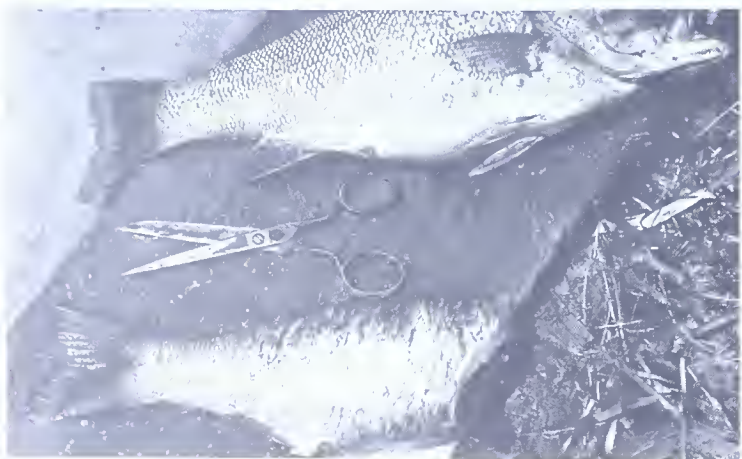
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IT'S A SNIP to cut off fins with this sewing basket instrument.



SCISSORS ARE used in cutting fashion to slit belly skin, and remove entrails.



NEXT TIME you're faced with cleaning a trout or bass catch, you'll discover it's a snip with scissors!

HERE'S SOMETHING FISHERMEN WHO "BRING HOME THE BACON" MAY WANT TO TRY SOME DAY—JUST SO LONG AS THE LADY OF THE HOUSEHOLD DOESN'T FIND OUT!

Filleting Fish With
Scissors Is A . . .

SNIP!

DISLIKE CLEANING A CATCH for the pan? Task is far less disagreeable, and goes much faster when you use a pair of sharp scissors. This is a highly unorthodox tool for cleaning fish and game, but it really does the job of snipping off fins and gills, removing scales, slitting belly skin and removing entrails. This tool does as good a job cleaning the catch as it does in the barber shop.

Scissors of six, maybe seven-inches long overall—the type generally sold for barbering or hospital use—are the best for this catch cleaning chore. Cutting edge must be honed to knife sharpness which means the scissors must be made of fairly good cutlery steel.

Open scissors fully and use one cutting edge to rub over sides to remove scales. It really makes them fly! Use scissors in normal cutting fashion to snip off fins, slit belly and remove entrails. Sharp scissors also cut neatly through meat, severing head and backbone from the fillet.

Next time you're faced with the job of cleaning trout or bass for the skillet, grab this sewing basket instrument.

by **DON SHINER**



SCISSORS ARE opened fully, and one cutting edge used to scale the catch. It really makes scales fly!



SIX-YEAR-OLD Victor Vidoni gets a lesson in casting.

THE FLY FISHERMAN

OLD AGE HAS TAKEN John Dalton, dry fly fisherman, off Shirley and McLaughlin Runs and Thompson Creek, his favorite trout streams near Titusville. But old age has not been able to dim the memories.

Mr. Dalton, now 85 years old, had stored a lot of them and a lot of experience after 40 years of fly fishing those favorite Crawford County waters.

No longer able to tramp up and down the streams, Mr. Dalton still keeps in practice. Twice a day, weather permitting, the old man of the streams still "goes fishing" in a sense. On a grassy plot between the sidewalk and the curb at his home along N. Kerr Street in Titusville he places a cottage cheese container filled with water and then proceeds from short and long distances to cast his dry fly dozens of times at the container.

Old age has taken some of the steadiness from Mr. Dalton's hands, especially when he shows off his favorite Thompson dry fly. It has impaired his hearing. But it has not been able to affect the accuracy with which he can still cast a tiny fly on a wispy leader. Using a sidearm cast since trees and their overhang prevent the easier overhead cast, he makes it appear effortless.

Mr. Dalton became interested in fly fishing in a very odd way. He was and is even now an avid reader and a lover of poetry and can recite verses for every occasion, says his wife.

When he was about 19 or 20 years old he was impressed by a painting made by the famous artist, Remington. The outdoor scene showed an Englishman, dressed for fly fish-

by **STEVE SZALEWICZ**

JOHN DALTON practices his flycasting outside his home daily during nice weather.



SMALL CONTAINER serves as target for casting practice.

ing as only an Englishman can dress, and a trout on the water. Beneath the painting in thought-provoking verse was the conversation of the trout and the fisherman. Mr. Dalton recited the conversation for us as if he were reading from the very copy.

The scene made such an impression on him that he promised himself that someday he "would do some fly fishing." Although it was years later, he finally did.

But before going on the streams he practiced casting in his yard. The habit stuck and when he became unable to make it to the streams any longer he didn't give up the art of casting.





by
**CHAUNCY
K.
LIVELY**

**LATE SUMMER
FISHING PRESENTS
A REAL**

'HOPPER- TUNITY

ASK A PENNSYLVANIA fly-fisherman what insect most consistently brings big trout to the surface and the chances are he will pick the big mayfly known as the Shad Fly or Green Drake. In Michigan, most anglers would choose the so-called "Flying Caddis," which isn't a caddis at all but the big *Hexagenia* mayfly. In Montana or Wyoming the common choice would be the big stonefly known there as the "Salmon Fly."

Yet in each of these locales there is a growing band of die-hards who fish for trout long after the major aquatic hatches have ended and who take some of their biggest trout during the waning weeks of the season. They have no secret, magical formula for their success. They merely apply what every trout fishing country-boy knows: that late-season trout are fond of grasshoppers.

'Hoppers are strictly terrestrial insects but they are found in abundance along streams that flow through fields or grassy areas. At best, grass hoppers are clumsy fliers, even when mature, and their apparent lack of direction causes many to wind up in the drink. On a dry, windy day surprising numbers are on the water and the trout are duly appreciative.

Young grasshoppers begin to make an appearance with

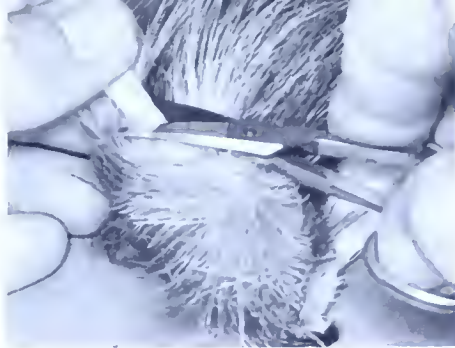
the first hot weather and by August they are big enough to interest trout of better-than-average avoirdupois. The way a big brownie takes a 'hopper is something to be remembered. There's none of the dainty, mincing rise that he makes when taking small ants or diptera. He goes after a 'hopper as if it's the last one on earth.

The Hair 'Hopper described here is a pattern I've been using for about five years and it's my favorite for late-season 'hopper fishing. Made entirely of deer hair, except for the kicker legs, the Hair 'Hopper floats like a cork and is extremely durable. Although it casts as lightly as a conventional dry fly, it is often helpful to make it alight with a little "splat" for this is the way the natural generally arrives on the water. This can be accomplished by making a hard cast and pulling back with the line hand as the leader turns over.—And an occasional twitching of the 'hopper is often the extra inducement an otherwise reluctant brownie requires.

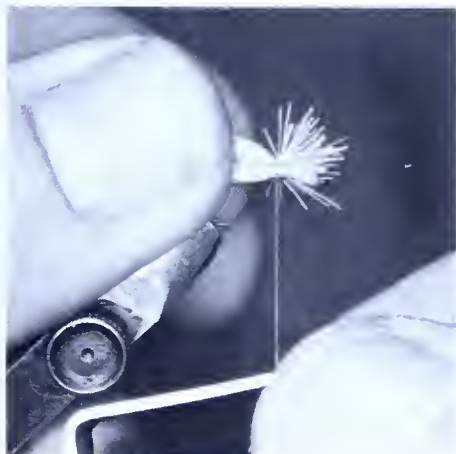
If you are a fly fisherman who hangs up his rod after the mayfly hatches are over, take heed and give 'hopper fishing a try.

It's a golden 'hopper-tunity!

FIRST STEP (left) is to place a long shank, fine wire #14 hook in vise. Tie in yellow tying thread at bend of hook and spiral forward to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch from eye. Half hitch. Next (right picture) is to clip a medium-size bundle of yellow-dyed deer body hair from hide. The ideal color is dirty, brownish-yellow hair from rump of yellow-dyed bucktail.



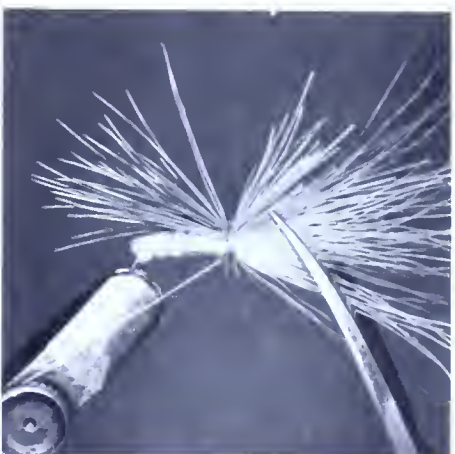
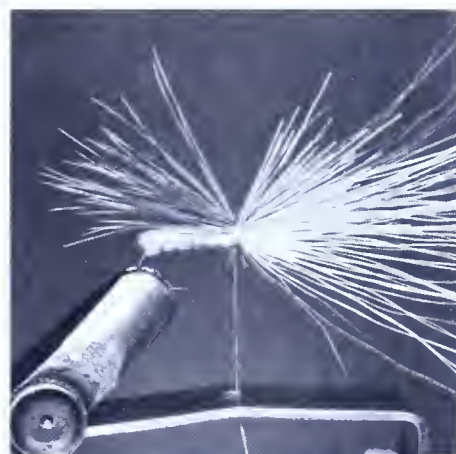
STEPS TWO AND THREE call for placing a bundle of hair over the hook with hair butts over eye. Take two turns of thread around hair and pull up tight. Firmly holding hair in left hand spiral the thread tightly in five turns to bend of hook. Half hitch.



NEXT GRASP HAIR with right hand and bend the bundle over sub-body. Spiral thread forward with left hand. Finally take two turns of thread and a half hitch where hair was originally tied in.



FOR WINGS TIE in a medium-sparse bunch of natural deer body hair. The wing hair should be about twice the length of the body. Then trim flared hair over hook eye to a ball shaped head.



FOR LATERAL KICKER legs select two fibers from a rust-dyed goose quill feather. Place on either side of body and tie in just behind head. Fold butts of quill fibers backward and take two or three turns of thread over folded butts to lock in place. Trim off excess butts as shown and then finally move thread under head and whip finish eye of hook. A drop of lacquer on whip-finish completes hair 'hopper'!



OPEN HOUSE / LINESVILLE



DISTRICT OFFICER Paul Swanson of Centre County explains the use of a spin-cast outfit to a group of young visitors to the Commission's Linesville Open House.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND fishermen and their families flocked to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Linesville Hatchery early in April to attend the annual "Open House" held at the installation each spring.

The hatchery is headquarters for the Commission's warm-water production section of the Fisheries Division.

Located on the Sanctuary area of Pymatuning Reservoir a mile south of Linesville, the hatchery was established in 1939 and serves the Commission's muskellunge, walleye, and largemouth bass programs as well as other warmwater species.

Visitors to the Open House saw Commission personnel demonstrate a variety of procedures and techniques used in the production of the different warmwater species.

Netting operations, anesthetizing of fish before spawning, taking of eggs, and electro-shocking techniques were among the things shown visitors to the show.

Equipment such as nets, transportation units, boats, and grading tanks were on display.

A sideline and highlight of the day was a running demonstration of fishing equipment and its use. Members of the Commission's Law Enforcement Division explained various outfits to visitors and demonstrated its use.

Shyrl Hood, assistant fisheries chief in charge of Warm-water Production, and Leroy Sorenson, hatchery superintendent at the nearby Corry and Union City hatcheries, explained operations during demonstrations.

by TOM EGGLER

photos by THAD BUKOWSKI/STEVE SZALEWICZ



HATCHERY PERSONNEL pull trap net and take a muskellunge from Sanctuary Lake a short distance from the huge crowd that attended the Open House.



WORK BOAT comes ashore after checking nets in the lake. Fish taken from the nets are transported in a tank mounted right on the boat.



DISTRICT OFFICERS Norm Ely (left) of Erie County and Joe Kopena (right) of Forest and Clarion Counties demonstrate electro shocking gear.

Pennsylvania's fishermen and their families don't have to wait for an "Open House" to visit Commission Hatcheries. Travelers throughout the year can visit any of the State's several installations throughout the week from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.



LOOKING OVER one of the nets displayed during the Open House are, from left to right, George Alexander, chairman of The House Fish and Game Committee; Shyrl Hood, assistant chief in charge of warmwater production; Tom Clark, public relations representative; and Robert Rankin, a member of the Commission.



COMMISSION WORKER sorts walleye into a special holding net after fish are brought ashore from trap nets.

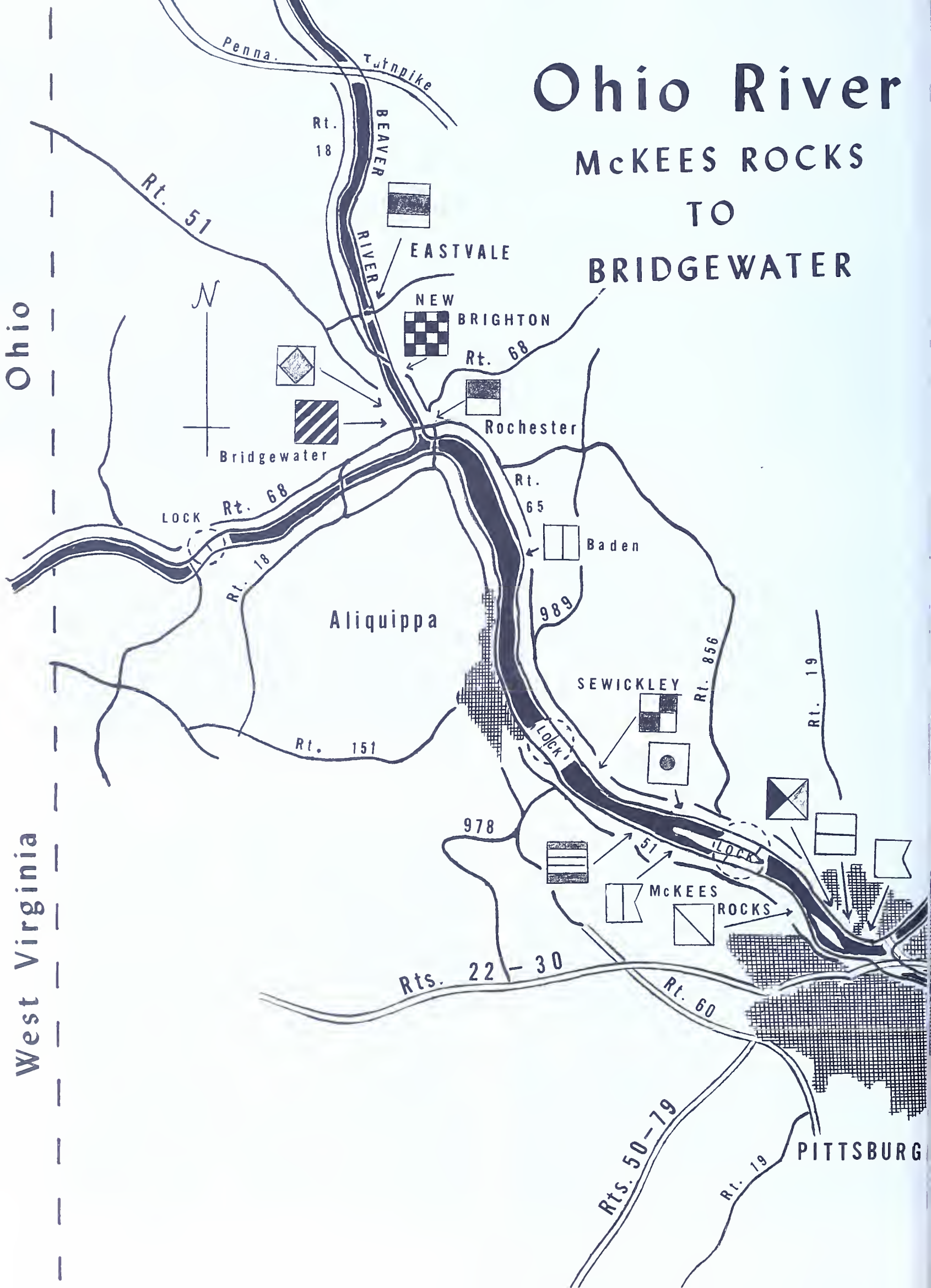


NETFUL OF WALLEYES are dumped into holding tank to await sorting and artificial spawning which was also demonstrated.

Ohio
West Virginia

Ohio River

McKEES ROCKS TO BRIDGEWATER



BOATING

with **ROBERT G. MILLER**

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

DESCRIBED AS A HIGHWAY which opened the mid-west is the Ohio River which flows north, then west, out of Pittsburgh; meanders south between Ohio and West Virginia into Illinois where it joins forces with the Mississippi.

As indicated in previous issues, boating on the Ohio River requires certain safeguards, similar to the cautionary measures one would use on the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. A comprehensive report on the Rules of the Road on western rivers can be found in the Three Rivers

Boating Guide, Capt. Jack Ross and Associates, 711 Cottonwood Dr., Monroeville, Pa.; the Office of Watercraft Safety, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.; or the Western Pennsylvania Safety Council, telephone 412-391-0132.

A list of facilities to be found along the Ohio River, and a portion of the Beaver River, as described in the "Boating Guide to Pennsylvania Waters" and the "Three Rivers Boating Guide" are as follows:



Weeping Willows Boat Club, foot of Sprout Alley, Pittsburgh. Docks, overnight dockage, electricity and picnic area.



Ernie's Marine Ways, located at the foot of W. North Ave., Pittsburgh. Dock facilities, overnight dockage and dock power.



Point Cove Marina, foot of W. North Ave., Pittsburgh. Open 24 hours with dock facilities, overnight dockage, electricity, repairs, parts, rest rooms and snack bar.



McKees Rocks, Sutey marina on the back channel of Brunot Island, downstream from Chartiers Creek. Docks, ramp overnight dockage. Fee \$1 to \$2 for use.



Greater Pittsburgh Aquatic Club, back channel on Neville Island. Docks, ramp, fresh water, electricity, overnight dockage, rest rooms and picnic area.



C & E Marina, on Dawson Ave., Glenfield. Docks, ramp, ice, fresh water, dock power, overnight dockage, repairs, parts, accessories, rest rooms, snack bar and picnic area. Fee \$2 for overnight dockage.



Valley Marine at Coraopolis. Docks, hoist, ice, fresh water, dock power, overnight dockage, repairs and rest room facilities.



Sewickley Ramp, off Rt. 65. A public ramp suitable for small trailered craft.



Baden Boat Club provides a paved ramp off Rt. 65. However, the docks are private and for members only.



Rochester public ramp, foot of New York Ave., Rochester. Paved ramp and parking area maintained by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.



New Brighton public ramp, River Road at 21st St., New Brighton. Paved ramp, docks, parking area provided by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. New Brighton Boat Marina, 21st St. and River Rd., New Brighton. Open 24 hours, docks, ramp, snack bar, gasoline and oil, overnight dockage, dock power, accessories and rest rooms.



Beaver Falls Boat Club ramp at Eastville. Surfaced ramp, hoist, parking, gasoline and oil. Facilities available to any recognized boat club member.



Skyline Motors Marine Center, two locations, 71 Bridge St. and 1440 Riverside Dr., West Bridgewater. Docks, ramp, hoist, overnight dockage, ice, fresh water, repairs, parts, rest rooms, showers and refreshments.



Gaslight Harbor, 1457 Riverside Dr., West Bridgewater. Docks, ramp, overnight dockage, electricity, fresh water, repairs, parts and rest room facilities.

by TOM EGGLE



MOTOR, BOATS and all sorts of accessories may be found by visitors to one of Pennsylvania's boat or sportsmen's shows.

SHOW BOAT

THIS IS THE TIME when most boaters are enjoying their sport but the outfits they're using may have been picked out at one of the several boat or sport shows held in the state last winter.

Boaters who like to do some looking before laying down the cash for a new outfit will find they can do a lot of looking in a short time if they take an afternoon or evening and visit one or more of the several boat shows scheduled each winter in Keystone State cities. Here the boater can probably see more equipment in a few hours than he otherwise could in days of traveling and looking; and since it's all close together, he'll have an excellent chance to compare one brand and size against another.

Although many boaters probably wouldn't be happy buying a boat they hadn't given a trial run, a planned visit to a boat show can be a lot of help when the time comes later for putting the money on the table.

Visiting a show with an eye toward a future purchase requires a little more than just a casual walk through the aisles and aisles of boats. To get the most out of it the potential boat buyer should carry along a notebook, keeping in mind the area and type of use he intends and keeping track of such things as, type of construction, horsepower options, type of hull, capacity, dealers in the areas where it'll be used, kind of service offered, length and coverages of guarantees, and, of course, price.

Exhibitors at the shows are usually anxious to show their products to as many interested and potential buyers as they can. They generally encourage questions and often can show the prospective boat buyer the important differences between models. The potential buyer who keeps his (or her) eyes open and plans a visit to a show with a little more than entertainment in mind will probably be well rewarded by the trip when it comes time to lay down the cash and ride off in a new outfit.

At the same time many exhibitors will offer a special show price for sales made right at the show, but unless the boater knows just what he wants he'll probably find he'll want to do his buying after he's had time to think over what he's learned and tried out some of the models he's interested in.

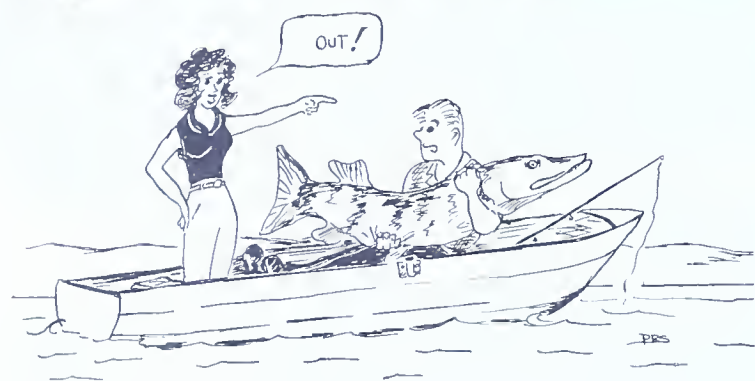
So, if you're among the thousands of Pennsylvanian's who'll be buying a new boat next year, take time this winter to visit one of the several shows held in the Keystone State. The Chambers of Commerce of cities holding shows can usually furnish information about time and location several weeks in advance.

SHOW VISITORS look over new equipment at the Philadelphia Boat Show and the Harrisburg Sportsmen's Show held last winter.





Notes FROM THE STREAMS



BASHFUL BRIDE

■ This story was told to me by George Walters of Berlin. He was fishing at Lake Somerset last fall from his boat when he noticed another young man and woman fishing a little ways away. They were talking loud while the man played a fish that appeared quite large. A little while it was all over—but no fish was landed. Mr. Walters rowed over to see what happened. It seemed that the young couple were on their honeymoon and he had hooked onto a muskie about 40" long. It was a lot of fun for both until he was about to land the fish and put it in the boat. Then the new bride declared that if he put that big fish in the boat she would jump out. The bridegroom decided it was better to lose the fish than his new bride.—*District Warden JOSEPH S. DICK* (Somerset County).

SOUTH PAW PROBLEM

■ Special problems arise at the strangest times during the course of a fish warden's job. We recently had three fly tying classes in Emporium under the sponsorship of the Bucktail Rod and Gun Club, and at the first class James Hornung of Emporium brought his son to the classes. We found out suddenly that a special vise is needed for left-handed fly tiers, and none were available. The following class I took mine, which is adaptable for south paws. Then there were three professional fly tyers and myself trying very hard to give instructions to this young man. If you other right handers don't believe this is a challenge, try it some time!—*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).

THE ANGEL?

■ During a local fishing event Special Fish Warden Hill was handing out Fish Commission literature and selling Anglers to the fishermen. Just then an old timer came on the scene and said he wanted to buy a year's subscription to

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden

the "Pennsylvania Angel." Warden Hill didn't argue with him—he just promptly signed him up!—*District Warden JAMES F. HAZEN* (Schuylkill County).

TROUT STOCKING PROFESSORS

■ What may be the most formally educated group of trout stockers ever to assist us in our trout planting program appeared to meet the fish truck last spring. Five members of the "Shippensburg Fly Fishers Club" which regularly assists in stocking Middle Spring Creek, all off-duty faculty members of the Shippensburg State College waded snow to plant 1600 trout in the stream they have been improving during the past year. Although there was no noticeable difference in the manner and places where fish were stocked by these professors, they carried an imposing array of formal education with them as each bucket of fish was tenderly carried to the streamside and emptied carefully into the current. This roster of professional "professors" reads as follows: Dr. John Offner, Professor of History; Professor David Dolbin, Dean of Men and football coach; Professor Michael Wargo, Senior Professor of History; and Professor Clarence Glessner, Professor of Audio-Visual Education. With this group there was also a phenomenal gentleman and community activist, a member of the local school board for 33 years, student of the Clarkson School of Technology, and the oldest member of the Fly Fishing Club at 78 years young, who never misses a chance to stock fish—Mr. Walter Howland.—*District Warden PERRY D. HEATH* (Cumberland and Perry Counties).



SURPRISE PACKAGE

■ I have had some hilarious moments with the Fish Commission in the past 9 years, but the following incident tops them all. On March 14, I had the pleasure of being the guest speaker at the Ridgway Junior Women's Club. Special Fish Warden Jim Eckert was also present and as

sisting me. After the program was completed, the girls invited us to coffee and a snack. We accepted. After snacktime the girls conducted a "white elephant sale" (this is a sale where the girls bring in gift wrapped packages and bid on them for raising money for the club). Everything was going well with the sale until one of the girls asked us if we were going to help the cause and make some bids. So I started bidding on a wrapped item and the bid went to an outlandish 37 cents. I got the gift then was told that one of the rules was you had to open the package so everybody could see what you bought. It was a new women's "BRA." You never heard such laughter from 35 females. Needless to say my bidding was ended for the evening.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).



FISHING BEAVER!

■ Several years ago at the Gordon Lake near the bridge that crosses a neck of the lake a beaver was seen swimming from one point of a ridge to another point every afternoon around 4 P.M. Often it would have something in its mouth, which was always taken for granted to be part of a tree or bush. But one afternoon, while associating with a number of fishermen, the beaver was seen swimming the same course, with what looked like a fish. It was decided by those there that it was a fish. But telling this story to a number of people during a coffee break, the question came up, as to whether it was a fish or a root that looked like a fish. This question—made by an attorney—placed a question in this writer's mind. If it wasn't a fish, it was a wiggling root.—**District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

LANDING PROBLEM

■ While on patrol the first morning of trout season a young lad hooked a nice trout. Two adults tried to help him net it but it escaped the nets. Finally it got between the one adult's legs and with the lad on one side with a net and the other adult on the other side with a net they were able to land it!—**District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).

KITE CASTING

■ Recently while on patrol I saw several young boys preparing to fly a kite. This is not unusual, but instead of the conventional handline and spool to control it with, these

fellows had it attached to a bait casting outfit!—**District Warden ANTHONY MURAWSKY** (Cambria County).

PISTOL PACKER

■ While on a fishing trip a local angler stopped to have a cold drink in a tavern and overheard the following story. One fisherman said he had seen a two-foot trout in the stream and had tried everything, but could not catch it.

Getting angry he said he pulled his pistol and shot it. The fellow he was talking to said "Do you know who I am? I'm the Fish Warden." The fisherman telling the story said the pistol packing fisherman quickly changed his story with a: "Do you know who I am? I'm the biggest liar in Pennsylvania."—**District Warden EUGENE SCOBEL** (Butler and Lawrence Counties).

SOME PONDS GROW 'EM BIG!

■ When I present a slide lecture on fish identification, I always encourage the pupils to take part in a question and answer session. Naturally, little fourth graders like to keep the questions flowing quite freely in an effort to participate and also to avoid school so long as possible. Recently, one small boy popped up and exclaimed "I went fishing one day in my uncle's pond and I caught a catfish that was 12" long and weighed 6 pounds." All I could say was "Wow" and the teacher was equally dumbfounded.—**District Warden DONALD PARRISH** (Beaver County).

DOG'GONE LUCK

■ Mr. Vic Long of Bellefonte is looking for one very special stray dog. It seems Mr. Long was fishing Logan Branch and was playing a nice size trout when suddenly—just as he was about to land it—a stray dog came running along, jumped into the water on the trout, releasing it. The dog then swam out of the stream and proceeded on his way.—**District Warden PAUL SWANSON** (Centre County).



BRAZEN BROWNIE

■ While stocking Elk Creek with trout before season some sportsmen that were along helping saw something I suppose they are still talking about. We were getting near the end of our stocking when upon releasing a nice net of brown trout one fellow yelled, "Look at what's coming." A large holdover trout came upstream, grabbed onto one of the freshly stocked browns and made off with him.—**District Warden PAUL F. SWANSON** (Centre County).



Pathologist Attends Training Courses

Courtney C. Gustafson, a fishery pathologist at the Benner Spring Fish Research Station recently completed two fish pathology courses offered by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. The first course was taught by Dr. S. F. Snieszko and his staff at the Eastern Fish Disease Laboratory at Leetown, West Virginia. This course lasted five months and included such areas as anatomy and physiology, parasitology, bacteriology, and virology. The second course was taught by Dr. Fred P. Meyer and his staff at the Fish Farming Experimental Station at Stuttgart, Arkansas. This course was two weeks long and included parasitology and bacteriology of warmwater fishes.

The Federal Government offered these courses to enable various states to take advantage of the latest information concerning diseases and disorders of fish. Much of the information gained at these schools is currently being put to use by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. This is one of the many steps being taken by the Commission to modernize its hatchery system.

continued from page 11

ALLEGHENY RIVER

left to pass Scot's Island and prepared to enter the Brokenstraw Race just below where Brokenstraw Creek enters the River on the right hand shore. We held to the right of Brokenstraw Island, passing Irvin's Run and the site of the old cabin erected here by Gen. Wm. Irvine, later bequeathed to Gen. Calendar Irvine and his son, Dr. Wm. A. Irvine.

According to the history of the lumbering industry the flats just below where Brokenstraw Creek enters the Allegheny were the gathering point for the river raftsmen. Millions of feet of timber were rafted here and the rafts also carried millions of wooden shingles topside, which were made on the tributaries of Old Brokenstraw Creek and were brought to the River for downstream shipment.

Here also stood an old Indian village, known as Buckaloons. It was ordered destroyed in 1781. A Col. Broadhead with his troops was sent from Pittsburgh and after a several day seige they succeeded in driving out the Indians and destroyed the village.

From here, we continued our trip past Dun's run into Dun's Eddy. The water is very, very shallow at the head of Thompson's Island and, at low water levels, one would have to work to get even a small boat through here. We broke a "prop" here at the old Conroe's Eddy when we held a little too far to the right, hitting a stone just under the surface. Passing to the right of Clark's Island and Thompson's Island, we pulled over to the left shore of the River to the Cloverleaf Marina and campgrounds.

We tied up here at 13:00 hours. It had taken about four and a half hours from Warren to this point. This is an excellent stopping-off place, for the Cloverleaf people have bait, boats, etc. available here at all times during the summer season. There is also a small grocery store located on Rt. 62 just about a mile from this Marina. Swimming, boating and excellent fishing are quite extensively enjoyed here. This is a beautiful stretch of eddied waters and would be a lovely place to spend a summer's vacation. The people here are real friendly and accommodating. One fine gentleman drove my partner to the little grocery



ISLAND PARK and some of the tents set up there.

store where he picked up some of the food items that we had planned to purchase along the way.

Then—after a quick, cold lunch—we continued on down river, still holding to the right shore channel past Stewards Island and then crossing Smith Bars about 14:20 hours. From here, we swung to the left to pass Millstone Island and held to this side of the river until past the Grass Flats Islands where we swung to the middle past Magee's Bars. Cutting to the left around the three Courson Islands we continued on to Maguires Bars. From here, we crossed over to the access area at Tidioute, just above the Tidioute Bridge. Gasoline, food and whatever you might need are available just a short distance from this spot. One very interesting fact that we have learned in traveling the river—wherever there is now a bridge across the river there was once a very busy ferry and these ferries were much used until the bridges were built. We left Tidioute at 17:45 hours, keeping to the right channel past Tidioute Island, then on past Irvin's Island, White Oak Mill Islands and pulling in to Magill's Island for our first night camp.

We must have passed over a hundred fishermen this day as well as countless boaters who were enjoying the Fourth of July weekend.

After cooking our supper and setting up camp, John, who is an excellent pistol shot, decided that we would have some frog legs for breakfast so he took his pistol and went frog hunting while I made the camp snug and prepared for the storm that I could see moving in on us. Within a half hour's time he returned with two beautiful large bullfrogs. But as we are both lovers of this delicacy, we didn't wait 'til breakfast and had frog legs before retiring for the night.

CONCLUDED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

New State Conservationist Named

Ronello M. Davis, 41, of Camp Hill, has been appointed State Conservationist for the Soil Conservation Service.

Davis will succeed Ivan McKeever, who retired April 30 after 34 years of Federal service. McKeever has been Pennsylvania State Conservationist since April 1946. Davis has been Assistant State Conservationist in Pennsylvania since June 1963.

The new State Conservationist is a native of Ambrose, North Dakota. He received a degree in Agricultural Education from North Dakota Agricultural College in 1949 and joined the Soil Conservation Service at Williston, North Dakota, in August 1952. He served in various posts in North Dakota until his transfer to Pennsylvania.

As head of Soil Conservation Service activities in Pennsylvania, Davis will direct technical assistance to 64 Soil and Water Conservation Districts; 27 Watershed Protection and Flood Prevention Projects; and two Resource Conservation and Development Projects.



RETIREES

Jared "Jerry" L. Zettle, a lifelong Pennsylvania Fish Commission employee, has retired after 40 years of service.

Mr. Zettle was born near Pleasant Gap where he worked as superintendent of the Bellefonte Hatchery before his retirement. Other positions he held with the Commission included Foreman of the Lower Spring Creek project (1932), Superintendent of Pleasant Mount Hatchery in Wayne County (1939) and Superintendent of the Linesville Hatchery in Crawford County (1955) before he was given the Bellefonte post in 1961.

Married to the former Hester Lonberger of Boalsburg in 1928 he is the father of four daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Zettle will live on the Bear Meadows Road near Boalsburg.



BIG FISH SALVAGE

Eleven northern pike were electro shocked and taken from Maiden Creek in Berks County this spring after they became stranded while on a spawning run.

The big fish, which ranged up to 36 inches in length, were rescued by Berks County District Warden Ammon Ziegenfus with the help of several special fish wardens and regular and deputy game protectors.

The picture above shows part of the crew working the stream with electro shocking gear while on the right Warden Ziegenfus and Game Protector Ray Ketner hold a 36 inch.

The fish were released in the City of Reading's reservoir, Lake Ontelaunee. It's the third year since the fish were stocked that they have moved into the stream to spawn.

—BROOKE FOCHT

Outdoor Writer, Reading Eagle





FAITHFUL PHOTOGRAPHER

Most picture takers hang up their camera gear when the sun goes behind a cloud but not WGAL photographer Harry Allaman!

Mr. Allaman, who runs a regular feature called "Call of the Outdoors," was filming some Cooperative Nursery projects this spring for a feature on his program.

He'd gone to Allentown to get some shots of a project there when the rains came. Did he give up and go home?

Not at all! A member of the Queen City Sportsmen's Trout Rearing Committee unwrapped an umbrella and the show went on! (photo by another faithful photog.—Cooperative Nursery Coordinator Robert H. Brown)

PENNSYLVANIA FEDERATION OF SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS 60 MEMBERS IN 677 AFFILIATED CLUBS



AWARD GIVEN to the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Club by the National Wildlife Association was shown to delegates at the spring meeting of the group in Harrisburg. Federation President Ed Balderston holds up the plaque while Carl White and Seth Myers, alternate delegate and delegate to the Association look on.

AWARDS MADE—



YOUNG FISHERMAN Neal Lonkart, 6, of Etters was presented an Honorary Husky Musky Award and a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation at a meeting of a York County Sportsmen's Club this spring. Roy L. Wagner, right, president of the York County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs made the presentation. Others in the pictures who also received awards were: William King (left) of Manchester, a Husky Musky Award; Eugene R. Snyder (second from left) of Dallastown, two Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations for bass catches; Paul L. Weigle (second from right) a Husky Musky Award. The awards were made under programs initiated by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. PFC district officer, Porter H. Duvall of York County (center) also participated in the awards.

JERSEY SHORE fisherman Robert Rearick receives a Husky Musky Award and a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation Award for a big Muskellunge he caught from Tioga County's Hill's Creek Lake. Lycoming County District Warden James Lauer, left, made the presentation.



GEORGE M. MILLER, executive secretary of the Jefferson County Soil and Water Conservation District, was presented a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation for a prize brook trout he caught during the winter at Parker Dam. PFC District Officer Jim Donahue, right, made the presentation.



DO YOUR FRIENDS

... enjoy fishing and boating in the Keystone State? Then they'd probably also enjoy a copy of Pennsylvania's official fishing and boating magazine—the Pennsylvania Angler.

Do them a favor—buy them a subscription! Then you'll be able to keep your copy.

Two dollars (for a year) or five dollars (for three years) does the trick. Send check or money order with name and address (including zip) of the person you're buying the subscription for and how you want the gift card signed.

NAME _____

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☐ TWO DOLLARS (For One Year) ☐ FIVE DOLLARS (For Three Years)

PLEASE ALLOW SIX WEEKS FROM THE FIRST OF NEXT MONTH FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE

DIES IN FIRE—

Charles Herbster, Pennsylvania Fish Commission District Officer for Lackawanna County, was killed April 4 when he re-entered his burning home in an attempt to save his three daughters after the house in which he and his family were living caught fire sometime during the night.

Mr. Herbster's wife, Lorma, and his two sons, Charles Jr., age 13 and Jeffrey age 7, escaped. Killed with Mr. Herbster were daughters Laurel Ann, age 12, Holly, age 9, and Heather, age 6.

Born November 11, 1932 at Lewistown he was a 1965 graduate of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's training school. He had been assigned the Lackawanna County district since February of 1966. Prior to coming to work for the Commission he served as a Lewistown borough policeman.

Funeral services were held at Lewistown with burial at Mt. Rock Cemetery.



CHARLES HERBSTER

SECOND GIFT OF MAJOR SIZE ANNOUNCED BY CONSERVANCY

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONSERVANCY has announced a second major gift of lands from the Bethlehem Steel Corporation for inclusion in the dramatic new Laurel Ridge State Connector Park.

Dr. Charles F. Lewis, Conservancy President, has praised the gift of more than 1,059 acres of mineral lands as a splendid demonstration of community action on the part of an industrial firm.

The new park was conceived by the Conservancy, which, during the past two years, has acquired more than 11,000 acres along this mountain ridge of the Appalachians to connect lands already held by the state. The new park will protect the entire mountain ridge through four counties, a distance of 57 miles between the great gorges of the Conemaugh and Youghiogheny Rivers.

The gift of mineral lands was the second major contribution of Bethlehem Steel Corporation in the formation of the new park. In 1967 the Corporation contributed 1,152 acres of wooded mountain land lying along the crest of Laurel Ridge for nearly four miles.

Main feature of the park will be a hiking trail along the Ridge from Johnstown to Ohiopyle to be linked eventually with the Potomac Heritage Trail proposed by the Department of the Interior.

The Conservancy's land acquisition for the park project was carried out under an intensive program during the past two years, using funds from a \$1,000,000 grant from the Richard King Mellon Charitable Trusts.

The inclusion of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation lands establishes a unique combination of state, private and corporate interests in a major conservation effort.

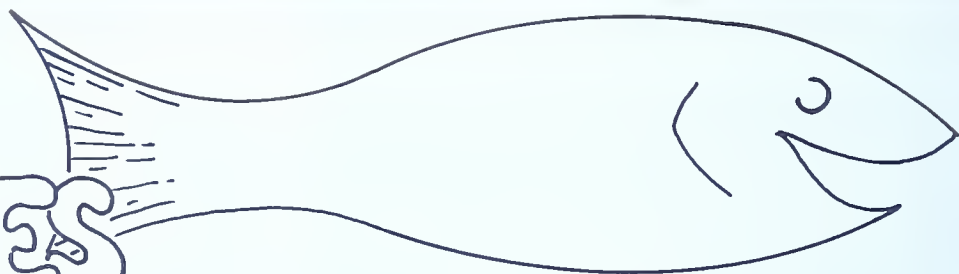
The northern anchor of the vast Laurel Ridge Connector Park is at Johnstown where the Bethlehem Steel Corporation for generations has conducted manufacturing operations which are the bulwark of a widespread economy.

In acknowledging the gift of Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Dr. Lewis commented, "The ownership of the minerals remaining under this large tract of land will protect the park from the possibility of surface spoilation. Bethlehem Steel has now provided the equivalent of an insurance contract to protect the perpetuity of the great new park to which it has already given so much."

Western Pennsylvania Conservancy is a citizens' organization centered in Pittsburgh. It was recognized last year as the National Conservation Organization of the Year by the National Wildlife Federation and The Sears-Roebuck Foundation. In recent years the Conservancy has been responsible for land acquisitions totaling more than 31,000 acres for the protection of unique natural areas, establishment of new state parks and restoration and preservation of historical landmarks.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



LIONS LAKE in Lebanon County produced this big brownie for William Reinhart of Lebanon. It measured 27 inches, weighed nine pounds, and took half an hour to land. (photo by Lebanon Daily News)



MILFORD fisherman Ed Pearce holds nice catch of perch, a bass and three pickerel caught at Promised Land Lake on the last day of winter season.



UNION COUNTY'S Raymond Winter Dam is where the 27 inch, 8¼ pound brown trout was taken by Mrs. Helen Antos of Kenhorst. The lady angler was spinning with a nightcrawler.



ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Robin Williams of West Middlesex holds 21 inch, three pound, nine ounce rainbow she caught from Pine Run in Mercer County on opening day. It hit a nightcrawler and won her a Junior Fishing Citation.



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD William Martin of Glenshaw won a Junior Fishing Citation for this 24¾ inch, 5¾ pound rainbow he caught at North Park Lake in Allegheny County opening day.



TUNKHANNOCK ANGLER Wayne R. Morris holds a pair of chain pickerel he caught on minnows from Wyoming County's Lake Carey. One measured 17½ inches; the other 22¼ inches.



NEW BRIGHTON Angler LeRoy Gosseck holds a 7¾ pound, 23 inch smallmouth bass he caught from a strip mine in Beaver County. (photo by Beaver County Times)



CONNEAUT LAKE produced this 38 inch, 14½ pound muskellunge for angler Richard Smith. He was fishing for walleyes when he caught it on a live chub. It was his first 'lunge.



CRAIG PIURKOSKI of Ridgway in Elk County holds 20½ inch brook trout he took from Big Mill Creek on a nightcrawler. It won him two Fishing Citations—a Senior and a Junior.



WAYNE WENDT of Shamokin Dam holds 19 inch, 1¾ pound rainbow he took from the Coburn in Centre County. It hit a worm and won him a Junior Fishing Citation.



HISTORY REPEATED itself when Paul Kramer of Mechanicsburg caught a 23¼ inch brownie on a worm this year from the Yellow Breeches. He caught one the same size in the same hole a year before! (photo by John Plowman).



ANGLERS Joseph Milosh and Ray Milosh, both of Ringtown, hold stringer of suckers they caught this spring from Wallenpaupack Creek.



FISHERMEN Ronald Zychel of Taylor and Edward Werner, of Scranton, caught these many suckers during the spring. They were fishing Wallenpaupack Creek.



CEDAR RUN is where Michael Woodside of Millersburg caught this 17¾ rainbow on opening day. It hit a salmon egg.

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

KINZUA

IF YOU HAVEN'T VISITED the Allegheny Reservoir, plan a trip soon. This particularly scenic section of the Allegheny River has long been noted for its outstanding bass, pike and muskie fishing. Now, the region has transformed into an adventureland for boaters and campers as well.

The Allegheny Reservoir is bound to change the fishing and camping habits of many people. Held back by Kinzua Dam, the reservoir covers 12,000 acres with a 91-mile, irregular shoreline. Pennsylvania's eastern border rims the Allegheny National Forest. In New York, Allegany State Park borders on the east while the Seneca Indian Nation lies to the west.

Although not all planned facilities will be in operation for quite some time, there are a number of areas open to the public this year providing a variety of outdoor activities.

Two large reservoir camping areas and five smaller campgrounds, reached only by boat, will be in operation for the 1968 season as well as first-rate facilities in Allegany State Park. Available in Pennsylvania are several National Forest campgrounds, Chapman Dam State Park and several fine private camping areas.

The Kiasutha Recreation Area—named for the famous Seneca Indian Chief—is located along the southern part of the reservoir. Developed and maintained by the U.S. Forest Service, a total of ninety-five camp sites are now in use although the entire recreation area has not been completed yet. One of its most popular features is a concrete swimming beach complete with bath house and flush toilets. A 205-table picnic area is also available.

Willow Bay Public Access Area is found off Route 346 near the New York State line. This was built by the Corps of Engineers, but is run by the Forest Service. An outstanding attraction here is the six concrete launching lanes which enable you to put your boat into the water right at the camping area. There are 96 campsites from which to choose and a vault-type comfort station.

In addition, the Forest Service has completed five small campsites accessible only by boat, scattered along the Pennsylvania Shoreline of the reservoir. They are Morrison, 30 sites; Pine Grove, 15, Hopewell, eight, and Handsome Lake with 10, all along the Eastern Shore. On the northwestern shore is Hooks Brook with 20 sites. Campsites which are only accessible by water are something new for most Western Pennsylvania campers.

Among other developments now open to the public are launching ramps at Roper Hollow in Pennsylvania and at Onoville, New York (this one will be maintained by Cattaraugus County, New York). Allegheny Dam, Big Bend Observation Point provides 147 parking spaces, a water

fountain and flush toilets. Kinzua Beach just off Route 59, offers swimming, fishing and picnicking. Small scenic picnic areas are located at Jake's Rocks and Rimrock. Another at Old State Road is scheduled to be completed in July.

The extensive Kinzua Point Information Center, located up river from the dam, will not be completed for this season. The forest service does intend to operate a temporary booth nearby, however. Here you can receive directions and data on campgrounds, good fishing locations, etc.

Among facilities not expected to be completed until the 1969 season is the Dewdrop Campground, presently under construction along Dewdrop Run. This will provide an additional 95 tent and trailer sites. Construction of boat launching ramps at Fishburn and Dunkle Corners will begin this summer. A scenic drive along Route 262 is also expected to be completed in 1969.

Wade's Woods, a private campground, is located approximately four miles from the river on the Scandia-Onoville Road, Russell, Pa. With forty sites in a beautiful wooded area, it offers flush toilets, showers and electricity. The Cornplanter Indian Reservation is nearby.

Another private development is the Wolf Run Marina which is expected to have a new launch ramp handling two cars at once available by early summer. A floating restaurant will serve boaters. The Flying Duck, a tour boat, will also operate from Wolf Run taking tourists on excursions around the lake.

Fishing in the Allegheny Reservoir should be great. So far it has been stocked with 50,000 muskie fry, one and a half million largemouth bass fry, three million walleye fry, and 47,000 largemouth bass fingerlings. The tributary streams were also stocked with 35,000 legal size trout. Last year some of the stocking was done rather sensationally—by plane.

This area in Northwestern Pennsylvania is well on its way to becoming one of the finest family fun areas in the entire Commonwealth. Boaters, fishermen, and fishermen/boaters will want to visit it.



"CHECK OUR OVERALL HEIGHT IN THAT BOOK AGAIN!"



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From J. L. C., Kane:

"What do you think about installing a CB radio on a 17-foot inboard boat?"

—If the boat's battery and generator will carry the additional load, there is no reason why you can't install a Citizen's Band radio. How much use it will be will depend on how many other boats and shore facilities in the area where you cruise are monitoring the CB channels. For safety purposes in offshore operation, a marine band AM or FM radiotelephone would be better, as these frequencies are guarded by the Coast Guard and other vessels at all times.

From B. W., Ambridge:

"Why doesn't the Coast Guard approve of inflatable-type life preservers?"

—There are two principal reasons: first, an inflatable device is hard to examine quickly, as in a boarding inspection, and secondly because inflatable life jackets tend to deteriorate in storage and develop leaks. There is continuing research being done on lifesaving devices, and it is possible that an approved inflatable will be developed.

From S. B. J., Rimersburg:

"Should you change plugs every year in an outboard motor even if they clean up and look good?"

—The cost of spark plugs is quite small, when you consider the misery that a hard-starting engine can cause. Even though a sparkplug looks all right, it can misfire under load, or have too much internal resistance, or be grounding a portion of the spark because of insulation breakdown inside the shell. Best bet is to start off each season with new plugs, and if you put a lot of hours on your motor, change again in midseason, or when the engine begins running rough, or gets hard to start.

From E. K. F., Carnegie:

"Are there any turbine engines available for boats?"

—A few marine gas turbines have been offered, but very little development work has been done in powering small craft with turbines. A few experimental models have been built, and the major problems seem to be the inherent characteristic of the turbine to run well only at top speed, and the gyroscopic effect of the spinning rotor which makes the boat very hard to control. On paper, the turbines look very good, and I am sure that research and development work will eventually solve these problems. A workable turbine would cost only about half as much per horsepower as a conventional engine, and would most likely last forever.

From T. M. D., Pittsburgh:

"When is the city or the state going to build a decent launching ramp in the Pittsburgh area?"

—Plans are now underway by both the City of Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for at least one large launching site in the Pittsburgh area, and it appears that the project will go ahead this year.

From A. G. J., Clearfield:

"My outboard runabout squats when underway. Can I correct this by installing trim tabs?"

—While the people who manufacture and sell trim devices will not agree, it has always seemed to me that a problem caused by poor design or improper loading would better be corrected at the source. Trim tabs will improve the running attitude of a boat, but they do this by creating additional drag. Try shifting some weight forward in the boat, and altering the angle of the motor. Personally, I would even try ballasting forward before going to trim tabs.

From G. S. H., Rankin:

"The first lock on the Monongahela River is Lock 2; was there ever a Lock 1?"

—There was indeed, and it was located where Duquesne Slag Co. has a landing along the Parkway East, at about Mile 2.0. A portion of the old lock wall can still be seen there. This lock and dam, along with Lock 1 Allegheny River, formerly at the foot of 21st Street, were both removed in 1938 after the Emsworth Dam was completed, raising the pool level at Pittsburgh.



"THIS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF SOME OF THE CONDITIONS YOU MAY ENCOUNTER."

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**

KEYSTONE FISH, GAME, AND FORESTRY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

The Keystone Fish, Game and Forestry Protective Association is a mouthful of a title; but if it seems a bit long, don't sell them short on their effort and interest in the cooperative nursery business. The Shamokin club has had its nursery for one year and it's been a long, hard one—so if it takes a bit of time to say their name, they've earned that time.

Actually the history of the nursery begins about five years ago when Trout Run, a small stream that trickles down through a valley behind the state hospital, was filled with mine acid and was no good to anyone. Through the efforts of a great many people and business concerns, the stream was revitalized and passed Bob Brown's scrutiny for a cooperative nursery water source.

Ed Boden, club president, remarked that the actual work on the ponds didn't start until July of 1967. "We got some help from the Roaring Creek Water Company. In fact the nursery is located on the site of their old dam."

"That's not the only help," chimed in Ralph Stienhart, co-chairman of the Fish Committee. "They'll open their dam for us in the summer in case we run low on fresh water. So that's one worry we can forget."

The ponds, constructed of concrete, took form with the assorted help of club members, city employees, water company people and others. Again, as has been mentioned in this column before, cooperation was the name of the game. Even the Youth Forestry lads lent a hand during the summer months to enhance the site and assist in the construction where needed. Things looked pretty good and 2000 brook trout fingerlings were installed with proper ceremonies.

Then came the winter. Pipelines froze and feeder, Bill Yost, sounded the alarm and began a one man task to save the trout. Soon others responded and emergency moves were put into effect. Again cooperation, "Lefty" Moraskie, chief carpenter for the club, made cages to hold the trout in the stream; water company officials, including Douglas McWilliams, a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, turned out or turned the men loose from their regular duties to save the fish. Torches had their heat applied to pipes; men fought ice and freezing water to get the fish into a compatible environment. Ken Wert, a young high school student, remarked about shoveling ice and fish out of one of the ponds and that the fish thawed out about as

soon as the ice melted. All in all it was a desperate hour for the club's first winter.

The emergency passed and the fish were returned to their rightful ponds. Then a second severe cold snap and the battle was on again. The sportsmen were up to the problem and finally spring came and it was time to count noses—trout noses that is. Over 1800 of the original 2000 had survived. It was going to be a good spring after all and a better fishing season for anglers using Little Roaring Creek, Roaring Creek, Schwaben Creek, Mugser Run, Poor House Creek, and the Keystone Farm Pond.

As a bit of frosting on the cake, Ralph Stienhart, who raises some trout for his own amusement, donated several

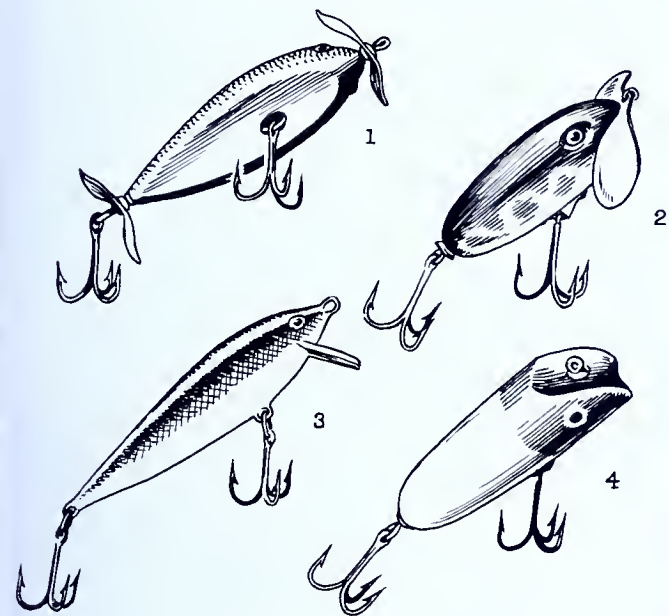
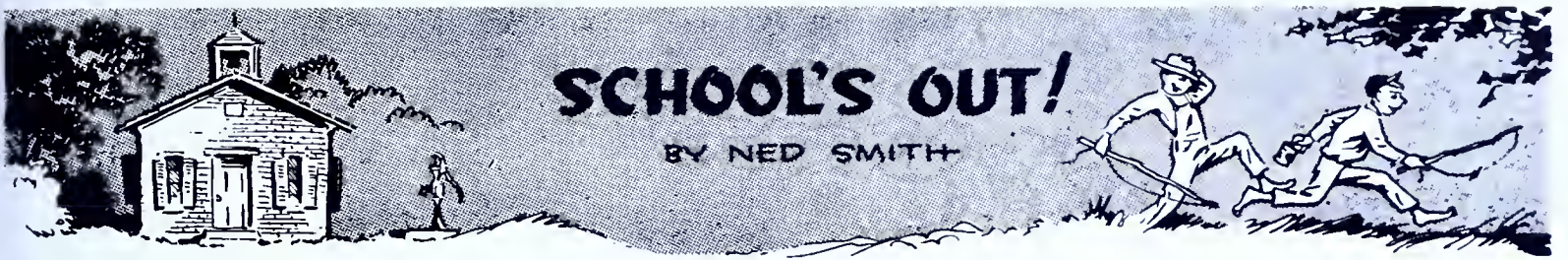


SUNDAY VISITORS to Keystone Fish, Game, and Forestry Protective Association's Cooperative Nursery.

huge rainbows and brooks to the nursery to be stocked in open waters when the time comes. Not only will there be more trout in the Shamokin area, but there will be some real tackle-busters for some lucky fishermen to work on.

Future projects for the nursery include the building of a dam to prevent the freeze problem; raceways are to be extended so more fish can be raised; and electricity will be placed in the club's building and night lights are under consideration. The addition of electricity to the grounds will aid in the feeding. Pellets, with a mixture of paprika to add color to the fish, are currently being fed. Venison will be added to the diet as soon as freezer facilities are available. Such a unit has been donated and all that is needed is something to plug it into, so it won't be long before the trout will be on an effective varied diet.

In the meantime, Bruce Manney, nursery manager, and others felt that it was time to do a little celebrating. Consequently, the Keystone club held a dedication and open house ceremony on April 6 and continued the open house through Sunday, April 7. Hundreds of sportsmen and curious folks attended the event and left convinced that Casting with the Co-ops was going to be a new and beneficial way of fishing in the Shamokin area.



THE VERSATILE PLUG

DAY IN AND DAY OUT, it's hard to beat a plug for catching warm water fish, especially *big* fish. Plugs differ from other lures in having bodies of wood or plastic. They are usually fitted with treble hooks, or occasionally double hooks, and most have propellers, scoops, or lips to give them action or flash.

Some, called surface plugs, float in use. Others float at rest and submerge when retrieved. They are called diving plugs. Those that sink as soon as they hit the water are called sinking, or underwater plugs. Each is useful for certain kinds of fishing, and because you seldom know what will appeal to the fish you'd be wise to have some of each in your tackle box.

Surface plugs are used chiefly for bass, but they take other fish, too. Some popular types are the injured minnow (1) with propellers fore and aft, and the paddling plug (2) with its broad scoop. The first is usually fished with gentle twitches and pulls, the latter by reeling steadily, pausing at intervals. Both are excellent night fishing lures.

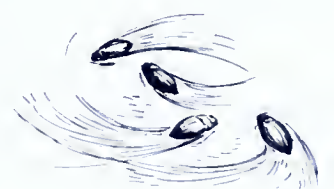
Diving plugs are made with propellers, too, or they are made to wiggle, like the popular model with the plastic lip (3). The one with the cupped face (4) can be popped on the surface or made to "swim" under water with a steady retrieve. Diving plugs can be fished in many ways, but the wiggling types are usually pulled under water with short sweeps of the rod, then allowed to bob to the surface between dives. They are great for bass and all members

of the pike family, and are ideal for trolling with a sinker. Sinking plugs are usually either wiggling types with metal or plastic lips, or propeller-equipped lures. They are often fished close to the bottom where most of the others cannot go, and are great for smallmouths, walleyes, and pike in deeper water.

Plugs are made in an endless variety of colors, but a half dozen different patterns should take care of most Pennsylvania fish. Natural perch finishes are good, and white plugs with red heads are long-time favorites. Frog finishes are popular on surface lures. Silver scale and orange or yellow will round out your selection. When the fish reject all of these it's usually a matter of the wrong style plug or the wrong retrieve—or maybe the fish just aren't hitting!

Plugs are made in a variety of weights. Muskies prefer big ones, and northern pike appreciate a mouthful, but other fish will usually settle for something around ¼ to ½ ounce in weight. I prefer the ¼ to ⅜ size for bass and walleyes, but have gone as light as ⅛ ounce. Use the size your outfit will cast best.

WHIRLIGIGS



WHIRLIGIG BEETLES are as strange as their names. Surely you've seen them—small, shiny black or gun-metal beetles massed on the surface of pond or stream eddy. Surprise them and they dash about in wildly intertwined circles and figure-eights, like miniature motorboats gone wild. Catching one is almost impossible, and if the going gets too rough they can dive to escape. Perhaps it's just as well, for they give off a strong-smelling fluid that some folks find unpleasant.

The strangest thing about the whirligig is its eyes. It seems to have two pairs, one that sees above the water and one that peers beneath the surface. And that's the way they work. However, they are not really separate eyes, but merely recessed compound eyes that are divided at the water line into two sections by a sharp ridge on the head.

Whirligigs eat dead insects. They lay their eggs on underwater plants and the larvae crawl out of the water in late summer to pupate in slender little cocoons. The adults that emerge in a few weeks hibernate over the winter.

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FISHING and BOATING PENNSYLVANIA

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AUGUST, 1968

Angler

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DOCUMENTS SECTION



THE COHO QUESTION—

Coho—a once little known common name for a member of the salmon family that overnight has become a magical password for tackle busting excitement on Lake Michigan.

The big question for Pennsylvania anglers is will the Coho's "take" in Lake Erie. Frankly, no one knows. Nevertheless, thousands of fishermen are eagerly and expectantly awaiting some evidence that Coho Salmon released in tributaries of Lake Erie in April 1968 will find conditions in the lake to their liking.

Fish Commission folks are as hopeful as the fishermen that this fast growing salmon will do well in the lake and when mature, return to the streams in which they were released.

The full story of the "Coho" in Pennsylvania appears on pages 16 and 17 of this edition of the ANGLER. However, here on the first page it seems appropriate to do a bit of speculating.

It is possible the Coho salmon will not become a successful sport or commercial fish introduction in Lake Erie. Or it might achieve some very modest success similar to that of the lake run rainbows. Should either of these possibilities prevail, many folks understandably will be deeply disappointed. But there will be no reason to assume all is lost or that this is truly evidence that Lake Erie is a "dead sea" as it was once called by a high government official.

On the other hand the Coho planted in Lake Erie may duplicate the Lake Michigan experiment. If so, thousands of hours of exciting sport fishing are ahead for Coho anglers. Equal benefits will accrue from the high quality food to be derived from table use of these fish.

According to reports from Michigan, the 1967 Coho run produced totally unexpected responses from the public. It seems that overnight everyone became a would-be fisherman. All tourists facilities were quickly overrun. Every tackle store was cleaned out and about anything that would float was pressed into service to get fishermen out onto the lake. In essence, the Coho program proved to be a real bonanza for Michigan fishermen, tackle stores, boat dealers and for the tourist trade people.

When such success strikes, the true story behind the project is quickly forgotten. Those really responsible are brushed aside and instant experts spring up from obscurity, claiming this is just what they had recommended years ago. All eyes and ears seem to close to anything but the immediate returns to be gained.

Thus, before we know what might happen to our Coho program in Lake Erie, let's note on the record that the project is experimental. Let's carefully record that many people from as far away as the state of Washington have contributed to the program. Local folks have been tremendously cooperative and encouraging. Sportsmen's clubs and individual fishermen have given freely of their time and their facilities to aid getting the project moving.

Commission staff members have worked tirelessly against many odds including deep snows, unusually cold weather and tight time schedules to give Pennsylvania a head start on all other states and Canada in establishing a Coho program in Lake Erie.

Regardless of how the Coho experiment turns out, it is a cooperative venture involving many people of widely varied interests all of whom are anxious to improve sport and commercial fishing in Lake Erie. We should not forget that the Coho program is but one of a continuing series of experiments being carried out by the Fish Commission in its efforts to maintain our fisheries resources in the face of rapidly changing environmental conditions.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

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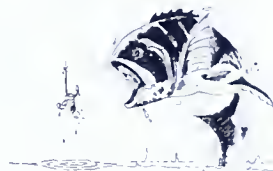


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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1968



VOL. 37, NO. 8

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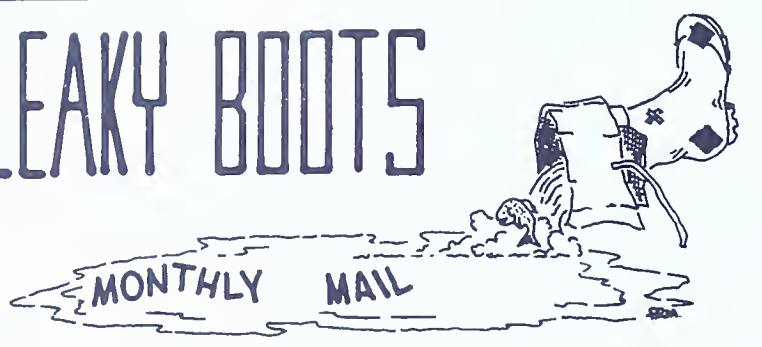
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LEAKY BOOTS



SOUR STREAMS

Gentlemen,

In the December 1967 issue of Pennsylvania Angler I read with great interest the letter written by a lifelong resident of Chester County referring to the Brandywine Creek, stating that it was one of the finest bass streams in the state but has gone sour.

I am a lifelong resident of Dauphin County and have also seen another fine bass stream go sour. I am referring to the Swatara Creek. It too supports only carp, suckers and catfish.

A lot of time and money is being spent in creating new recreation areas, but very little seems to be done about preserving some of our natural recreation areas we already have. I know some streams in the state that didn't support game fish are now raising game fish.

Why are former fine bass streams like the Brandywine and Swatara Creeks allowed to go sour?

Melvin H. Baker, Hummelstown

Among the factors necessary for a truly productive small-mouth bass stream are:

1. Water in the proper amounts, at favorable temperatures and chemical make-up.
2. Adequate areas of clean gravel for spawning.
3. A sufficient supply of food for all age groups of bass, including insects and crayfish.
4. Proper riffle/pool ratio.

When one or more of these factors is lacking, the small-mouth bass population may be depressed or even decimated.

The conditions which adversely affect bass streams are mostly man-made. A prime example is soil erosion which results from exposure of watersheds through clearing and causes a rise in stream temperatures and greatly increases the silt load in a stream. Turbid waters are accompanied by deposition of silt on the stream bottom which covers spawning areas and smothers out bottom food organisms. A good bass stream can be converted to a poor stream in a relatively short time through such influences.

We suggest that it is the people living along a stream who have been and are responsible for what goes into it. And by the same token it is these people who can best bring a stream back to productivity. How? By forming associations for watershed protection, by combating and reporting stream pollution and by developing a pride in local waters.

—Gordon L. Trembley

Assistant Executive Director, Fisheries

THANKS

Gentlemen,

I wish to take this opportunity to thank two men in your agency—Mr. Hugh Ealy and Warden John Sworden—for the aid and comfort they gave to my son Richard opening morning when he imbedded a fish hook in his finger while fishing at Cannonsburg Dam.

I want you to know how much I appreciate how these men went out of their way to take my boy to the hospital and see that he was taken care of and then returned to his friends at the lake.

Mr. Ealy and Mr. Sworden made quite an impression on Richard and he was more interested in telling me how good he was treated than he was about having a fish hook removed from his finger.

Thanks again for the kindness and courtesy shown my son.

John J. Lackner, Library

FILTER TIP

Dear Sirs,

While fishing in the Cherry Valley Dam near here I caught a 12 inch rainbow trout and on examination of the stomach the only thing in it was the filter tip from a cigarette. Fishermen all around were using night crawlers, cheese and salmon eggs and were surprised when I showed them the stomach of the trout with the filter tip.

Thought the above would be of interest to you, as it is the first time anyone around here heard of a fish taking such.

J. J. Johnen, McDonald

TIES FLIES

Gentlemen,

I am an avid reader of the Pennsylvania Angler and noticed under the Leaky Boots Column that you have a booklet, "Fly Tying," that is available to Angler readers. Would you please send me that booklet?

I have been tying my own flies for some time and find that I get much more enjoyment catching fish on flies that I have tied myself.

John W. Soffel, Pittsburgh

LEARNING FLY TYING

Gentlemen,

In your Leaky Boots section of the June edition of the Pennsylvania Angler I noticed that you offered subscribers a free pamphlet titled "Fly Tying."

Would you please send me a copy of this booklet. I am just learning to fish with flies and would like to learn to tie them. Hope that this pamphlet will help.

Richard R. Tate, Williamsburg

It certainly will help and it should have reached you before now. Any other Angler readers who would like copies can get them free by writing "Fly Tying" Public Relations Division, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120

PUT AND TAKE

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a sincere and straight forward letter. I truly feel that it expresses, in as brief a form as possible, the feelings of many anglers throughout our Commonwealth.

I write this letter with as few strong criticisms as possible, for I believe that you of the Fish Commission feel that you are giving the anglers what they want. However, I have strong personal beliefs which impel me to disagree.

Therefore we are writing this letter in the hope that it will be printed in the Pennsylvania Angler. You may take this as a challenge if you like, although we would rather see it merely regarded as friendly criticism from two deeply concerned anglers.

I have been reading Pennsylvania Angler for several years. In general I feel that our Fish Commission has been doing a commendable job. I also feel that Pennsylvania Angler is basically an excellent publication.

However, one fact of our fishery program greatly disappoints me; this being our "put and take" trout fishing. My complaint has been touched off by your aloof reply to the Leaky Boots first entry of April issue, called Secret Stocking. I agree that secret stocking alone is not the answer to our trout fishing dilemma. However, your attitude of satisfaction with our present and complacent program distresses me greatly.

A truly disappointing fact in my opinion is that these "put and take" trout of yours, or a good percentage of them never contribute to Pennsylvania's future fish population under present laws and policies. They are simply a money drain each year—money that could create, with time, true sport fishing for trout and other desirable fish in Pennsylvania.

I feel it necessary to admit that I realize there are several true trout streams in Pennsylvania. We are also gaining one or two "fish for sport" areas over the years. But this is not enough. Most true trout fishing streams are out of reach to the working angler.

My solution? Certainly not foolproof or easy nor immediately conceived. However, we do need a big step in the right direction.

Why Must We?

A. Have a ridiculous 6" limit on any trout, other than our small native brook trout, where it is abundant enough to warrant this. What if we tried 12"?

B. Stock mostly easily caught and usually kept legal size trout. Why not more fingerlings?

C. Continue to excessively stock rainbow trout that we know won't spawn and usually won't even stay in our streams. Couldn't we use the more easily adapted brooks and browns?

D. Why can we not create a true spring sport for all seasons in Pennsylvania?

Maybe your readers have improvements they could suggest? There should be room for many more.

Wayne R. Kunkleman, Jr., Yardley, Pa.

H. Ford Hume, Jr., Levittown, Pa.

I believe that you have legitimate questions and I am very pleased to have the opportunity to answer.

Question #1: Why do we have a ridiculous 6-inch limit on trout other than our small native brook trout? Why don't we have a 12-in limit?

The answer to this question is very simple. There are a good many people who are unable to distinguish the species of trout; therefore, to have a limit specifically for the brook trout would be very unrealistic and very discouraging to those who couldn't tell one species from another. Wild brook trout rarely, if ever, reach 12 inches. If we set the limit for brown and rainbow at 12 inches, we would have far less trout to stock because our hatcheries produce by pounds and not particularly by lengths, and many trout would have to be held in the hatcheries for two years to attain this size. If the limit were 12 inches, the people would demand that we stock all 12-inch fish since a good portion of our anglers like to take home some evidence of their enjoyment. Although anglers often say they would take less fish if they were bigger, we find this is not always true.

Question #2: Why do we stock mostly easily caught and usually legal size trout? Why not fingerlings?

We stock legal size trout because this is the only way we can produce consistent fishing in any situation. Prior to 1928 we did not have a transportation system which could haul legal trout. Under the fingerling stocking program our trout stocking areas literally went to pot. We know now that in most cases 2 percent or less of stocked fingerlings survive to be caught by the anglers. Therefore, to produce the fishing the anglers demand, we must stock catchable fish.

continued on page 24



"No, we're not playing hooky, the teachers are on strike."

IF YOU LIKE CATCHING BASS
AND DON'T MIND SOME
ANXIOUS MOMENTS WHEN
IT'S TOUCH AND GO
WHETHER YOUR LINE WILL
TANGLE THEN MAYBE IT'S
TIME YOU TRIED . . .



ANOTHER BASS hits the net! Fishing the lilies of "melon" patches can really be productive—if you can keep them from tangling in all the vegetation.

bass

IN A MELON PATCH

by

DON SHINER

IT WAS MUCH LIKE FISHING in a cabbage field, or maybe a melon patch. Whatever the analogy, the pond, one of four sandwiched between hills in the Endless Mountain region in northeastern Pennsylvania, had acres of lily pads so thick that there seemed to be more vegetation than water. Here we sat, our boat locked in the center of the pad field, skipping weedless spoons over the foliage. And it paid off. We caught bass up to six-pound size. Bucket-size largemouth bass blew sizeable holes in the thick foliage to enable them to grab our baits. We had some of the best fishing imaginable.

I got to thinking this day how fishermen work shore lines, and fringes of stump-filled and weed choked bays and

coves for bass, but sometimes fail to move right into the midst of this cover. Of course, many dislike the headaches that inevitably come with fishing this kind of cover—snagged lures, cut or frayed lines and the loss of a few bass. But fishing in heavy cover can be surprisingly easy and productive when one uses good weedless spoons and heavy mono-lines and rods. One can very often drag in monstrous size bass. You may be successful in landing only one in, say, three. But it's action, the kind that can make your hair stand on end.

Frederic Keifer and I were spending several days camped in his camper-trailer, and sampling bass fishing in four small ponds—Jennings, Chamberland, Sharp and Nigger

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Pond, all located within a few miles of each other in a scenic area almost on par with the Austrian Alps. We passed up the open water in these ponds and moved into the center of the huge fields of lilies.

We cast weedless spoons with pork-rind tails into the midst of this thick cover. We retrieved line rather slowly so that our spoons slid, sometimes hopped, from one pad to another. We seldom got hung up except on bass that exploded sizeable holes in the matted foliage. We drove steel into their tough jaws and reeled line like mad to skid them across the pads and into our big landing net. Occasionally one succeeded in diving through an opening between pads and winding line around stems. Sometimes they were gone by the time we rowed through the heavy cover. Then again, some remained hooked solidly.

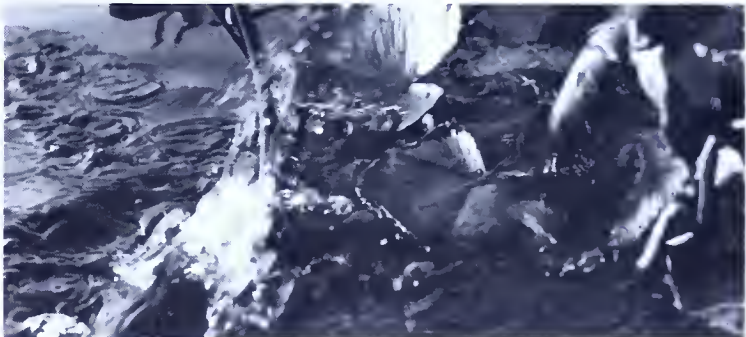
I suspect that bass stay in this jungle year-round, perhaps moving less than fifty-feet in a lifetime. They have luxuriant living on frogs, song birds, dragon flies and night-prowling moths that live near or in lilies too. As the bass grow in size they become expert at belting whatever appears in the cup size openings between the leaves.

We returned home convinced that heavy cover, the kind that has more weeds, leaves and logs than water, is the most productive place in the bass pond. With heavy tackle, one can usually handle some of the lunkers that live in this thick jungle. But win or lose, there's hair-raising excitement in battling them. You may even bite through the stem of your brier pipe, as Fred did one day.

Arm yourself with a few weedless lures, preferably spoons, this bass season. Then go where the action is—in the heaviest cover you can find in the pond. It's not unlike fishing in a melon patch, but you'll catch big bass, of the kind that you thought only existed in the deep south, in many Pennsylvania ponds.



WEEDLESS SPOONS are a must for fishing in a jungle of lily pads like this. Fisherman Frederic Keifer gives one a toss from the bow of the rowboat.



SWIRLING BASS can quickly tangle in pads so it's necessary to bring them in as fast as possible.

A WEEDLESS SPOON skims across the lily pads, attracting bass top side.



BIG DADDY DAY



A TRIO OF YOUNGSTERS pause during their ride around the lake to watch some of the rest of the group fishing.

"BIG DADDY DAY" at the Coachmen's Club

IT'S A WARM, SUNNY JULY day at the Coachmen's Club on Patterson Road in Lawrence County, near New Castle, and nearly one hundred percent of the members are present—it's "Big Daddy Day."

This day at the Coachmen's Club is very special—its the day the Conservation Club entertains crippled children from the Lawrence County Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

D. O. Davies, founder and general chairman of this annual event says that, in addition to entertaining the children, the program is sponsored by the club to open a new area of outdoor living for handicapped children. During the outing the children enjoy motor boat rides around the man-made lake on the club grounds and while the boats tour the lake the shoreline is dotted with boys and

girls, standing, stooping and some sitting in wheelchairs with fishing rods in hand, to see who can catch the most and the largest fish. Some of the other children are enjoying pony rides or even a ride around the grounds in a township fire truck.

Those in wheelchairs get lots of help because there are plenty of club members to aid them in fishing and enjoying the rides. A lunch is served and prizes awarded for the most and largest fish caught. And there are many prizes for the rest—no one goes away without something.

The parents of the children say the children look forward to "Big Daddy Day" like they do Christmas. Usually about 35 to 50 attend this annual picnic.

The Coachmen, strong believers in conservation of natural resources go all out for human conservation that day.



SCENES taken during the Coachmen's "Big Daddy Day"—a happy outing at the Club's artificial lake for crippled children from Lawrence County.



by ED KOCH

MIDGES FOR TOUGH TROUT

STANDING WAIST DEEP in the tail of a pool fifteen feet from the overhanging brush of the far bank, I had spent almost an hour casting to three fish feeding as consistently as a metronome. I had changed flies at least a dozen times—from dries, to terrestrials, to midge nymphs—and hadn't hooked the first fish.

On numerous casts with a #20 black midge, #22 black ant, #22 jassid and #20 short shank midge nymphs, each of the trout were enticed into a scrutinizing look at the fly only to turn away at the last second. The casts were almost perfect, the float just right; yet all three trout refused the various imitations time after time. The entire episode was a slow, careful, methodical presentation—without avail. The trout weren't spooked, for they continued to feed regularly. This in itself was somewhat gratifying, for I well remember not too many years prior had I been in this same predicament, I would have been frustrated, fuming, and frantic.

Reeling in line, I tore the tiny midge from the 7x tippet, dropped it in the box, and stood for a few minutes trying to put together pieces of past experiences that might help solve my immediate dilemma. For the fifth or sixth time since trying to fool those selective rascals, I peered intently at the surface of the water, straining to pick out what it was they were feeding on. A full minute or more, I stared, my eyes only inches from the surface, unable to detect any type of insect life. It was late May, and I was fishing the "fly area" on the Yellow Breeches at Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania.

In desperation, I reached into the back pocket of my vest, pulled out Don DuBois's "match the hatch" net and held it in the water for a half minute or so. Sure enough, upon checking the contents I found a tiny black fly—spinner—with wings extended and small tails. The tails and wings were dun gray, the body slender and black. Knowing what to look for I again gazed at the surface and, sure enough, there were the tiny spinners, perfectly spent with wings out flat floating by in a steady stream. I realized why the tiny ant fooled the trout into coming up for a "look see." Were these trout so selective they could tell the difference between a spent spinner size 24 or 28 and a small fur-bodied ant of the same size? "Impossible—no trout is that darn smart or sophisticated," I kept telling myself as I rummaged through half a dozen different boxes looking for a fly that might vaguely resemble the tiny spinner. Finding nothing, I tied on a #28 midge with gray body and gray hackle. After twenty more minutes of frustrating casting, I gave up. "Might as well go home and tie a few," I decided, wading to the bank although I still wasn't convinced that those crazy browns could or would be so selective.

Sitting at the fly-tying bench, I debated whether to use

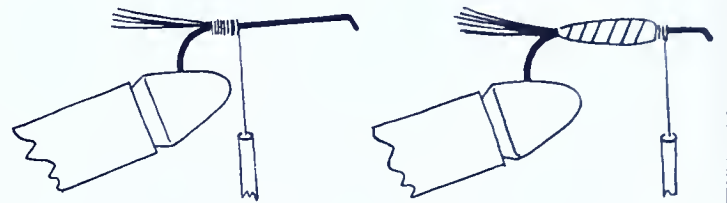


FIGURE ONE

FIGURE TWO

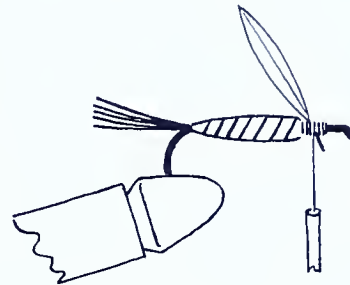


FIGURE THREE

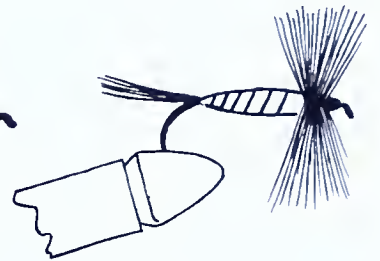
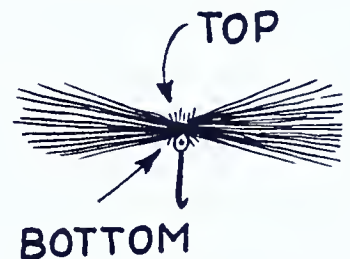


FIGURE FOUR

HACKLE CLIPPED



Hook—Size 24 or 28

Tail—Black hackle fibers

Body—Black thread

Wings—Black hackle,

trimmed top and bottom

FRONT VIEW

FIGURE FIVE

Insert hook in vise. Tie on thread directly above the barb of the hook. Tie on three black hackle fibers for tail (sketch #1). Wrap body, two thirds up the length of hook shank with tying thread (sketch #2). Tie in small black hackle with fibers stripped from bottom of stem (sketch #3). Wrap three or four turns of hackle. Tie off. Clip off hackle tip. Whip finish head (sketch #4). Fly now resembles a variant, tail, body, hackle, no wings. Clip hackle straight across top and bottom of hook. A few fibers remain extended on each side (sketch #5). The wings now resemble the spent or outstretched wings of the spinner.

a gold-plated 28 or the bronzed 24 hook. Would the bright gold color be noticeable on such a small fly? Would it make a difference? How much? To be safe, I decided on the 24's very sparsely dressed. Using dark blue dun hackle fibers—three of them for the tail, black nymph thread for the body dubbed very fine with dyed black rabbit fur and a tiny dun hackle tied variant style—I removed the first sample from the vise. The top and bottom of the hackle were trimmed leaving just a few fibers extending from each side to simulate the spent wings. Pretty close, I thought, tying up three more. Anxious to give them a try, I dropped them into the compartment of the fly box and put it in the vest. Back to the stream for another session—and test.

Sure enough, the three trout were still actively feeding. Carefully wading into position, I smoked a cigarette and let

continued on page 26



by CARSTEN AHRENS
Ranger Naturalist, Retired
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

SAVE WILDERNESS

SOMETHING THERE IS IN MAN that struggles stubbornly to get away occasionally from proper clothing, the daily shave, TV, monthly meetings, the "First" church, committees, theater, and the like.

It would be off to hobnob with living, distant things that are at once contemporary and ordinary, yet ageless and unusual. It isn't satisfied with just recalling.

. . . the almost immortalizing gift of sight . . .

Anyone can share a Wordsworthian thrill of seeing in solitude through memory's eye that host of golden daffodils. But man must see each year, and not vicariously, the gold of adder's tongues, swamp marigolds, goldenrods; crimson velvet of cardinal flowers, bee balm; rich orange of butterfly milkweed; pink of shooting stars, wild geraniums, pasture roses; white of Queen Anne's lace, cascades of clematis, hill sides of trilliums; blues of bluets, bugloss, chicory.

. . . oh, what a pity I've only one nose . . .

It wants to know again at decent intervals the smell of the sea even before it surges into view; the odors of things changing with the seasons: spring clusters of locust, summer water lilies, autumn wild asters; the aromas of ripening things: peaches, apples, grapes, drying nuts, harvested grain, hay curing under summer sun; sage brush or pine trees in the rain.

. . . oh, taste and perceive . . .

And the taste of wild things! Wild strawberries, hidden in the grass; dewberries, black against the sand; blueberries, purpling the mountainsides; ripe wild plums; serviceberries or sugar plums as they are sometimes called; dense elderberry clusters, taut with juice.

Spicy twigs of birch, and the lower, tender stem of timothy seem made just for chewing.

Thornapples are worth sampling, though their big seeds leave little room for flesh. If you are expert, fall and spring mushrooms shouldn't be overlooked . . . but only if you're expert.

Someone has said that happiness is two stones and a handful each of hazel-, butter-, hickory-, or walnuts.

. . . he that hath ears to hear . . .

Some wild things have sounds that happily have not a semblance of the current song: the croon of dawn winds in evergreens, the roar of waves on rocks, or the whisper of a slender, distant waterfall.

Migrating swan and wild geese drop eerie incantations

continued on page 25

HIKERS stroll along a trail in Cook Forest.

by
SAM HOSSLER

STOCKING OF Big Deer Creek attracted quite a crowd this spring (right) when trout raised by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission were released in the stream. Included in those attending the stocking were Gene Shaw, publisher of "Outdoor People," and Thomas J. Foerster, Allegheny County Commissioner (below left). Fishermen then had their first crack at the trout put in the stream when the season opened Saturday, April 13 (below right).



REBIRTH OF A STREAM

ALLEGHENY COUNTY IS NOW BLESSED with a new fishing stream. Big Deer Creek had been polluted with mine acid from Dorseyville down stream to its mouth at the Allegheny River for as long as could be remembered. Perhaps the early settlers of Allegheny Valley enjoyed fishing here before the mines, but from that time to this it has been barren of aquatic life.

With the advent of the Pennsylvania Clean Streams Law and the closing of the loopholes in it, West Deer Sportsmen Club in conjunction with the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League undertook the challenge of bringing this stream back to life. Years of hard work followed, meetings with

mine owners, water analysis samples and many disappointments. It all has finally paid off. The stream now stocked with trout by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission provides enjoyment for hundreds of fishing families.

Gabions will be placed in the stream this summer when water conditions are more favorable. The Boy Scouts along with the sportsmen of the area have volunteered their services to complete this project.

Big Deer is the first stream in Allegheny county to be reclaimed since the clean streams law became effective, and is hopefully the beginning of a long list of new waters to be found here.





ANYONE WHO DOES ANY HIGHWAY DRIVING DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A CAMPER TO KNOW THAT CAMPING IS A BIG SPORT IN THE KEYSTONE STATE. VEHICLES LOADED WITH CAMPING GEAR OR PULLING A CAMPING TRAILER ARE ABOUT AS FREQUENT AS THE SIGNS ALONG THE ROADWAYS. IT'S A BIG SPORT THAT'S DESTINED TO BECOME EVEN BIGGER. WHY?

by

BILL COCHRAN

THE TENT, long standing symbol of the outdoorsman, has grown in size and convenience until now families can easily and comfortably enjoy them, although the popular travel trailers and pickup campers have fast been established as part of the camper's inventory.

WHAT MAKES CAMPING GROW

WHEN I STARTED CAMPING several years back, the sport was almost entirely indulged in by hairy-chested outdoorsmen. These stubble-bearded characters rarely camped for the sake of camping. They were out after game or fish, and camping was part of the overall adventure. It was seldom you saw a woman camping.

But now most campers are family groups, including women and children. You may still find some campers of the old, rugged stripe, but they are no longer typical.

Some 50 million Americans went on camping trips last year, recreation officials report. Even more are expected to camp this year.

In short, camping has rapidly become one of the nation's

favorite types of recreation. It is considered the "In" vacation for millions of people, many who are far from the rugged outdoor type, yet who seek the thrill of at least a pale version of pioneer life.

It has been interesting—even somewhat amazing—to watch the changes in camping during the past ten years. The whole thing might be paraphrased through the actions of a friend of mine. About five years ago he almost scoffed at me for camping. Why would anyone want to punish himself, staying out in a tent with bugs and bears and poison oak, he asked.

There was no use trying to explain it to him. He wouldn't understand the magic of a campfire, the mystery of the woods at night, the tingling aroma of camp food cooking, the satisfaction of going down to a calm lake at sunset and catching the glimpse of a big buck. These things you can't force on a man.

But my friend, somehow, discovered them for himself. He suddenly became interested in camping. He wanted to know what tent to buy. He asked about other camping gear.

He bought a tent, sleeping bags, stove—the works. He even bought a boat. He and his wife are solid campers now. In fact they probably get out under canvas more than I do.

Such has been the growth of camping. Possibly the greatest contributors in making camping such a popular sport may be listed under six headings.

First, camping is an expression of an over-urbanized population groping for sanity. Camping provides a needed, and refreshing, change for every member of the family. It is a return to simple things, to nature, to carefree living.

Some people say they go camping to get away from it all. Under closer examination, they likely go camping to get back to it all—to be closer to the environment from which man sprang.

Camping has a way of cleansing a man's senses.

There is no clock to worry about. Meals are quick, simple and extra good. The rising sun warms the tent. Birds provide the music. The rush of wind in the pines or the babble of a stream is a nighttime lullaby.

Secondly, camping is a sport that fits all ages. It is great for young parents who want to go places and see things—and take along the kids too. It frees them from the shadow of home and gives them a vacation when they would not otherwise be able to enjoy one.

I think camping is at its very best when it is a shared family experience. I pity the children who grow up without the joy of getting to go camping.

Camping is also great for the older parents with older children, because it is something they can all enjoy in common. It helps bind families into a closer unit, and we need to do more of that these days.

Of course camping is also enjoyed by retired folks and young married couples. It has something for everyone.

Thirdly, camping has grown because it is inexpensive and fun. Camping out costs much less than staying in a motel or hotel. Cooking over an open fire or on a camp stove is not only fun, but it costs less than eating in a restaurant.

I have kept records of some of my extended camping trips and they show I have often camped out for less money than I would have spent had I stayed home.

The Coleman camp equipment people recently published a comparative cost chart which shows that a family of four will pay an average of \$27 a day eating in a restaurant while the same family can eat identical meals while camping at an average cost of less than \$10 daily. Over a nine-day period the restaurant meals add up to \$242.10 while the camp meals cost \$87.56—a savings of \$154.54.

Comparative daily lodging shows that a family of four can camp for an average of \$3 a night, including campground fee and camp equipment cost depreciation, while the same family will spend \$17 a night in a motel. Over a nine-day period, the camper spends \$27.00 for lodging while the family in the motel spends \$153—a savings of \$126 for the camper.

While in college and during the couple years that followed, I took extensive trips across the country. I would not have been able to see nearly so much had I not camped along the way.

A forth big contributor to the rapid growth of family campings is the ingenious equipment available today. American manufacturers have produced camping gear in recent years that has mostly offset the inconveniences once associated with this outdoor sport.

Such equipment takes little of the pioneer flavor out of camping, but it very definitely adds many of the conveniences and comforts modern people like. The equipment is light and portable, yet rugged, dependable and versatile.

Tents, for example, are lighter in weight, gayer in color, more spacious, and easier to erect. They contain such features as large airy doors and windows completely



TRAVEL TRAILERS (above) are being used more and more by the camping public. Numerous facilities provided by government and private interests have made the sport more easily enjoyed by the traveling camping family.



screened and with storm flaps. They have sewed-in floors and awnings.

Modern stoves make camp cooking easy, gasoline lanterns chase away the night, coolers make it possible to have a wide variety of food, and sleeping gear assures a good night's rest.

When it comes to cooking there are now a great variety of easy to keep, easy to prepare foods available, some of them made especially for the camper.

A fifth factor in the growth of camping is mobility. We are a nation on wheels.

Modern highways and modern automobiles make it possible for a family to jump into their car in the afternoon, drive 50 to 100 miles, leaving the city well behind, and be camping in a remote area that night.

It makes it possible for a camping family of average means to travel across the country, moving rapidly from one campground to another on the way.

Camping equipment has adapted to the mobility of our age. It is compact and lightweight. It packs well into a regular car trunk or a station wagon.

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AN INCREASING NUMBER OF
HOUSEBOATS ARE APPEARING
ON PENNSYLVANIA'S WATERWAYS
SO IF YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR
A HOME AWAY FROM HOME THEN
PERHAPS WHAT YOU'VE REALLY
BEEN LOOKNG FOR IS A . . .

HOME on the WAVES

*photos
and
text*

by
**DENNIS
O'NEIL**

HOUSEBOAT is launched into the Allegheny at Hide-away Harbor Marina, not far from downtown Pittsburgh. It's one of several hundred that will cruise Pennsylvania's many waters this summer.

YOU'RE THE SKIPPER.

You stand at the helm and watch the bow plow the water as you head for the main channel.

You glide effortlessly along a shady bank, overhung with willow branches. You pull into the shallows, stop and unlimber your fishing rod.

You send a plug arching toward a likely spot near shore, and think about the day. . . .

Children diving from the decks, swimming, fishing, water skiing; the first mate bathing in the sun's rays and keeping the floating household shipshape.

Soon . . . dinner and a comfortable sleep with the rhythmic movement of the water for a mattress.

You're the captain—for a day, weekend, week or however long—of one of the newest and most popular methods of getting away from it all: houseboating.

Not really new, of course. Noah built a very famous houseboat; Mark Twain wrote thousands of words about houseboating, however crude, on the Mississippi.

Today's houseboats are revolutionary. They have captured the adventuresome hearts of lifelong boating enthusiasts and others who have never ventured beyond terra firma.

Today's houseboats can be luxurious or utilitarian in design, large or small in size and high or moderately-priced.

Today's houseboats fly off the production lines or are painstakingly fitted in garage workshops.

They have undoubtedly created an explosion in the boat-



HOUSEBOATERS Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson aboard new houseboat they purchased during the spring to use on Western Pennsylvania's waterways. Boaters for the past five years, its their first houseboat after owning nine other boats.



ing industry. Manufacturers lament that they can't fill customer orders fast enough.

On Western Pennsylvania waterways, and surely throughout the rest of the state, houseboats have taken their place, prominently, alongside cruisers and runabouts at the docks.

But why houseboating? What's the attraction? Will the boom last?

Houseboating goes back long before Noah's time. Primitive rafts, lashed together with vines, were used by early man.

They moved at the whim of the current, and were at the mercy of the elements.

A pole to push and guide the raft and a crude lean-to solved the problems of propulsion and protection.

These were the first houseboats.

The living quarters were gradually improved and man used the craft as a floating base of operations, stopping to gather food and moving on at his will.

Oars, sails and hulls that could cut the water evolved slowly.

Boats grew in size and mariners grew in courage as unknown waters were conquered and culture and civilization spread throughout the world.

After Noah's floating hotel there were Cleopatra's floating barges; sampans squeezed into the harbors and rivers of China; rough-hewn trapper's houseboats in North America; Mississippi River houseboats of Huckleberry Finn vintage; and the extravagant floating palaces of the very rich at the beginning of the 20th Century.

High taxes and the depression forced the latter to dry dock.

Houseboats made a slight comeback in the 1930's and pre-World War II years. But their image had changed.

They were now cramped in size, boxy looking. They gained a reputation as "river shanties."

Those years may have been the low point of houseboat-

ing. But it wasn't finished. It would make a come-back, its popularity enhanced, its image changed.

The beginning of this transition generally is thought to have occurred in the early 1960's.

There was a lot of water between houseboats before 1965. Until then, the speed was not there to capture the boater's fancy. And the quality and convenience of today's models were absent.

Houseboats can now get 30 miles per hour out of 200-plus horsepower engines—a speed comparable to that of cruisers.

But "comparable" features usually aren't sufficient to cause boatmen to change over.

Houseboats must offer something more.

"Living space is one of the big advantages of houseboats," asserts Howard Cumler, one of the early owners in Western Pennsylvania. "A 30-foot houseboat offers about the same square footage as a 40- or 45-foot cruiser."

Houseboat manufacturers have taken the lead from builders of campers and mobile homes. An inspection of an interior bears many resemblances to its land-roving counterpart.

There is a minimum of wasted space. Everything that is needed to be self-sufficient on the water is right at hand: fully-equipped galley, sleeping quarters, toilet and shower.

Evan Ford, at 19 his own boss in the houseboat building business, believes that today's models fulfill the true definition of "houseboat"—house AND boat—so that people, families particularly, can really enjoy living and traveling at the same time.

Ford, who says houseboats are selling three to one over cruisers, claims the market will get even bigger.

"I believe I could sell a boat a week—even more than that," exclaims Ford. To increase his production capacity,

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HOME on the WAVES

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HOUSEBOATS can now be found sharing dock space beside a variety of other craft in most of the state's marinas.

he will expand his business at West Elizabeth on the Monongahela River to a round-the-clock operation.

At Hideaway Harbor Marina, a few miles up the Allegheny River from Pittsburgh, a significant number of houseboats occupy dock space. It wasn't that way four years ago.

The cruiser was king then. There were no challengers to the throne.

Today the cruiser is still king, to be sure. But houseboating is making a challenge.

Houseboat sales represent about 10 per cent of the total market, according to Cumler. But that 10 per cent has been achieved in just a few short years.

Hideaway Harbor sold 19 houseboats in 1965. It sold 32 the following year.

Houseboats sail more frequently from the quiet Hideaway cove. This picture is generally true of the marinas up and down the rivers.

How far up and down what rivers?

Houseboaters (all boaters, in fact) are blessed with a fine network of waterways in Western Pennsylvania.

The view from port or starboard may be downtown skyscrapers or unspoiled forests, with the entire gamut of suburban life between.

From marinas houseboaters strike in several directions in quest of good fishing, good scenery or good adventure.

On the Monongahela River, a twisting, north-flowing waterway that, with the Allegheny, forms the Ohio River at Pittsburgh, houseboaters can travel about 140 miles upstream to Fairmont, W. Va.

On the Allegheny they can navigate about 72 miles upstream to the East Brady area.

Boat travel on the Ohio is unlimited. . . . All the way to the Mississippi.

One district houseboater parks his boat in Florida during the winter, then enjoys a leisurely and interesting trip back for the summer.

James McLellan, with his wife and two sons, is operating their 30-foot houseboat for the third summer. He docks at the Valley Marina on the Ohio River.

"If I had my way, we'd close up the house and live on the boat," says McLellan in earnest.

The McLellans have traveled on all three major rivers—on the Ohio as far as Marietta, Ohio.

"The boys fish from it, swim for it, ski from it," McLellan says of their houseboat.

Thomas J. Wilson, a businessman, and his wife have been boating for five years and owned nine boats before they ordered their first houseboat—a 33-footer—last fall.

"We got houseboat fever," said Wilson. "We saw a lot of them on the river."

The thing the Wilsons like about their houseboat is the roominess and the safety features. "There's less chance of our grandchildren falling overboard," they claim.

For the sportsman, houseboats offer special advantages.

The hull construction enables traveling in shallow water—as little as 18 inches deep depending on the make and model—to get to the more remote areas where the good fishing may be.

Sportsmen can use houseboats for fishing and hunting camps, conveniently anchored where the action is. And easily moved to where the action is tomorrow.

And the sportsman on a shoestring need not pump a pile of money into purchase of a houseboat: he can rent it, perhaps jointly with his fishing buddies.

The rental market for houseboats, although not extensive, does exist. A check with a nearby marina, or a marina in the area where you may wish to fish or travel, can usually uncover possibilities for a rental.

Experienced boatmen claim that even novices can operate houseboats safely and easily.

There is something for everyone in houseboating.

Whether you're the Huck Finn type, the serious sportsman or a family man whose prime concern is the recreation and wholesome living of your children, houseboating may be your bet.

The houseboat marketing people are betting on it, for a long time to come.

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

CAMPGROUND MEALS

MUST CAMPGROUND MEALS be routine—built around sandwiches, hamburgers and hot dogs? Not on your life! Just about any tasty dish you can prepare at home can be prepared outdoors as well.

Travel trailer owners, of course, have kitchen ranges complete with ovens built right into their compact unit. The tent camper of today has a wide variety of cooking equipment from which to choose.

Few campers now rely completely on a wood campfire for the preparation of all of their meals. Although there is nothing to equal the flavor of foods cooked over a roaring campfire, there are disadvantages. Wind and weather often combine forces to make the use of an open campfire impractical.

Most families today carry one or more types of portable stoves. Units fueled with white gas remain the most popular, although the usage of propane is increasing. White gasoline is the most economical fuel. You can considerably cut the cost of propane, however, by using bulk tanks rather than individual cylinders. The propane unit is perhaps the easiest to use as it does not require being pumped up prior to use.

Less popular but available are small stoves heated by alcohol and even hibachis on which you can broil a steak over crumpled newspapers. Some campers carry a folding charcoal grill and a bag of briquets.

Regardless of type of stove used there is an endless variety of menus that can be prepared. Most campgrounds whether state or private are located within easy driving distance of grocery stores. Fresh meats and vegetables are easily attainable. Many campgrounds sell basic supplies and ice to preserve the freshness of your food stuffs.

Grocery stores nowadays provide quite an array of up-to-the-minute products. Use of prepared mixes singly or in combination with other ingredients makes it easy for the camp cook to serve appetizing meals with a minimum of fuss and bother. These short cuts enable Mom to join family fun without spending the whole day cooking.

You'll probably discover as our family has that you'll use more of these convenience foods while camping than you do at home. In your grocer's freezer, you'll find tasty meats complete with gravy which heat right in their own foil pans, and make delicious hot sandwiches. Foil packaged

mixes help you to easily turn the lowly hamburger into spicy sloppy joes, chili or spaghetti sauce. Already cleaned and prepared bags of frozen vegetables for stew save the work of scraping and cleaning. Other frozen and packaged potatoes save the cook a lot of preparation time.

You don't even have to miss freshly baked dessert. A folding portable oven is distributed by one of the leading campstove manufacturers. Many campers carry reflector ovens which can be placed beside an open campfire. This method requires more attention, but with care produces excellent results. Other campers bake biscuits or pies in a cast iron dutch oven with hot coals at the bottom and on the lid.

Any grocery store near the campground will have an assortment of pies, coffee cakes, sweet rolls and cookies in the frozen foods department. Most are in disposable foil pans and need only to be warmed. Canned or instantly mixed puddings also make a quick dessert.

If your family likes to back-pack, consider ultra-light-weight items such as dry packets of soup mixes and beverages. Camping supply stores and mail order houses carry a full line of dehydrated freeze-dried meals that are easy to carry and reconstitute with water.

Cooking utensils vary from specially-purchased nestling pans to cast iron cookware; recently to modern teflon-coated pans from the kitchen at home. Pots can be kept from blackening by coating them with ordinary dish-washing detergent.

Regardless of the type of cookware or stove you use, you can, with a little practice, turn out culinary masterpieces outdoors to suit every individual taste. There's just one important point to keep in mind . . . no matter what menu you choose be sure to prepare plenty! Campers share one common trait—a hearty appetite.

INFORMATION CENTERS . . .

Ever wonder where you can get instant information about fishing or boating in the Keystone state? Try one of the more than 600 Blue Book Agents of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, located throughout the state.

Each week these helpful information centers receive up-to-date fishing reports compiled on a state-wide basis. For a complete list of these helpful information centers write: "Information Centers," The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.



by GEORGE FORREST, Chief
Public Relations Division

photos by TOM CLARK
Public Relations Representative



PICTURES SHOW some of the activities at the first Coho release into tributaries of Lake Erie. Spectators (upper left) watch pond as planks are pulled (lower left) while someone (above) holds one of more than 90,000 Coho that were released in the Commonwealth this year.

COHOS... THE BIG GAMBLE



The most exciting conversation piece in Pennsylvania Fishing news during the past year has been the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's experimental coho salmon program.

The coho, hardiest of all the pacific salmon, has stirred the imagination of Pennsylvania anglers ever since the nation learned of Michigan's successful program when cohos produced fantastic fishing in Lake Michigan last season.

Angling blood pressures soared when cohos in the 10 to 20 pound class were reported in contrast to the current world record of a 31 pound coho landed 20 years ago in British Columbia.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission fishery biologists admit the program is a big gamble for no one knows for certain if the coho, after migration, will mature and return to its place of origin to provide excellent fishing for Pennsylvania anglers.

However, the cost of the experimental program is so low and the potential returns so high, the usually cautious biologists appear willing to take the gamble.

Pennsylvania's experimental coho program began in October, 1966 when token plantings were made in Upper

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



CARS LINED the road near the release areas (above) while Dan and Howard Wilson lift gates to release fish (upper right).



Woods Pond, Wayne County and in Harveys Lake, Luzerne County. These lakes were selected because they could be screened to prevent the natural instinctive migration of the fish.

In late March, 1968 about 4,000 fingerlings ranging from four to six inches were planted in the tributaries of the Octoraro Creek, Lancaster County. Some may remain landlocked in the Chester-Octoraro Reservoir while others may find a way out of the impoundment, migrate down the Octoraro, into the Susquehanna River, thence to the Chesapeake Bay and on into the Atlantic Ocean. When they have reached maturity, it is hoped they will return to the waters of the Octotraro Creek below the reservoir to spawn.

In early May, 1968, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission released approximately 6,000 cohos from four to six inches in Brodheads Creek, Monroe County, Bushkill Creek, Northampton County and the Brandywine Creek, Chester County, all tributaries to the Delaware River.

These streams were selected for experimental plantings because they were able to support trout and all empty into the Delaware River below the proposed Tocks Island Dam. The Brandywine Creek flows through Chester County, passes through the State of Delaware and discharges into the upper Delaware River estuary where the migrating fish can travel into Delaware Bay and thence into the Atlantic Ocean.

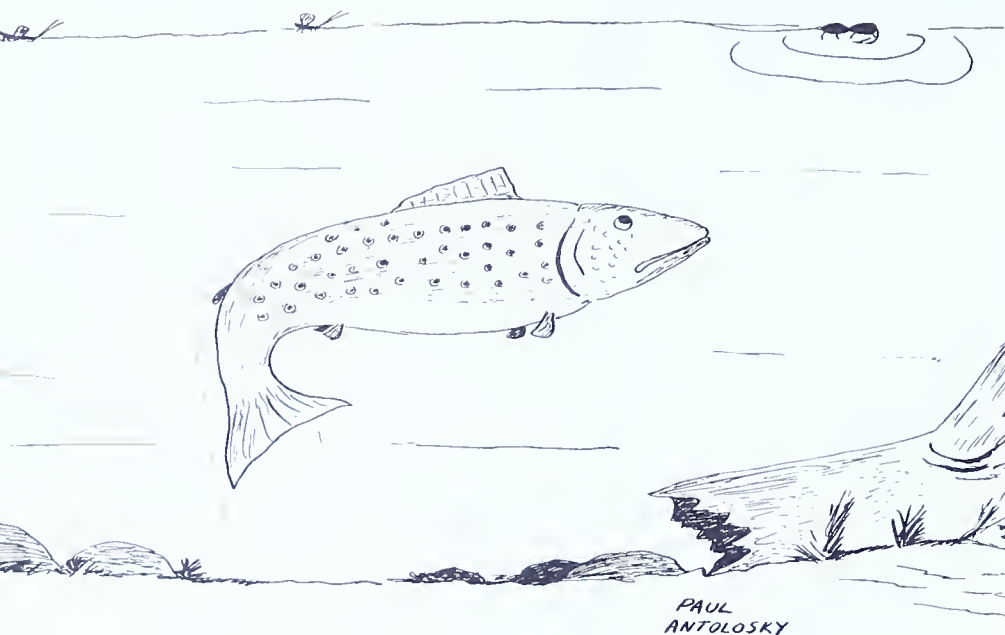
More than 80,000 coho smolts or yearling cohos, six to nine inches, were released from ponds on tributaries to Lake Erie in May, 1968. All were marked by removing the adipose fin. After migrating from the tributaries into Lake Erie the young cohos are expected to feed on the abundant gizzard shad and smelt and make rapid growth.

After two years in Lake Erie it is hoped the cohos will mature and return to the vicinity of the tributaries where they were originally released and provide excellent fishing for Pennsylvania anglers.



ONLOOKERS gathered in areas where Cohos were released (above) while included among those attending the release were Chuck Cain, Jay Bailey, and Bill Morgan, (right) of the Erie County Tourist and Convention Committee.





FOR A REAL TROUT FISHING PICNIC

TAKE ANTS

by PAUL ANTOLOSKY,
Superintendent
H. R. Stackhouse Training School

FOR CENTURIES SURFACE FEEDING trout have exasperated the fly fishermen to such an extent that only those who have experienced this frustration can truly appreciate this dilemma. And, I am sure for many more years to come, future fishermen will be coping with the same problem involved with using imitations for the finicky surface feeding trout. I personally hope that nobody ever completely solves this fascinating riddle, and I feel quite confident that nobody will. Once casting to a rising trout and taking one on every cast is possible, fly fishing for trout would soon lose all the attraction that it now commands. I suppose a lot of progress has been made since the day Isaac Walton started it all, but the mystery still remains to tax the most ingenious of fishermen.

Over the years I have wondered, aloud oftentimes, how on earth a creature such as a fish, supposedly a lesser form of life than we *Homo sapiens*, continues to display such remarkable selectivity as shown when they are on a selective feeding spree. How can they possibly turn down a size 16 imitation of a Light Cahill time and time again, and then take a size 18, same pattern? Or when they are fooling, and I didn't say feeding, they almost have to be kidding when they are feeding on the small punkies, or "no see-uns." Can you imagine how many of these minute insects it would take to fill the belly of a four pound brown trout? I often think that they just snack on these just as we would pluck a cherry or a plum, or take a chocolate drop when not really hungry—just something to satisfy that little empty nook in the tummy.

But now, during the months of fishing left late in the season after the big hatches are gone, the selective feeding problem becomes just a little smaller. Terrestrial insects now come upon the scene in a big way. Beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, bees, and other forms of airborne terrestrials are all a part of the late season fly fisherman's collection of imitations. But you'll notice I haven't included ANTS in this grouping of insects. My reason is simple. I think they rate a classification of their own. The past few years have proven to me that they are so effective I

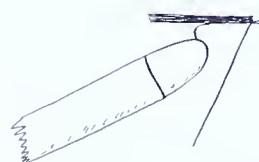


FIG. 1

Use deer body hair about two and a half times the length of the hook and about the thickness of a wooden match.

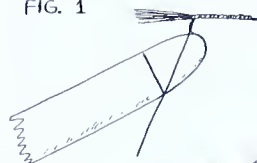


FIG. 2

Secure hair by wrapping from eye to bend of hook.

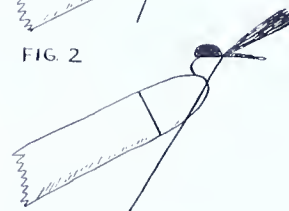


FIG. 3

Bring hair forward about one third the length of the hook and tie down, giving a hump effect.



FIG. 4

Wrap thread forward to eye, bring hair down forming the second hump. Secure, clip excess hair off, finish tying off. Varnish head.

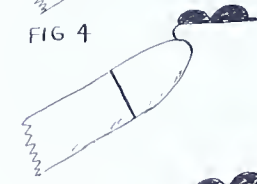


FIG. 5

Ant is now ready for plucking.

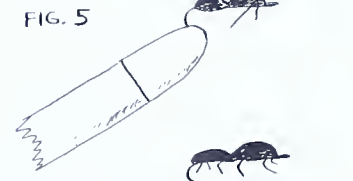


FIG. 6

Take bobbins or needle and pluck two or three hairs on each side of ant to give legged effect.

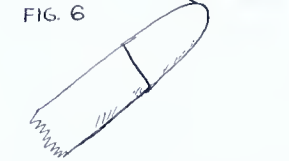


FIG. 7

Completed ant.

continued on page 32

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

ALLEGHENY RIVER RIDE

by VIRGIL SCHWIMMER

About 2:00 hours I was awakened by the thunder and sheets of rain, which we had seen coming earlier in the evening. Had we camped at the head of the island as we had first planned, we would have been flooded out. Two to three inches of rain fell that night on the Conewango watershed, and where we had intended our camp there was nine inches of water the next morning. In camping along our Allegheny River, one must set camp high, for summer storms are frequent and the Ol' River rises fast, as the hills along the watersheds allow a very quick run-off.

It might be well to mention a little of the very interesting history of Tidioute that has now become so famous for its October Fishing Tournaments held here each year.

Tidioute was a very busy place (as it also is today) in our Country's early history. The lumbering industry made this town the center of its business activities.

The Allegheny River here has grown to be a real Fishermen's Mecca. Lud Haller of Tionesta has really brought the fisherman here with his popular all-season long fishing contest with various, very generous prizes.

We were up and on our way early the morning of July 4th! The overnight rain had caused the river to rise about a foot and it was muddy and running heavy with grass and weeds, together with shoreside flotsam. The fishing from here on was spoiled for the next week or so and we were very much disappointed for we had planned slowing up and fishing at Trunkeyville and from here on down river for this is the home of some real lunker bass and muskellunge.

We crossed the Warren-Forrest County lines and entered White Oak chute, keeping to the right past White Oak Island, arriving at Trunkeyville about 9:05 hours. We tried to raise my friend Jimmy Connell at his camp, but evidently they were away, for there was no answer to our hails—we continued on through, but we could not help noticing how the weed beds had blossomed here in past few years. Continuing on our trip, we entered Scot's Eddy, swinging to the left shore for the run through Hemlock Eddy, past the three Hemlock Islands then cutting to the center of the river past Prathers Bar, East Hickory Creek and Prathers Island. Just below Prathers Island we swung back over to the best channel which is near the left shore here and held to the left on to West Hickory. We have learned that it is best to keep to the side of a river where the banks are cut the deepest for here is generally the deepest channel and best boating water. Just below where Siggin's Run enters the river, I caught my first black bass of the morning. It hit hard on an Old Reliable Lure that Jerry had given me and I had some real fun on the 4 lb. monofilament and spinning outfit.



THE CITY of Warren as seen from across the river at the Warren Launching ramp, looking down stream.



MANY BOATERS use the access area at Tidioute just above the Tidioute Bridge. Gasoline, groceries and other supplies are available here.



ISLAND PARK is another active place along the river. Many campers use the camping area and a boat launching ramp is available just below nearby Hunter Bridge of Route 62.

After passing to the left of Hickory Island we found it best to start swinging to the right past Dale's Island, preparing to run Dale's Gap and pass Middleton Islands. We then swung to the left at the foot of the second island into where the old towhead used to be near Tub's Run; then holding just right of center on past where the Tionesta Sand and Gravel Co. is working and on down to Tionesta Bridge. We pulled to the left and to the ramp, just below the bridge, early in the afternoon. Tying up here we went up the street to Harrington's Restaurant. After a good meal cooked just to our liking we went on up to visit our friend Lud Haller owner of a general store and tackle shop. Returning to our boat we decided to camp on the upper Tionesta Island just opposite the Tionesta Sand and Gravel

Company's island where we fished awhile after we had set up camp.

Sitting on a stump by the river's edge, listening to the bull frogs croak and watching the early mists of evening beginning to rise, it didn't take much for one's imagination to again people the Tionesta (or Home of the Wolves, as the Seneca Indians called it) valley with big, swarthy buck Indians fishing the stream and the squaws, with the Indian boys and girls, at their work and play. There are spots along the Allegheny as wild and unspoiled as in the days of yesteryear but only by taking a river cruise, such as ours, can these spots be seen and appreciated. It was here, so we have been told, that the squaws stretched brush weirs or fences across the shallows; then the buck Indians and boys would drive the fish into the weirs. It is said that here is where the custom of making fish cakes from the river suckers originated. The suckers, when taken in early spring, and firm of flesh, are delicious. This was one of the Indians' main fishing spots, here is where they would gather, laying in their supplies of fish cakes, which were seasoned and mixed with dried blue berries that had been harvested from the hilly valleys. They called this food pemmican and it was reputed to be highly nourishing. Warriors wore a necklace made of pemmican rings when on the warpath. This permitted them to keep on the move. Whenever they became hungry, they reached down and placed the necklace in their mouth, chewing on the pemmican while on their famous warpath dog trot. By doing this, they could travel a whole day's journey without stopping.

Bringing our stream side dreaming to an end, one cannot help but wonder what Chief Cornplanter (or KI-ON-Twog-Ky meaning Fair Waters) and some of his people would think if they could return and see the streams and the strip mined wastelands of today.

After nightfall, we tried a few surface plugs, but we were unable to get a rise from the fish mostly due to the muddy conditions of the rain swollen river. We retired early, hoping to spend part of the morning fishing this beautiful part of the river.

Up at daybreak we had an early breakfast and then broke camp. Real foggy this morning; we heard a few bass feeding on surface insects in the foggy morning mist. But a few casts with the ol' Crazy Crawler and Jitterbug just didn't seem to tempt them. On our way again we passed the thirteen Islands of the Tionesta group, keeping to the right shore downriver to Cushons Bars at the head of Hollman Eddy. At the foot of the last island, we swung over to the left upon entering Hollman's Eddy. We soon passed under Hunter Bridge at Hunter Station and then approached Hollman's Island, or, as it is now known, Island Park. Here Francis Kibbe has set up campsites, boat launch and sanitary facilities for summer campers. This spot has become quite popular with the campers and fishermen. Camp sites can be rented for the entire summer at a really low rate. This island can also be reached by automobile by taking the road at the end of Hunter's Bridge. Signs are placed there for the guidance of the public to this privately developed vacation spot.

We decided to keep on the move all day and swung to the center of the river, after passing Maplee Island, holding this center course on past Hemlock Creek Island, then on into Muskrat Eddy, where we swung over to the left shore

to pass McCray's Islands, again returning to the center upon entering Henry's Bend. We began to pull to the right hand channel for passing Pithole Islands at the mouth of Pithole Creek. We crossed over to the left here to enter Walnut Bend Eddy and held this course until past Walnut Island where we again veered to center where the deepest channel is and then held this course until a short distance above Downing's Bars where we began cutting real sharp to the right here for the deeper channel.

Below the bars again we steered to a center river course entering Horse Creek Eddy; until way past where Horse Creek enters the river and then started to slowly cut to the right shore, preparing to pass Horse Creek Islands. We held to just right of center until past Rockmere when we swung to the center for a short distance, then cutting to the left past Siverly. We kept to the left past Oil City and the Holiday Inn, centering our course between the left shore and the first pier of Oil City's Petroleum Street Bridge.

A word of caution to those who might like to make this river trip. This is one of the most rapid and treacherous of the white water stretches in the Upper Allegheny. Captain Fred Way, Jr. (author of the book entitled "The Allegheny") told me that he considers this the worst stretch of rapids. The river bed here falls about eleven feet in just a little more than one hundred feet of travel and there are some very dangerous large rocks, just below the surface. One should keep the load well back from the bow of the small boat (which we did but even then we shipped water). Boaters attempting this run must keep the boat *Headed Straight* through the rapids.

Should we have permitted the boat to swing broadside here, we would have capsized as some boaters have heretofore. It is always a relief to me when we get over this one. I keep a special sigh and prayer for this stretch of the river.

After passing Oil Creek, we again started to swing over to the right, entering Moran's Eddy, and held this course to Holidays Bars, until we swung to the center channel, cutting over to the left to pass Reno. There is a large sign erected here (by the Oil City Sand and Gravel Co., I believe) warning of the white water at their dredging operations. They also warn to keep clear of the *Barges*—the undertow in front of the barges is terrific and a small boat would be instantly sucked under, if too close. We swung to center from here on down past Two Mile Run and Two Mile Run Island and then we held left of center until we reached the head of McDowell's Island, which ends just where French Creek enters the river. Here we favored the channel toward the left hand shore, but not too close for there are some hidden rocks here just below the surface.

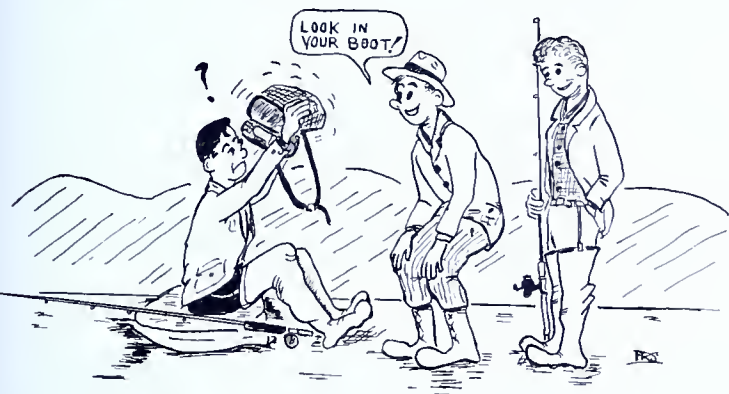
It is best to center one's boat between the Island and the left hand shore, until approaching Franklin's Eighth Street Bridge. We steered between the second and the third pier from the left hand shore centered our course to pass between these two piers and then held a center of the river course to Fourth Street. Here the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the City of Franklin have a beautiful concrete boat launching ramp, with lots of parking space. Franklin is a beautiful city with a great deal of interesting history. This is where George Washington, accompanied by Chris-

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Notes FROM THE STREAMS

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden



ESCAPED BROOKIE

■ While fishing Penns Creek at Ingleby, 16-year-old Jim Schreffler of Bellefonte landed a nice brook trout the third Saturday of season. He placed it into his creel through the hole in the top and started upstream to show his friends his fine catch. But when he got to where his friends were all he had to tell was a fish story—the fish had managed to jump out of the creel somewhere along the way. —*District Warden PAUL F. SWANSON* (Centre County).

IDEAL MEASURE

■ While patrolling a small brookie stream called Lick Island Run I saw a lone fisherman catch a small trout, look it over carefully, and returned it to the water. I then checked him and he asked if I had a ruler which I did. He wanted to measure a stick or something so he could tell the length of the fish he had. After looking through his pockets for something, he came out with the Commission's Rules and Regulations Booklet which is given with each license. We measured it and found it an ideal ruler to measure those 6" trout. It's just 6- $\frac{3}{4}$ " long—the $\frac{3}{4}$ is for shrinkage.—*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY VISITORS

■ Special Fish Warden Frank Moser of Ringtown who has been a Special for 13 years was patrolling the Pumping Station Dam on the first day of trout season here in Schuylkill County. This 9½ acre water area had the largest crowd in its history. Over 800 fishermen by actual count, including two from Montreal, Canada and 26 other non-residents from Va., Ohio, Conn., N.J., N.Y., and Md., of

those he checked.—*District Warden JAMES F. HAZEN* (Schuylkill County).

CLEANED TROUT

■ Recently the following story was told to me. It seems a certain gentlemen went trout fishing the first day and had rather good luck. Being the type of chap he is, he removed from the fish the entrails, gills and eyes. Upon arriving home he presented the cleaned fish to his wife, who volunteered to finish the job. Later his wife told him that she had them all finished but one. She said it was impossible to get the scales off and in fact it was so slippery she couldn't even hold it. She told him she was sorry, but since she couldn't get the scales off she was going to throw it in the garbage. Upon checking the angler found his wife's problem wasn't an unusual fish—nothing more than a brook trout. They have scales, but they're so minute, the lady of the house would probably never know when she had them off.—*District Warden SAMUEL HALL* (Lancaster-Lebanon Counties).



SKIRTS AHOY!

■ While stocking trout preseason in the Kinzua Creek, Mr. Joe Gonda of Kane told me a friend of his was fishing in the Kinzua Dam near the mouth of Kinzua Creek last summer when a young woman fishing nearby hooked a large rainbow trout. Seeing she did not have a landing net, he offered to help her land it. She refused his offer saying she hooked it and was going to land it by herself. By this time quite a crowd had gathered to watch. After playing the fish until it rolled over on its side, she waded into the stream and scooped it up in her skirt!—*District Warden WILBUR WILLIAMS* (McKean County).

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*



FRYING PAN FULL!

■ A friend of mine overheard three small boys discussing their fishing success on the first day of trout season. One boy stated he had caught a trout, the second boy stated that he had also caught one trout. The third boy proudly stated that he had caught three trout, but he had to throw two back because they were too big for his mother's frying pan!—*District Warden RAYMOND A. BEDNARCHIK* (Chester and Delaware Counties).

BIG TROUT

■ More big trout have been taken from Lyman Run Lake than any other water in Potter County. Walter Feathers of Claysburg took a 24½ inch rainbow that weighed 6½ lbs. One large rainbow taken by a Coudersport angler weighed 4½ lbs. and was carrying five other hooks in his jaw besides the one he was caught on—must have surprised at least five other anglers!—*District Warden KENNETH ALEY* (Potter County).

STREAM SIDE FLY TIER

■ The first day of trout season I saw many nice limits taken on just about any lure or bait you would put to them, but one young boy about 10 or 12 years old had to make his own. As I passed his car he was sitting behind the car, his fly tying gear spread out before him and he was very busy tying up some flies!—*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).

NO COMPLAINTS

■ Opening day of the trout season this year was warm and mild and as close to an ideal fishing day as one could hope for at this time of year. Many older trout fishermen told me they had never seen so many fishermen out on an opening day. I believe most of them caught fish, but those who didn't, didn't complain—they just commented about

how nice a day it was to be out. And in late afternoon the fly fishermen really had a ball. I watched an angler on Pine Creek catch and release 15 trout, using a dry fly!—*District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER* (Tioga County)

SHORTER WORM

■ Mr. Ray Schaffer of Tower City has a camp on the First Fork and spends quite a lot of time there fishing the area. One weekend after much trouble locating a fishing license he bought one for his wife then after fishing across the Fork he returned to her side of the stream, and asked if they were biting. The reply was a bit unusual "they must be, the worm is getting shorter!"—*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).

THERE'S A WAY!

■ On the way home from conducting a "Pleasure Boating Course" accompanied by Wardens Lauer and Wilson, we came upon two young men hitch-hiking along the road. When I remarked that they looked like two of the students that had just attended the class, Lauer and Wilson agreed. We stopped and picked them up and took them into Lock Haven. They told us that they had both walked and hitch-hiked to and from the class. As near as I can figure this must have been about 10 miles round trip and neither had even owned as much as a rowboat. I guess this tale could be entitled "Where There's A Will, There's A Way."—*CLAUDE NEIFERT Watercraft Safety Officer.*



BIGGEST LURE IN STATE!

■ Explorer Scout Post Advisor Benjamin Buyer claims to have the biggest lure in the Commonwealth. Last summer, on a float trip down Neshaming Creek, Mr. Guyger had six legal smallmouth bass jump into his canoe but, due to the fact that he was using a "barbless canoe," the fish were returned to the water unharmed.—*District Warden JAY B. JOHNSTON* (Bucks County).

■ A local fisherman was fishing for trout in Fairview Lake and had caught two nice ones. He placed them on a stringer and continued fishing. But as he was about to quit he looked down at his catch and saw that he only had one fish on his stringer. Checking closer, he found an eel eating the remaining trout. When he pulled the stringer up, the eel dropped off—so this fisherman went home empty-handed, no trout and no eel.—*District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY* (Pike and Wayne Counties).



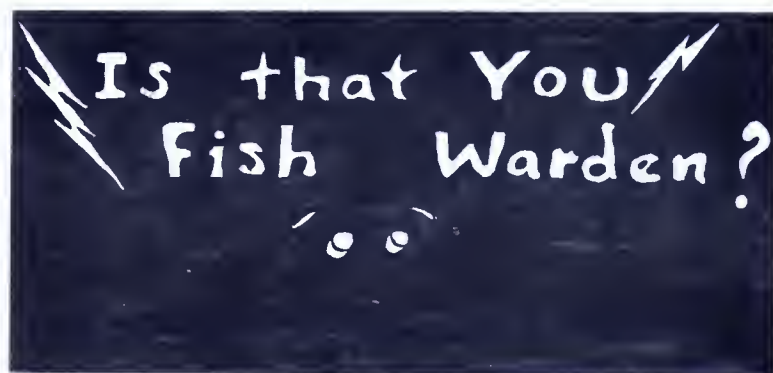
■ While patrolling the Loyalhanna Creek and having a stream side discussion with an angler, he told me this story. Seems as if last season he was fishing the Loyalhanna, when he approached a fellow fisherman. Not wanting to disturb him, he waded out of the stream to walk behind him. The fellow was working a fly and he couldn't get past. He kept waiting and the fellow kept casting. Finally, getting impatient, he stuck his rod out and the other fisherman's leader and fly wrapped around it, then the angler who wanted to pass took out his clippers, cut the leader and walked on!—**District Warden ARTHUR A. HERMAN** (Westmoreland County).

■ One day this spring Deputy Game Protectors Bill Wilson and Frank Kelly made an impromptu survey with SCUBA equipment in Hickory Run Lake to obtain information for myself and park officials as to bottom conditions, channel depth, etc., one interesting thing—the stumps all over the bottom looked like Christmas trees with spinners sticking all over. But the funniest story happened when a young boy about 10 years old asked Bill Wilson to get his spinner that he had just lost. Bill obliged and came out with a whole handful of spinners, but the last thing I heard from the little boy was the complaint—“Jeepers, he didn’t find my spinner.”—*District Warden FREDERICK W. OHLSEN* (Carbon, Lower Luzerne Counties).

■ Recently while on patrol, I saw several young boys preparing to fly a kite. This is not unusual, but instead of the conventional handline and spool to control the kite, these fellows had it attached to a bait casting outfit!—*District Warden ANTHONY MURAWSKI* (Cambria County).

■ On April 16th, Robert Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, and I were taking rainbow trout eggs from the feeder streams to Lake Erie for hatching in the 3 CU Cooperative Nursery. While unloading the electro shocking equipment along Godfrey Run, we were told by two ardent fishermen that we were wasting our time—they said they had fished all morning and that there were not any rainbows in this stream from the lake. Fifteen minutes later these fishermen changed their minds. We had captured two female trout and one male, all between 24 to 28 inches in length.—*District Warden NORMAN E. ELY* (Erie County).

■ I took time to take my two youngsters fishing one evening on the Driftwood Branch. My son had no luck, but my daughter of 9 years told me that it felt as though something was pulling on her line. Upon reeling it in she had a 9" brown trout with another angler's hook and line in it. She had caught their line and landed the fish—but talk about proud, it was her first fish!—*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).



■ It was 3:00 A.M., April 13th, and I decided to slip quietly into Bradys Run Lake to see if any overly anxious anglers were taking the kinks out of their line prior to the 5:00 A.M. opening. The park police had just received a new patrol wagon equipped with a powerful PA system. Imagine the shock when the serenity around the lake was suddenly shattered by an ear piercing bellow, “Is that you, fish warden?”—*District Warden DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).

LEAKY BOOTS

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Question #3: Why do we continue to stock rainbow trout which won't even stay in the streams?

The idea that rainbow trout run out of our streams and lakes more than brook and brown trout is a misconception which has been around for a good many years. It has been found, not only by us but other states as well, that rainbow trout produce as good or even a better return than brown trout. In fact, after three years of the Atlantic Tagging Program, the rainbow return has been far greater than the brown trout. The rainbow trout serves the purpose of providing an immediate fishery and a greater return, whereas the brown trout provides a more sustaining fishery.

Question #4: Why can't we create a "true spring sport" for all seasons in Pennsylvania?

I would assume you mean, open all species of fish for spring fishing. This sounds like an excellent idea and ten years ago it seemed a logical thing to do. Today, however, we recognize that our excessive fishing pressure could decimate the quality fishery of any species. When fish are congregating they are very vulnerable to angling. For instance, it has been found that the members of the pike family are voracious feeders; and when coming off the spawning run, even in some large populations in Canada, the quality of the fishery has been ruined by having an early season.

In your general letter you question our "put and take" trout fishing program in that it does not contribute to true sport fishing for trout. This gets into an area of philosophy where some people want no stocking and others want more stocking. It depends upon the individual.

Since the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is trying to offer all fishermen what they want with an economical and feasible program, we are taking into consideration both groups. For those who like to fish for stocked trout, we stock heavily and during in-season we have high pressure areas which are stocked weekly. These high pressure areas



"Notice the slight chill of school in the air lately?"

attract many people from other streams and allow those who do not like to fish for stocked trout to fish in the comparative quiet of another favorite stream. For those who don't like to fish for stocked trout, we are developing a program of wilderness streams which will be stocked very little or not at all. In addition, our growing numbers of fly-fishing only and fish-for-fun projects are appealing to more anglers every year.

I might point out that in fishing areas with high pressure over 90 percent of the fish taken are stocked trout, even in streams which have high populations of native fish.

I would also like to point out that there are many people who are not capable of catching trout because they don't have the knowledge of fishing. These people enjoy stocked trout as well as you and I enjoy highly colored native fish.

I would like to put in my personal remarks about secret stockings.

There was probably never anything more detrimental to our stocking program than secret stockings. In the first place, it would seem foolish to produce a product and then hide it from the people. Unfortunately, this product was hidden only to those who didn't have a local contact. Very often a certain group had landowners or an accidental observer inform them of a new planting. Of course, these well informed people got the fish and the equally ardent fishing neighbor was home fixing up the lawns or painting the house hoping that the Fish Commission would stock again. Not only that, but personnel of the Fish Commission were continually being persecuted with reports that we were giving secret information to certain groups.

In order to have a sensible stocking program and make use of the product we produce, we proposed eliminating this practice. We based our decision to eliminate secret stockings on the following five facts:

1. Of all the phases of trout stocking, secret stockings probably provoke the most adverse mail. The complaints center around leakage of information to "special" groups.
2. Secret stockings, by their very nature, limit fishing to a few people who happen to stumble on the newly planted fish or were lucky enough to have a friend who did.
3. It seems foolish for the Fish Commission to produce a product and hide it from the fishermen.
4. Maximum utilization of trout, both by number of fish and number of sportsmen, is not obtained.
5. People from urban areas, such as Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, etc., cannot plan vacations or trips to their best advantage when stocking is not publicized.

The only time we don't adhere to this is where in-season plantings will cause traffic hazards, but notification to the press and radio is made *immediately* after the planting is completed.

I was very pleased to answer your letter and I think you will find that in the very near future the Fish Commission will offer a concrete plan to develop more wilderness areas for people with your tastes. This will be only a part of a planned program to provide put-and-take fish for the urban areas as well as wilderness fishing in our heavily populated state.

—Keen Buss, Chief
Division of Fisheries

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WHAT MAKES CAMPING GROW

The mobility of our times also has brought an entirely new segment to the camping picture in recent years—camping vehicles and trailers.

Some camping vehicles are self-propelled jobs—the comforts of home on wheels. Others fit on pickup trucks.

As for trailers, these range from tent trailers to magnificent camping trailers with showers, toilets, appliances, even TV.

Finally, camping has grown because of the vast number of campgrounds now available. Once camping meant just going into the wilds and picking a spot to pitch your tent. Now it likely means going to one of several thousand public or private campgrounds.

Most campgrounds, whether federal, state, municipal or privately operated, are well kept and pleasant natural areas. Quite often they are situated on or near our most scenic areas. Some represent investments of upward to a million dollars and include everything a demanding public could possibly want.

Many of the federal and state campgrounds have museums, nature talks, nature trails and other educational entertainment.

Most public and private grounds contain paved roads, hot showers, camp stores, laundromats, electricity and running water. Some of the extra fancy ones even have baby sitters and camp hops to help you pitch your tent.

Campgrounds are quite diverse, and this makes camping all the more popular. You may camp atop a mountain one night and where the sea laps the shore the next.

Little wonder camping has grown. It is easy, economical, relaxing, refreshing, educational, rewarding—and just plain fun. Try it!

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RIVER RIDE

topher Gist, in 1753, notified the French that they were trespassing on English soil. Here he delivered a letter to Jacques Joncaire (the one eyed half-breed French Commandant) from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, ordering them to leave at once. At this time, the French were building a Fort here, naming it Fort Machault, in honor of the then Minister of Finance for France. Nearby was the small Indian village of Weningo, from which the county derives its present name of Venango. Altogether four different forts were built here and monuments have been erected at the original locations of these forts.

For those boaters who might like to linger here awhile, we would recommend visiting these and other spots, especially our Venango County Historical Museum, located

on 12th Street just off Liberty Street. History was made here and this museum is replete with fort models, early oil country items and other items much too numerous to mention. Thousands of people visit here annually.

In closing our trip record, we mentioned “traveling light” at the first of the story. By this we mean taking as little duffel as possible and yet being able to weather any storm, etc. Our outfit consisted of one 8 x 10 tarpaulin, one 6 x 12 canvas ground cover, two Navy seabags, with 2 changes of clothing, razor, etc., one Minnesota pack, consisting of cooking gear, one light ax, one burner Coleman stove, carbide lamps and campfire grill. To keep our bread fresh and always dry, we buttered two loaves and repacked it in wax paper and then placed it in aluminum lunch pail, covered with a moistened tea towel. Two sleeping bags and air mattresses completed our camping gear. This trip lasted three days but could have taken longer, had we had more favorable weather.

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SAVE WILDERNESS

from inconstant V's that arrow through the sky; loons laugh shiveringly in the dark; a flicker, banging its head, sends code from metal flashings on a farmhouse roof; the sorrowing of mourning doves, amazing repartee of catbirds, brown thrashers, mocking birds; rain songs of robin or yellow-billed cuckoo; the pious “Ska-du-ga-till-kyrkan-i-dag?” of the western meadow lark; symphony orchestras of frogs, from the piccolos of spring peepers to the fullfrogs' deep bass viols; the junior high school orchestras of toads.

Mammals aren't as musical as these, yet listen as a coyote from a hilltop on a winter's night cries out his heart below the Hunger Moon.

. . . I'd rather have fingers . . .

You wouldn't hide your hand when meeting friend, so be as courteous with nature . . . shed your gloves.

Enjoy the feel of textures as unlike as barks of many

trees; the upper and lower surfaces of leaves; the skin of peach or pear, of eggplant, pineapple, cantalope, or orange; the softness of a fluffy, day-old pheasant chick; the overlapping feathers on a pigeon's neck; the lining of a hummingbird's chic nest; the feel of many rocks, granite to talc; the silkiness of snakes; scales on the monarch's wing; the finger tips awareness that unique are a turtle's shell, plant gall, papery hornet nest, silk of spider's web, milkweed down, the wartiness of toads.

Let your hand know the tongue-kiss of dog, or calf, or horse; the feel of fleece, fur, hair, bristle, quill; soon you will tell the different kinds of elm by touch of leaf alone.

. . . recreation or re-creation . . .

Time spent brushing against the out-of-doors, hiking trails, climbing cliff and dune, is not time lost.

There is something deep in man that needs respite from traffic confining, button-touch existence.

Yet even that he can endure again when he has had each sense recharged, retuned by wilderness.

MIDGES FOR TOUGH TROUT

things settle down. Tied to the end of a 10-foot leader with a 7x tippet was a #24 black spinner. Soon I would know whether or not the effort of observing, collecting and tying another new pattern was going to be rewarded. How many times over the past seasons had this procedure been repeated? Fifty or more—of that I was certain. Often the effort had been in vain but for the eight or ten times success had been tasted the reward was more than sufficient. Each new midge that met with success was tested and tried time and time again on various waters and invariably fooled the wisest of browns. The collection was small, but effective.

This search for new patterns, reasons for trout reacting the way they do, all had to be considered an important part of the game for it affords just as much satisfaction and feeling of accomplishment as does the hooking, landing and releasing of some wise old brown.

The lower of the trout rose once, twice, three times, in quick succession. False casting to get the range, I dropped the fly several feet in front of the spot where he had made his ring. Straining I watched as the fly approached the brown lying a mere five or six inches beneath the surface. The float was nearly a foot to his left but just as the fly came even with his head, he turned, moved up and—almost took. My heart was in my throat. Instantly, he turned and settled back into position. When the fly was well behind his station I picked it off the water, false cast and let the line go. Looks good, I thought. This cast was on mark, the fly heading directly for the brown. The nose came up while the fly was still a good six inches in front of him. Directly beneath the fly, he settled, his nose barely an inch from breaking the surface. “Take it,” I begged as he drifted back with the floating midge thoroughly examining its every detail. Suddenly the jaws opened, the water broke as he gently inhaled the tiny artificial. Hesitating a second or so until he began to settle back, I raised the tip of the 6-foot 2-ounce rod sharply. Feeling the hook he dug for the bottom, then turned and tried to make the cover of the far bank. Straining the 7x tippet for all it was worth, I managed to turn him away. Downstream he bolted, peeling line from the singing reel. Twenty or thirty feet below, he turned and hung in the current. Breathing a sigh of relief, I held him in the current and let the pressure of the rod wear him down. A minute or so later I slid the net under an overweight ten-inch brown. The tiny fly had performed well.

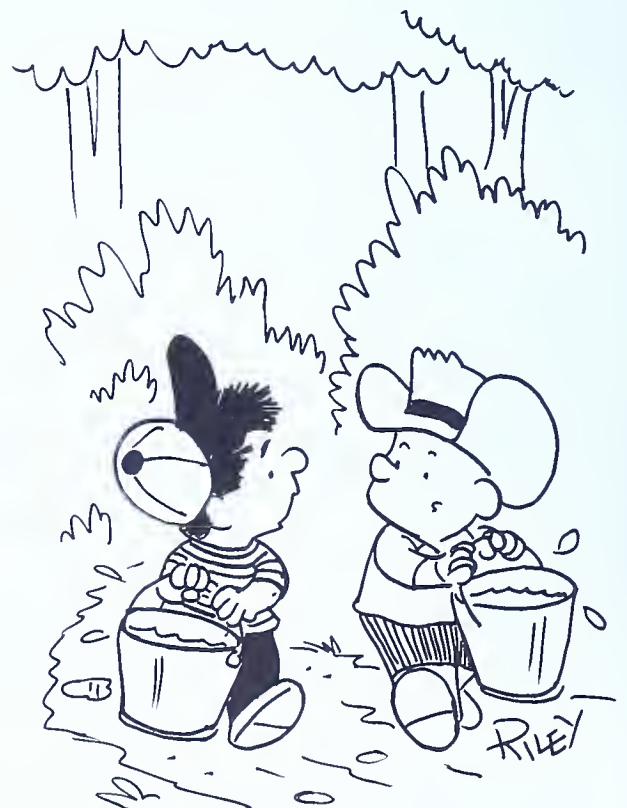
As always with a new pattern, the thought came to mind, was it just luck? The next few fish—days, weeks and months would be the real judge of whether or not the pattern was good or would fall by the wayside as many do.

Trout number two was next. Changing flies, I waded into position and waited for him to resume feeding. Within minutes the tell tail ring appeared and I spotted him in his feeding station close to the far bank. It was a tough spot for a drag free float and the first fly landed short—almost on his head—and I just let it drift away. The second cast hit a foot or so in front of him, hung motionless for a few seconds, and began to float directly in his feeding trough. Up he came, fast—stopped just as fast, inches beneath the fly, and drifted back a foot, keenly eyeing the tiny imitation. Gently, just as before, the surface broke, jaws opened, gills flared, and the midge disappeared. Up came the rod tip, and I felt the tiny hook strain against the weight of the trout.

Jet propelled, he shot upstream. Turning the rod to the side, almost touching parallel with the water, I strained as he peeled 10 feet of line from the reel and made for the cover of some submerged brush. Pointing the rod directly at the trout and letting the line go slack, I waited to see if he would turn and head back downstream to safety. He did, swimming by me, as the line curved and began to follow. Reeling in line I was congratulating myself when suddenly the line went taut. He was in the clear now, and the ultra light rod was once again in charge. A hefty, brilliantly colored, nine-inch brown was reward number two.

Three more trout fell victim to the new fly that day. All through the summer when I couldn't touch the regulars we fished for, I would invariably tie on the tiny black spinner and, nearly without fail, made catches.

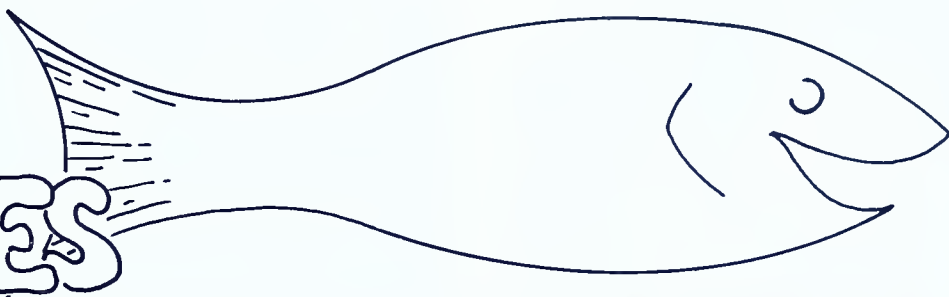
Needless to say, the spinner has become a mainstay in my selection of midges and has gained a compartment all its own in the fly box. The accompanying illustrations describe the method for tying.



“I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION!”

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



WALLENPAUPACK
Brown Trout were caught by Prompton fisherman Joseph Grigalunas on worms and live bait from shore. All measured from 17 to 22 inches. (photo by Pike-Wayne Eagle)



SIX YEAR OLD Donnie Dreisbach, of Tamaqua, holds the four pound, 22 inch brown trout he caught from Beaver Creek in April.



FISHERMAN George Rain and Jerry Barton of North Irwin hold stringer of 14 large-mouth bass they caught this spring from Pymatuning.



FOUR TROUT caught by angler Sam Vaihinger of Hatboro measured 18 to 22 inches. He took them while trolling Lake Wallenpaupack.



NEW CASTLE fisherman Stanley Gierlach holds stringer of crappies he caught from Pymatuning this spring.

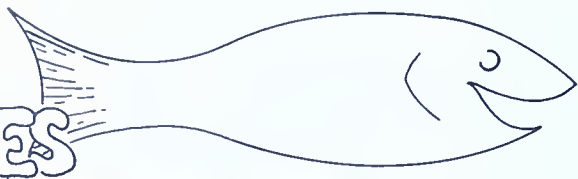


SIX POUND, 24 inch rainbow was caught early in May at Cannonsburg Lake by Stella Imbrescia of Monessen who said it was her "greatest thrill." It fell to the temptation of a worm.

FISH

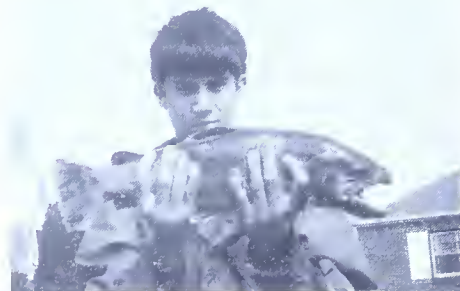
TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



MIKE PETERSON, 17, of Asaph caught this 22½ inch brown trout in Tioga County's Marsh Creek this spring. It weighed 4 pounds, 7 ounces.

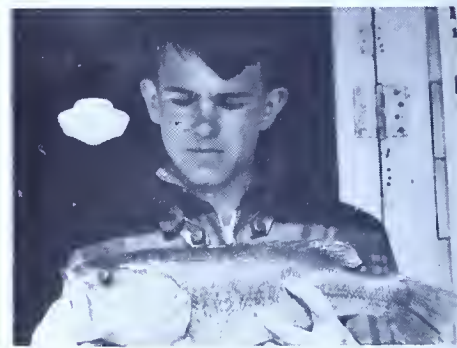
BUTLER COUNTY'S Glade Run Lake is where angler Charles Chabal of Tarentum caught this 32¾ inch northern pike. It fell for a minnow.



GLEN B. KECKLER of Harrisburg holds the 20 inch, 5 pound, brown trout he caught near Lisburn in Cumberland County. It won him the 29th Junior Fishing Citation awarded this year.



TEN-YEAR-OLD Rob Taylor of Mt. Carmel holds 19 inch brown trout he caught this spring from the Zerbe Dam at Treverton. It weighed 3 pounds and fell to the temptation of a black fury mepps spinner.



OHIO ANGLER Willard Feathers holds 19 inch, 3¾ pound largemouth bass he caught this spring at Pymatuning Reservoir in northwestern Pennsylvania's Crawford County.



OPENING MORNING TURNED out to be a good one for Ridgway fisherman Joe Benton. Forty-five minutes after the season opened he'd landed a 26 inch rainbow while fishing Sandy Beach. (photo by Ridgway Record)



RANDY SHILEY of Lykens holds a 19 inch brownie he caught from Rattling Creek. The big brownie weighed 3½ pounds and hit a minnow.



PYMATUNING RESERVOIR gave up this 44 inch muskellunge this spring to angler Tom Brest of Sharon. The 27 pound, 12 ounce fish won the fisherman the sixth Husky Musky Award to be given in 1968.

LINESVILLE FISHERMAN John Chapin and Bobby Meade hold stringer of 10 crappies they caught while fishing Crawford County's Pymatuning Reservoir.





BOBBY FINNEY of Edinboro holds 14 inch, 1¼ pound crappie he caught in Edinboro Lake. It won him the 30th Junior Fishing Citation of 1968.



TIONESTA ANGLER Everill Thompson (above left) holds 32¾ inch, 14¼ pound walleye he caught at "gravel island" at Tionesta. It set a new state record for weight being two pounds heavier than the former title holder. With Thompson is Pennsylvania Fish Commission Assistant Warden Supervisor Norm Sickles, also of Tionesta. St. Mary's angler, Kenneth Robinson, 16, (above right) holds 25¼ inch, 5½ pound rainbow he caught from the Ridgway Reservoir. (photo by St. Mary's Daily Press)



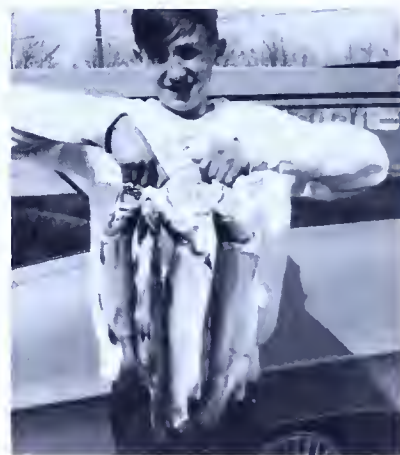
ERIE ANGLER Sam Lewis holds 43 inch musky he caught at Presque Isle Bay. It weighed 23¼ pounds. The sea lamprey held by Lewis was attached near the tail. (photo, Joe Comstock, Erie Morning News).



TUNKHANNOCK CREEK produced good fishing for Jack Schuback, Bill Chapla, John Schuback, Peter Chapla, and Jeff Fritt opening morning. All caught their limits of 8 to 14 inchers by 7:00 a.m. Bill holds a Junior Fishing Citation.



SIX-YEAR-OLD Philip R. Brown of Harrisburg smiles his pleasure at catching an 11¼ inch bluegill. It measured 1 pound, 2 ounces. He didn't say where it was caught.



LAKE RUN RAINBOWS are held by Angler James Dallas, Jr., of Erie who, with his father, caught them in Trout Run. The senior Dallas is a Pennsylvania Fish Commission Special Warden.



OHIO FISHERMAN George Way holds big bass he caught at Pymatuning this spring. Way, of Rock Creek, said the 7½ pound, 24 inch whopper hit a C. P. Swing.



WAYNE COUNTY'S Dyberry Creek produced this 24 inch brown trout for Eugene Naneus. The Honesdale fisherman caught the trophy size fish late in April.



WILLIAM ANDERSON of Central City holds 29½ inch brown trout that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. It hit a mepps spinner at Letterkenny Reservoir in Franklin County.



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From L. E. Y., Vandergrift:

"Where can I buy an outboard motor bracket for the stern of a conventional canoe?"

—So far as we can determine, there are none on the market. Several manufacturers offer side-mounting brackets, but the sterns of double-ended canoes vary so greatly in design that a universal bracket for this application would be almost impossible to build. However, any good blacksmith or welding shop should be able to make a bracket to fit your particular canoe and motor.



From J. T. B., Boswell:

"Which is best on an outboard motor, an aluminum or a bronze propeller?"

—Aluminum propellers are furnished as standard equipment because they are lighter and cheaper, but they cannot be repaired readily. Bronze wheels can be reconditioned at very modest cost, even when badly mangled. But they weigh a good bit more, and this added weight creates bigger torque loads that can cause very rapid gear wear, particularly if the engine is shifted from forward to reverse without allowing time for the propeller to coast to a complete stop. Since the average owner only keeps a motor for a few years, it would seem the aluminum prop is a reasonable choice.



From W. F. G., Oil City:

"Why isn't a ski-belt accepted as a life preserver by the Coast Guard or the State?"

—Because a belt will float an unconscious person with his tail in the air and his head under water. The best life-saving devices are those constructed like vests or jackets, which will keep the wearer's head out of the water even if knocked out.



From R. H. F., Wexford:

"Which is better; planked construction or plywood for a small cruiser?"

—While the exterior skin is only part of the structure, I would have to vote in favor of plank, provided the framing in either case is adequate. Plywood boats as a rule will leak less when new, but have a shorter useful life. Planked hulls open at the seams when they dry out in winter storage, and then tighten up in the water after the

planks swell. A planked hull will absorb more punishment than one made of plywood, and most planked boats are easier to repair properly. As a final thought, the nationwide quotations of used boat prices show that planked hulls depreciate at a lesser rate than plywood boats.



From C. M. D., Elizabeth:

"What is a marine survey, and how does a surveyor determine the value of a boat?"

—A marine survey is a detailed inspection of a vessel, made by a highly-qualified individual in a definite and systematic manner. The surveyor will usually be familiar with the most common faults of that particular make or type of boat, and will not be in a hurry, nor will he be wearing his Sunday suit. Most important, the surveyor is not interested either in buying or selling the boat, and can maintain an objective outlook. He determines the value by listing the cost of repairs necessary to bring the boat into serviceable condition, then subtracts this amount from the average published value for that make and model.



From L. A. S., Pittsburgh:

"Would coating a wooden motorboat hull with a very smooth plastic make the boat run faster?"

—Not particularly. There is no sound reason to believe that a perfectly smooth hull will be any more efficient than one which is only fairly smooth. Irregularities of less than one-sixteenth of an inch will not cause any appreciable drag on a motorboat, since the hull carries along with it a skin of water of about this thickness. Minor irregularities do become more important in very high speed craft, however, but pleasure motorboats are not in this class.



From C. J. D., Somerset

"Who is responsible if my boat is damaged while docked at a marina?"

—The marina, in most instances, is only responsible for damage caused by the willful act or gross neglect of its employees. While the dock owner has the custody of your boat, he is not responsible for damage occurring through means not under his control, or which occurs despite his exercise of normal care.

In general, the person causing the damage would be responsible.

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER

ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR most of the cooperative nurseries around the state are considering warm water problems, growth rate of the relatively new fingerlings, visitors to the nurseries and related activities tied in with the late summer season. However, the raising of trout is a year-round job as a north to south diagonal survey of the state will show.

McKean County was in the grip of winter when we visited the Kane Fish and Game Club. Jack Bell, head of the fish committee, broke the ice on the fifty-foot raceway to show off the club's brookies. There they were—all 2,000 of them darting around in a lively fashion. Growth had slowed down about in line with the water temperature, but the fish were healthy and the club members were optimistic about the spring stocking in Wilson Run and the South Branch of the Kinzua. It was the club's first complement of fish and spirits were high even if the temperature was low. Gerald Oakes, donor of the site, spoke enthusiastically about enlarging the project next year.

Later in the day and a few degrees warmer, six above, Jim Angell, president of the Norwich Fish and Game Club, was displaying his club's fish. The club had conducted a nursery since 1959 with a couple bad years in between when water and facilities did not quite meet each other. A good restart was made and about 3,000 brook trout proved the point as they darted about in the holding ponds. Again reduced feeding was the order of the day until warmer weather when the trout would be more active.

Now it was late in the afternoon and the weather was beginning to cool off—it had been six above, remember? The final cooperative nursery was the Canoe Place Fish and Game Protective Association. The club has been in the fish raising business since 1955 with about six years at its present site. George McCloskey, active club member, swept back the snow and under the screens 2,500

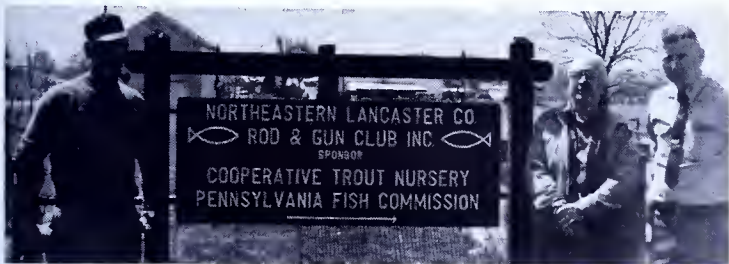
continued on page 32



PUBLIC INTEREST in the cooperative program is vividly evident above as sportsmen gather to watch netting operations at Bald Eagle Sportsmen's Club while below some of the hard work gets done by loyal club members at the Marienville Rod and Gun Club grounds in Forest County.



OFFICERS of Hopewell Fish and Game Association gather with new sign (above left) furnished them by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. From left to right they are president William Eyster, vice president Curtis Silk, secretary Dennis Jones, nursery manager Allen Smeltzer and PFC cooperative coordinator Robert Brown. Three members of the Kane Fish and Game Club check raceways during the winter (above right) while Brown, and Canoe Place Fish and Game Protective Association members Richard Knapp and George McClosky look over project.



NORTHEASTERN Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club sign (above) points the way to cooperative project operated by the club. Club members Horst Styer and Martin Buckwalter and PFC District Officer Sam Hall stand beside the marker while (below) vice president Jack Lange, treasures Floyd Hagy, member William Fry, land owner William Fry, Sr., president Philip McCloud, and feeder John Martin gather in front of Lititz Sportsmen's Association's sign.



CASTING—

brook trout swam about in the fresh spring water flowing unfrozen from the hillside. Skinner and Combs Creeks would receive these fish later in the spring.

At another time and another place the Marienville Rod and Gun Club in Forest County were up to their ears in the processing of venison for their club's fish. According to R. A. Kendall, speaking for the club, about 1,500 pounds of venison was used last season and the fish thrived on the stuff. At a later date, using the Marienville Club as a basis, this column will deal in detail with the venison feeding program. The nursery is in its third year of operation and places its fish in ten Forest County streams with the help of warden Joe Kopena. More on this outfit later.

Now it's time to move on to another place and a different activity. It's stocking time for the Bald Eagle Sportsmen's Club in Blair County. These fellows have been raising fish since 1956 and are old hands at the game. John Dunkle, known affectionately as "Mr. Fish," is the spark plug behind this nursery and it's his estimate that a third of a million trout have been raised and released into public waters since that 1956 opening year. Currently the organization furnishes about 30,000 fish a year to Blair, Centre, and Clearfield County streams with about one-third being in the two to three year old range. And there will be more to say about these fellows, too, on a later date.

South and east into the Pennsylvania Dutch country with brief stops in York and Lancaster Counties it's also stocking time. The Hopewell Fish and Game Association near Stewartstown has its first group of fish to release and good growth and minimum problems were the order of the day for the first year's operation. The nursery is located in scenic bottom country of York County and plans for expansion of club facilities are in the works. Porter Duvall, district warden, lends a technical hand as needed.

Finally we go to Warden Sam Hall's Lancaster County to complete this survey. Two representative clubs received us cordially on a recent mild spring day. The senior organization, the Lititz Sportsmen's Association has been raising fish for about twelve years, producing about



BALD EAGLE Sportsmen's Club officers (above) gather at club grounds. From left to right they're president Albert Beres, vice president Albert Freclay, secretary Alex Wilson, treasurer John Dunkle, and membership chairman George Gripp. With them is PFC District Officer Cloyd Hollen while at the right Jim Anquell, president of the Norwich Township Sportsmen's Club stands in front of new club sign.



4,000 legal fish a season for the area's fishermen. Bill Fry, a quiet unassuming Lititz business man, has contributed the site for the nursery, a huge bubbling spring emerging from the ground on the edge of town. The club recently awarded a service plaque to Mr. Fry for his contributions and cooperation. Current project of the club is a stream reclamation project in cooperation with local industry. The Lititz Spring will be stocked this year on an experimental basis.

Then, to close out this chapter, it was a visit to the Northeastern Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club's nursery. Actually they have two of them, but the most interesting one is located on the Harry Burkholder property. The site of the nursery is an old stone farmhouse foundation with a deep spring bubbling up in its one corner. Used as a refrigerator and "air conditioner" many years ago, the "cellar" pond now produces fabulous brook trout for local streams. Being out of deer country, venison is a bit of a rarity; but the trout seem to be unaware of this feeding situation and are growing at a continually astonishing rate. Milder winters help with the growth and the trout feed steadily all year.

And that's it for this time. This survey again proves that "Casting with the Co-ops" is beneficial to the state's many fishermen no matter where located.

continued from page 18

TAKE ANTS

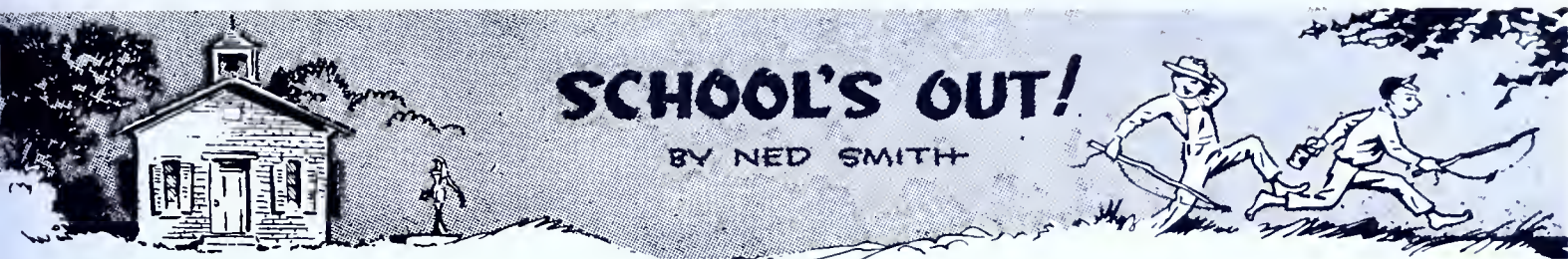
don't need anything else for late season trout fishing, with the exception of one pattern—and I am sworn to secrecy to this pattern!

The hard lacquer finish type of ant catches its share of fish and some fishermen like the segmented, cork-body type which is a good floater, but my favorite, far above all the other ant imitations, is the one described here. It comes close to the Carpenter Ant but it isn't quite the same.

The pattern is so simple that making a dozen takes less than fifteen minutes for the experienced fly tier. Rising

trout will murder 'em, and the "ant" will also raise the reluctant ones. Be sure to grease the ant generously with mucilin before casting very carefully so as to lessen the chance of spooking the wary fish. Best sizes for me have been the 12's and 14's, but 16's and 18's will oftentimes work. Black or chocolate brown is the recommended color. Only bad feature that I have found while using this type ant, is that due to the deer hair construction, they get badly frayed and bedraggled after catching three or four fish; however, that is one bad feature that I will gladly contend with. I only wish that half the flies in my box were as beat up as the ants are.

Surface feeding trout always provide excitement for the fisherman. Use the ant, and provide some excitement for the trout!



WARM WEATHER BASS

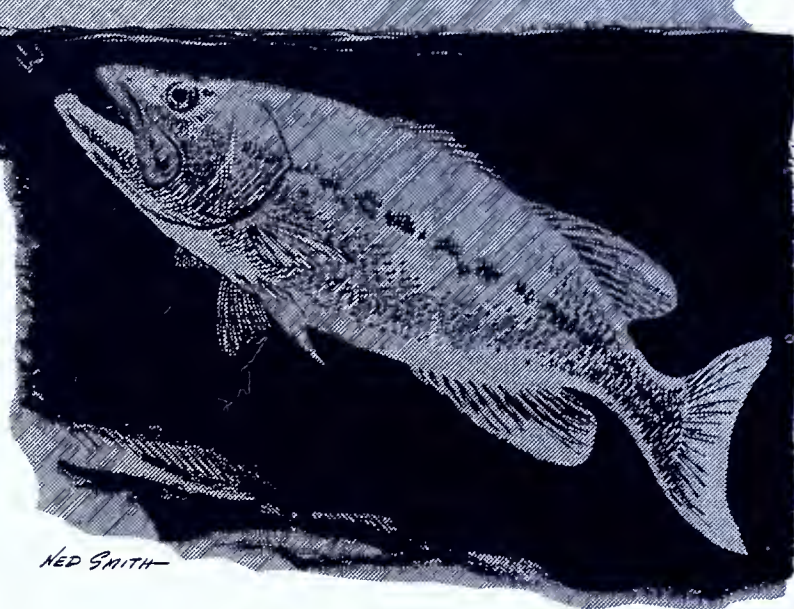
WHY ARE BASS SO HARD TO CATCH in hot weather? Because, like people, they get lazy when the temperature soars. Most of them settle down in the deepest, coldest water and stay there all day.

Getting your bait or lure right down on the bottom is often a help. Working the lure slowly is a good idea, too. But for the very best hot weather fishing—and probably the most exciting—try fishing at night with surface plugs.

Even in the hottest weather bass usually come up out of the depths and begin feeding after dark. Largemouths prowl the shorelines of ponds and lakes, and investigate the edges of weed beds. Smallmouths in the larger streams hunt crayfish over gravel bars and in stony shallows, or ambush minnows in shoreline coves.

Floating plugs are ideal for night fishing. So-called “paddling” lures are great; they waddle across the surface when retrieved, making a gurgling sound. Crippled-minnow types with a propellor at each end are excellent, too, attracting fish with the churning sound of the propellers. The plug with a single propeller on the tail has similar action when retrieved at the proper speed, and can also be popped with a quick twitch of the rod. Popping plugs with cup-shaped or slanted heads are often useful, especially in deeper water, but they should be used with discretion.

The retrieve is important. Slow, steady reeling with occasional pauses of several seconds will usually produce strikes on a paddling plug. The double propeller plug is usually most effective when pulled steadily, then slowed until the propellers are barely turning. Stop, then pull again. Poppers should be given plenty of rest between pops. Use your imagination. If you don't get results try a different retrieve.



Spinning, spin-casting, and regular casting outfits are all fine for night fishing. Use familiar tackle; you'll have less trouble with it. Be sure lines and leaders are in good shape. The really big bass hit at night and you can't let them swim all over the place and get snagged.

Night fishing should be confined to familiar waters. Not only is it dangerous to venture into places you don't know, but you'll constantly be tangled in trees, snagged on logs, hung up on shore, or fishing in the wrong places. Locate both hazards and feeding areas during the day, and be sure you can find them after dark, for turning on a flashlight will frighten nearby fish. Use a light, though, when landing fish or you might reach into a treble hook.

Night fishing isn't dangerous if you use common sense, but it is best to take a companion with you. Be careful when fishing farm ponds at night; their banks often drop off abruptly into deep water. Quarries are good places to avoid in the dark. Large streams can be waded if they are shallow and not swift. Avoid deep water, strong current, drop-offs, and bad footing. Probably the most pleasant method is to cast from a boat on a small lake or slow-moving stream.

Concentrate on the feeding spots. Try, also, the water around and beneath boat docks and the tied-up boats themselves. You may get a pleasant surprise.

Dark nights are usually the best for night fishing. On moonlight nights fish in water shaded by trees and docks. And don't forget your landing net. Night fish come big.

CATCH A TROPHY
FISH AND RECEIVE
A PENNSYLVANIA
ANGLER

FISHING CITATION

A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

Fishing Citation

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO

For an outstanding angling achievement in
landing a TROPHY FISH in the waters of
Pennsylvania

Species _____

Length _____

Weight _____

Type tackle _____

Bait or lure _____

Where caught _____

In _____ County

Date caught _____

Executive Director _____

PENNSYLVANIA'S
MOST
DISTINGUISHED
ANGLING
AWARD

SENIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	25 in.	Channel Catfish	30 in.	Muskellunge	45 in.
Bluegill	11 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	36 in.
Brook Trout	17 in.	and white)	15 in.	Rainbow Trout	27 in.
Brown Trout	28 in.	Eel	40 in.	Rock Bass	11 in.
Bullhead	15 in.	Fallfish	18 in.	Smallmouth Bass	20 in.
Carp	36 in.	Lake Trout	30 in.	Walleye	30 in.
Chain Pickerel	25 in.	Largemouth Bass	23 in.	Yellow Perch	14 in.

JUNIOR SIZES

Species	Length	Species	Length	Species	Length
American Shad	20 in.	Channel Catfish	20 in.	Muskellunge	30 in.
Bluegill	10 in.	Crappies (includes black		Northern Pike	25 in.
Brook Trout	14 in.	and white)	14 in.	Rainbow Trout	18 in.
Brown Trout	18 in.	Eel	30 in.	Rock Bass	10 in.
Bullhead, Catfish	14 in.	Fallfish	14 in.	Sheepshead	20 in.
Carp	25 in.	Lake Trout	24 in.	Smallmouth Bass	18 in.
Chain Pickerel	23 in.	Largemouth Bass	18 in.	Walleye	22 in.
				Yellow Perch	12 in.

Actual applications for a Citation may be secured by contacting any district fish warden, regional office of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, or by writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg (Zip Code 17120).

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL
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C. 2



PROJECT 70—

Pennsylvanians overwhelmingly voted for Project 70—a measure which provided funds for acquisition of land and water areas for eventual recreational development and use. With the signing of this legislation into law in 1964, Pennsylvania's first major coordinated recreational land hunt was on.

One of the basic goals of the Project 70 program was to acquire open space lands near our metropolitan centers. Another goal was to buy lands that would open access to our existing public waterways. These goals are practical and deserving of full attention. However, they are extremely difficult to meet. As you might expect, suitable recreation lands around our big cities are scarce, extremely expensive and frankly are looked upon as prime tax producers. State ownership for recreational use of such areas often is not welcomed.

The acquisition of waterfront sites in developed zones usually meets resistance, clamors of overcrowding and cries that existing property will be devaluated. Thus, while Project 70 and its basic goals were supported by the majority of all voting Pennsylvanians, those handling the program are frequently the butt of much abuse and criticism.

Fortunately, most of the proposed Project 70 site acquisitions are eventually approved and finalized. For those handling portions of the program it is tremendously encouraging to see new park sites being acquired in our heavily populated counties. The sting of unfair criticism is readily forgotten when lakes and ponds and river pools that were once inaccessible to the wandering fisherman and boater are open for public enjoyment. And we ask why shouldn't we all have a chance to enjoy our outdoors, to enjoy the beauty of our mountains and to make use of our rivers, our ponds and our lakes? These are a part of the abundant resources of our Commonwealth, but if they are not accessible, if they cannot be acquired for public use they lose their value as an environmental resource.

Much of the land along our public waterways remains in private ownership and unfortunately much of it is closed to trespass. The end of Project 70 a little over two years from now should not be the end of the state effort to continue to make our land and water resources available for public use.

Now is the time to take stock and see what will remain to be done after the Project 70 program ends in 1970.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

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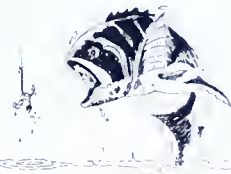


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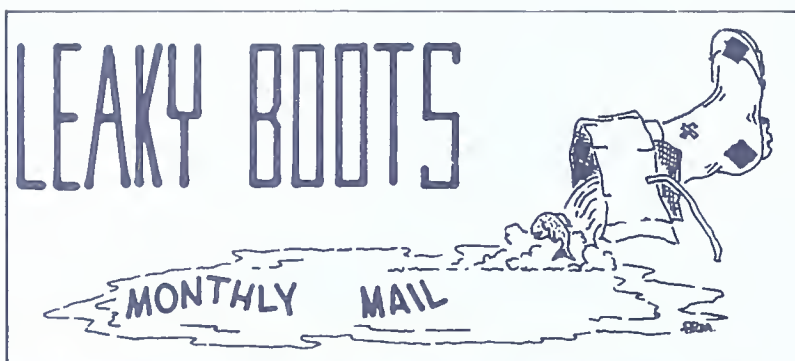
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D. THOMAS EGGELER, EDITOR

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JUNIATA BROWN TROUT

Gentlemen,

Enclosed is a photograph of a mixed catch of rock bass and a nice 18 inch brown trout. These fish were caught from the Juniata River near Newton Hamilton on May third of this year. All were caught on an artificial minnow out of the same stretch of water.

I am interested as a layman in the subject of fish biology and feel that here is a potential bonanza for Keystone anglers to take big brownies out of the Juniata River. I have heard reports for the past several years of big browns caught at many locations along the river and during all times of the year. This fine healthy trout was my first pleasant experience with a Juniata brown trout.

From my personal experience large brown trout in big waters are less cautious than large trout in small streams and in turn can be caught more easily. Also, large browns are nocturnal and tend to feed at night while inhabiting small streams, while large brownies in big streams and rivers can be caught during daylight hours with relative ease. The Juniata River should offer prime large water fishing, and fly fishing as well, for I have seen on many occasions fly hatches rising from the surface of the Juniata.

Has there ever been any attempt to establish brown trout in the Juniata? If so, when and with what success? Are there any plans in the near future to stock brown trout in the Juniata? If not, why not? I can only assume the browns in the Juniata at present come from tributary streams such as Stone Creek, Licking Creek, etc.

As I have stated, these are the thoughts of a layman and I would appreciate any professional data you could afford me.

I am sure this subject will be of interest to many of your readers. Thanking you in advance for either a personal or published reply. An enthusiastic Pennsylvania Angler.

Eugene G. Montgomery, Altoona

Practically all of our major rivers hold some trout during the spring and, as you assumed, they reach the rivers from stocked tributary trout streams. When river water temperatures rise in the summer the remaining trout usually seek cooler temperatures by moving back up the tributaries.

Our trout management program aims to stock trout in waters adapted to trout and where returns to the angler are reasonably high. Stocking trout in the Juniata might provide a short time fishery but it would have a limited value since it would be restricted primarily to the early spring months and returns would not be high due to the size of the water.

We consider the Juniata one of our top rivers for warmwater fish species and natural reproduction of walleye, bass and others is outstanding. In the interest of good fish management we believe we should direct our trout stocking to those waters more suited to trout and retain our rivers for the warmwater species already established and producing good fishing. Trout which set up temporary residence in our warmwater rivers should be considered a bonus fish.

Gordon L. Trembley

Assistant Executive Director, Fisheries.

ROD RETURNS

Gentlemen,

Mike Bath, a young lad from Nescopeck, was fishing in the Susquehanna at Shickshinny when a large fish hauled his rod and reel into the water. The young lad was naturally feeling very low, but then on another trip to the same spot a few weeks later, he caught another big fish.

This one didn't get away. After a real battle he pulled in the rod he lost a few weeks earlier!

Gary Vanpelt, Berwick

WORMS THE EASY WAY

Gentlemen,

Being an ardent reader of the Angler, I would like to pass on this piece of information concerning worm hunting! One day after washing the back porch of our home I dumped the soapy water onto the lawn. To my surprise

worms came to the top of the ground by the hundreds. This method works especially well on bare spots.

The soap does not seem to harm the grass, so whenever I need some worms I dump a pail of soapy water on our lawn.

Curt Kerrick, Wellsboro

UNHAPPY WITH "FISH HOGS"

Gentlemen,

I have been a dedicated trout fisherman since boyhood and a subscriber to your fine magazine for quite a few years so I think I am entitled to get a few things off my chest through your column. The "things" may cause a slight burn on all sides as I present the issues, but here goes.

I had heard stories of the conduct of "all" the people involved in the Fish Commission's policies and practices of "in season stocking" of trout, but had never experienced the actual "show" that goes on when this stocking is taking place. Recently I did in Lycoming County on Loyalsock Creek, a "high pressure" stream. Anyone who has never seen this "show" should see it just once—that "once" would be sufficient for any true sportsman or sportswoman. By the way, women take part in this "show" also.

It is the most disgusting, unsportsmanlike act on the part of "all" people involved that I have ever seen. Why the Commission does not issue a permit, specially designed, to be allotted, by the officiating personnel, johnny-on-the-spot, to these truck following "fish hogs" and "stock" the trout on the bank of the stream, and let them gather up their limit and go home. It would save time and work in the usual stocking. A fee could be assessed of course for the permit and convenience to the "fish hogs." What a climax?

Another thing that bugs me a little, is the Commission's policy of going into the boat business. Why doesn't the boating fraternity issue their own magazine? I have always considered your magazine, "The Angler," a fisherman's magazine, not a fishermen's and boaters' magazine.

I can go along with the policy of cooperation with boaters, but the space in the Angler devoted to boating would provide more departments for fishing. How about a department for "fly-tiers," especially in the winter months.

That's all gentlemen, or maybe too much. You probably will not air it all, but thank you for any part you do use.

James T. Bennett, New Columbia

We used it all!

FISHES PITHOLE

Gentlemen,

I have just finished reading the last installment of "Oil Moon Over Pithole" and want to express my appreciation to the editor for publishing such an interesting article in the Pennsylvania Angler.

I occasionally fish the Pithole Creek and have visited and walked over the old town site.

A. O. Olson, Pittsburgh

BIGGER MINIMUM SIZE

Gentlemen,

My angling pals and I have a few criticisms and a few suggestions to make that could possibly better trout fishing conditions here in our state. I hope there is no objection to airing them in "Leaky Boots?"

First of all, when are we going to have a complete change of policy in regard to trout fishing in general? By this I mean, as an example, when are we going to have a more sensible size and creel limit? Our present 8 fish limit and 6 inch size limit is ridiculous and a thing of the past in view of the present growing angling pressure on our trout streams. A more realistic limit would be 10 or 12 inches minimum and a 3 fish limit.

Oh, I can hear the howls already from the majority of our so-called trout fishermen at that suggestion. If they really were trout fishermen they would welcome rather than oppose such regulations, for this could be the beginning of quality trout fishing. This could eliminate the fish hogs, young and old, who take home those 8 undersize fish, fish that should be left in the stream to mature. I would guess that 90 per cent of those small fish that are taken home end up in the garbage pail. They can't do anyone any good there.

The real trout fishermen, the fellows that wander along a stream, observing, watching for feeding fish, planning an approach to take that fish, picking the right lure or fly, would never object to such regulations, for his main interest is not in how many fish he kills, but in the pleasure of being on the stream and all that goes with it, the clean air, the trees, the blue sky, etc. This type of angler, and there are some around, will release most of his catch, even the largest in some cases.

I have always felt that what our trout program lacks is a trout stamp. With such a stamp, purchased either in addition to your license, so that you can fish for all species, or sold by itself, so you can fish for trout *only*, you would have only those fellows fishing for trout that really enjoy the sport, rather than having thousands of anglers out on the streams fishing for trout just because they are anxious to do something after the long winter months of inactivity. The stamp could practically eliminate the overcrowded conditions on our streams, since only the real enthusiast would buy the stamp to follow his favorite pastime. Add to this a larger size limit and a smaller creel limit and you have one giant step toward quality trout fishing.

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DON'T PAN THE FISHING “PAN” *THE FISH* *INSTEAD!*

PANFISH FISHING in Pennsylvania provides a lot of recreation for Keystone State Anglers. John Sukenik of Lancaster holds a pickerel he caught while fishing for panfish on Sherman's Creek in Perry County. Below, Cumberland County District Fish Warden Perry Heath checks the catch of a young fisherman who, like a lot of others, finds panfish fishing fun—and rewarding.

—by JIM STINSON



THE AUGUST HEAT HAS SPILLED over into early September. The water in most areas is low, clear and apparently sterile. Algae, elodea and other aquatic weeds have taken over stretches of favorite streams and the lake edges are choked with vegetation where the bank fisherman finds himself at a disadvantage trying to reach fishable water. Farm ponds simmer in the sun and turn almost brackish from evaporation. Trout season in a general sense is over and the bass are sulking prior to their October spree.

It's the time of year when many fishermen slack off and do the things around the house that their wives have been fussing about all summer. It's a time when people take late summer vacations to get away from it all and it's a time in early September when school starts and new interests develop and the fishing becomes secondary. But fishing doesn't have to be put aside. There's a lot of fine sport and fine eating to be had at this time of year if the angler will concentrate his efforts on the obliging varieties of pan fish that populate the state's waters.

The word "efforts" is a loose term as used here. More sharply defined, it should mean the time of day, the selection of tackle, and some attention to lures and baits for even the cooperative sunfish and eager rock bass are a little bit fussy during this period. Each of these areas needs to be enlarged.

First for the time of day: Usually a few bluegills or sunfish can be caught at any hour of the day by the diligent fisherman or the youngster with hours to kill along a shaded bank. However, most serious pan fishermen like early to mid-morning and the evening hours as the sun sinks and twilight comes on. Some fishermen work a time schedule on a special stream. An angler, fishing the Juniata between Millerstown and Newport, starts early in the morning because he has the time; but he stays on until at least 11:30 for the rock bass splurge that seems to happen there daily at about 10.30, lasting for about an hour. This same fisherman may return in the evening, but rarely does he waste time on the stream from later morning through the heat of the afternoon. The generalization still stands: early morning and evening are best, local conditions notwithstanding.

Second there is the choice of tackle. Most any freshwater tackle will do, but if sport is the object and not just meat for the table, then the lighter rods and lines in the various categories will prove more pleasing and challenging. Here's the place for the light and ultra-light spinning outfits, the lighter action rods in the spin cast group and, of course, the fly rod enthusiast has a good excuse to unlimber that six or seven foot wand reserved for the little streams and cobweb leaders. It goes without saying that heavier rigs in these tackle styles, as well as the conventional bait casting rigs, will also produce. And don't forget the cane pole. That item of equipment is not just a barefoot boy illusion—it's a very effective piece of gear and may produce more fish for the stringer than the other outfits mentioned above.

An example is worth noting. Crappie fishermen, on a lake in the western part of the state, outcaught spinning gear fishermen about three to one recently. The cane pole men used two hands on the rod, enough line just to keep the small minnow off the bottom, and when the fish hit, it was hauled unceremoniously into the boat. The spin fishermen



ANGLER "Wib" Getter of Newville holds up a stringer of bluegills and a pickerel he caught while fishing Sherman's Creek.


with their light rods and lines took more time to land the same-sized fish so caught fewer before the school moved on.

Still on tackle, there is a note of caution for the ultra-light tackle enthusiasts. Since bass, pickerel and other game fish usually abound where pan fish are common, don't go too light on the line. Four pound is low enough and the angler may be safer with five or six pound test. Surprises come out of that early fall water. A Sherman's Creek, (Perry County) angler set out for a mess of bluegills and rock bass the other evening and finished with two legal chain pickerel of about 19 inches each as well as the pan fish he went for. He was using six pound mono. There's a good chance these toothy prizes would have chopped through a line of less than the tests suggested above. Another late evening angler after a mess of rock bass in the back waters of a dam on the lower Conodoguinet Creek, Cumberland County, was quietly drowning a few worms that he had hoarded through the summer heat in his cellar. A 17 inch smallmouth stirred up the evening calm and subsequently became part of the stringer. The unexpected strike and vigor of the big fish was absorbed by an adequate test line.

Then there is the matter of baits and lures. Here there are as many opinions as there are fishermen and places to fish. A few generalities ought to be acceptable to most panfish aficionados and helpful to the amateurs as well. This is the time of the year that the floaters and the poppers come into their own more so than earlier. Small spinners in varying blade colors are good. In general the lures should be small to match the fish being hunted and the size of their mouths. Some of the species, other than the rock bass, have relatively tiny mouths and this should be considered in selecting hooks and lures. Fly fishermen don't have to be too fussy about the pattern and matching the hatch. In fact, many fly fishermen get a lot of extra mileage out of old flies at this time of the year that they considered no longer fit for the finicky tastes of trout. Here also the world of soft plastics comes into its own such as the smaller plastic minnows, the crickets, the artificial worms and the imitation crayfish that is weighted and weedless.

In the area of natural baits, it's a smorgasbord. Worms are always good but tough to find at this time. Grasshoppers, in the nymph stages earlier, should be in abundance in an edible size. Little minnows work well, par-

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BASS BY THE BASKETFISH

by ED KOCH

LOTS OF QUIET spots in Pennsylvania's lakes and streams provide good bass fishing for Keystone State anglers.

EVERY YEAR I TALK TO NUMEROUS SPORTSMEN who travel all over the country in quest of large and small-mouth bass. They tell of catching ten to forty bass per day ranging in size from 8 to 20 inches. They haul campers, trailers and station wagons loaded with hundreds of dollars worth of gear. If a man had just 5 percent of the gross dollar spent in quest of this summer time hero, "Mr. Bass," they could retire and spend the rest of their days fishing.

Admittedly, over the years my love for trout and the fly rod has become the major occupier of the too few hours I manage to spend at streamside. However, I've done my share of bass fishing in numerous eastern states and Canada and the time spent on water in Pennsylvania has been as enjoyable and successful as distant and expensive trips.

One of the most important factors in successful bass fishing is to know your water. This is a must if you consistently want to catch bass. It will produce memorable and enjoyable trips rather than frustrated, fishless experiences. Spend a good amount of your time astream observing. Note stretches of water that produce. This will eliminate countless hours of covering dead water on future trips. If you find a stretch of water that produces you can rest assured it will continue to do so. Even if you take a few fish home for the frying pan, others will move into the area. Learn what natural food is available in the water you plan to fish. When the "catching" is slow, spend time checking for minnows, insects and crabs that might in-

habit that particular piece of water. This will make the selection of natural bait or artificial lures easier and surer. Your "catching" will improve, and in essence, this is what fishing is all about.

Now to get down to the business part of the story—letting you in on a few of the hottest lures I have used for bass. One of the best, if not the best was the "Floppy" imported from France. It was not one of those highly advertised, sensational killers that you often see on a full page ad in newspapers and magazines. This was a soft rubber minnow imitation with an adjustable blade. The blade had two positions, one for deep and one for shallow running retrieves. It came in various colors, green, blue, yellow backs with white undersides as I recall. It was available in small, medium and large sizes. The green color was my favorite and the small and medium sizes the best producers. Various methods of retrieve are used depending on the mood and feeding activity of the bass. If things were slow I'd start with a deep, fast retrieve as follows. The instant the Floppy hit the water, point the rod tip low and reel like crazy. This causes the lure, with the blade in the low position, to dive deep and wiggle back and forth like crazy. No pausing, no twitching, just a steady fast return like a minnow trying to escape a four pound monster. If this method produced a strike or follow I'd cover an area using the same method.

Another variation was to cast and let the lure lay motionless on top for a half minute or so. Start a retrieve that

made the Floppy dive, come to the surface and rest. This is accomplished by pulling the rod tip hard to one side and reeling very fast. The lure wiggles and dives deep. Once the lure has just about reached the bottom, stop reeling and the Floppy wiggles its way slowly to the surface similar to a frog. Repeat this procedure right into the shore or boat. I have had bass clobber the Floppy as it was diving, floating toward the top and laying motionless on the surface. Each position must have triggered one of Mr. Bass's natural feeding instincts. I have had bass follow the lure retrieved in this manner 30 or 40 feet and viciously rap the thing as I was about to lift it from the water.

Just as effective is the slow, shallow retrieve. With the blade in the upper position begin the retrieve SLOWLY the instant the lure hits the water. It will run about six or eight inches beneath the surface. Remember, SLOW wind of the reel is the secret. SLOW cannot be over-emphasized. The rod tip can also be twitched every 3 or 4 feet to give the lure a crippled, darting action. The slow retrieve causes the Floppy to wiggle back and forth giving the impression of an injured fish swimming for safety.

Some years ago I used to fish several farm ponds within 15 minutes or so of Carlisle. Most of the ponds had been stocked with bass for the farmer's family recreation. As is often the case, they were seldom fished and were loaded with good size bass. Permission to fish them was easily obtained just for the courtesy of asking. I used to fish these ponds for an hour or so in the early morning prior to going to the office. It meant getting up at 5:30 but the action was well worth the sacrificed sleep.

Many a morning the mist would come off the pond as the first rays of the sun warmed the water. The bass always fed regularly at this time before the water got really hot. It was normal to catch eight to twenty bass in two hours of fishing. The same hours and methods also proved successful on some of central Pennsylvania's streams and rivers. And within 20 to 30 miles of most Angler readers these same opportunities exist.

I hadn't seen or been able to beg, borrow or buy a "Floppy" for almost five years. For some reason they just disappeared. But in the early months of 1968, word reached me that they were again available from someone in Pennsylvania. After such a long absence I was doubtful whether or not my bass fishing informant had the right lure. I checked it out. Sure enough the "Floppy" is back (see picture) and so are the bass.

Another great producer is the rubber worm. Black, red, yellow, orange, purple, green, you name it. Ed Shenk and Bill Braught of Carlisle, two top notch fishermen (trout or bass) favor the black color. One of the most effective methods is to make a cast and let the worm settle to the bottom and lay there for two or three minutes. If nothing happens, reel in about six feet of line and let it settle again. Any bass in seeing distance of the worm nine times out of ten picks it up and the fun would start. The hardest part of this method for me was the patience and control



"FLOPPY" proved to be a successfull bass catcher for author.

not to strike the minute Mr. Bass picked up the worm and started off with it. Evidently when a bass picks something off the bottom he doesn't gulp it down as most fishermen suspect. Instead they start to swim away with the meal, mouthing it. I've seen them run for ten yards before stopping. When they stop the first run then strike. If you try to set the hook while the bass is swimming away you'll pull the lure from his mouth. A great trick I picked up from a tackle shop owner in York for rubber worms is a sure fire strike getter. At first I didn't believe him but as always I somehow got frustrated enough on one of my trips to give the crazy idea a try. It worked!

TIE A KNOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORM. Don't laugh, the best is yet to come. After all if you are a real bass nut I'm sure you've tried even crazier things. Care must be taken and the right kind of worms located. Some will tear. Some won't open up. Anyway, tie a knot in the middle of the worm and hook it through the head. Make a cast and let it settle to the bottom and just lay there. If it lands anywhere near a bass he's in for the surprise of his life. In less than a minute the worm will begin to wiggle and come apart and just POP open. Talk about attraction and action, that's it! Get it anywhere near a bass and he's yours. The crazy thing pops apart and wiggles for a few seconds looking more lifelike than a real worm. It sounds fantastic, wild and unbelievable—try it—the same words describe the results on Bass.

TYING A KNOT in an artificial worm is a bass attractor when it pops apart after settling to the bottom.



by PAUL ANTOLOSKY, Superintendent
H. R. Stackhouse Training School

FISHING IS FUN —AND FUNNY!

BEING CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH such an enjoyable sport as fishing has over the years produced some amusing and even hilarious moments of laughter for me. I have never had the slightest aspirations of ever becoming a literary giant, but I feel as if many of these “happenings” should be shared with others in the fishing fraternity. I’m sure all of you will recall similar, and perhaps even funnier instances that have happened to you or your friends during a fishing excursion.

For instance, fishing for suckers one day in early spring, I saw a fisherman hook a sucker and, moving backwards, he started to back-pedal up a slightly graded bank. Early spring always provides the best kind of slippery, oozy mud and down he went, right on his slightly enlarged posterior. Struggling to his feet, he went down again—all 300 pounds of him. After he repeated this performance two or three more times, he suddenly started laughing. This started a chain reaction and all the other fishermen around started laughing with him. Still hanging onto the rod, though, and muddy from head to toe, he finally landed the sucker—all ten inches of it! Then the laughter really started.

Even earlier in my fishing days a relative and I had each caught a nice limit of trout and were walking back to the car with a friend that had been fishing with us. He was a swell guy, but gullible as all get out. Since he had only one trout for his efforts that day, he kept probing us for the reason we were so successful. We were all using worms for bait, but we told him that after we had experimented a bit, we found that the trout were only hitting on No. 10 hooks. We indicated that the No. 8’s he was using just weren’t quite right. Of course, the next time he went fishing with us, he had a generous supply of No. 10 hooks.

A friend of mine was fishing with salmon eggs one time and the trout were really gobbling them up. A fisherman nearby, not catching anything, couldn’t stand it any

longer and finally asked, “Watcha using, Pal?” “Eggs,” was the quick reply from my friend, deeply engrossed in the task at hand. After a lapse of about five minutes, the other angler asked, “Are those hard-boiled or scrambled eggs, Mister?” I almost lost that friend—he laughed so hard he fell in the stream and darned near drowned.

Another time, years ago, I was fishing with a friend on the Allegheny River. About noon that summer sun gets hot and when you’ve been driving all night to get there, the sun really gets to you. You know the feeling—hot, drowsy, fish ain’t bitin’. The “real” long hot summer. My buddy who had just purchased a brand new fly rod, line, and automatic reel only the day before, put on a nice big soft shell crab, cast it out into the river, and propped his rod up on a rock. I guess we both dozed off about the same time when suddenly, z-z-z-z-z. The reel screamed wildly and rod, reel, and line disappeared into the river. Frantically scrambling after it, neither of us got there in time! The rest of the day was spent diving for the lost outfit, but we never did find it. Worse yet, we are still wondering what took it. . . .

Although law enforcement isn’t all fun, funny things happen concerning fishermen and fishing when you are exposed to it for any length of time. One day while patrolling a stream, I spotted an angler perched on a large rock at the edge of the stream. It wasn’t too long before he was hopelessly snagged on the bottom and it was easy to see that he was on his first, or at best, his second fishing trip by his following antics. Realizing that he was snagged, he started tugging on the rod—slowly at first. Then the tempo picked up and he started pumping the rod, faster and faster. By this time, it was almost a complete circle with the tip almost touching the reel. I held my breath, waiting for the rod to break at any moment. Then, seeing that this wasn’t working, he took the rod and violently

slapped the water eight or ten times. Finally, in disgust (and I couldn't believe my eyes), he chucked the whole outfit into the stream and sullenly stomped his way to his car!

Working a stream with a Game Protector shortly after midnight, we were observing four men gigging unlawfully in a trout stream. As we tried to get a little closer to the action, we spooked them somehow and they headed for their car. Taking off on a dead run (it was dark as the inside of a bat's mouth), I went sailing along in hot pursuit. Just about when I had up a full head of steam, I ran smack dead center into a single, tightly strung strand of barbed wire, just about chest high!

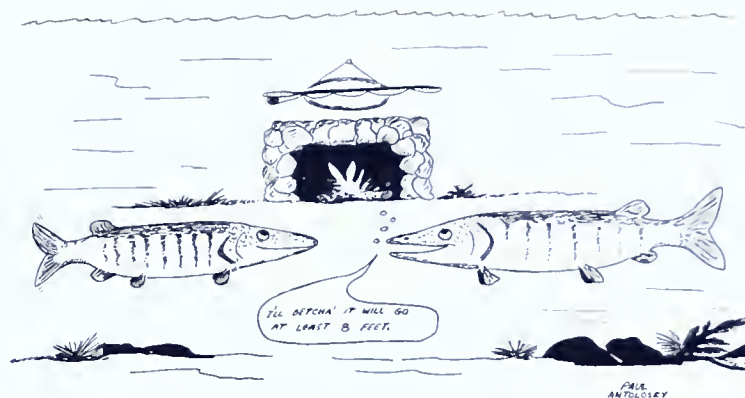
A fellow officer told this one to me not long ago. It also happened at night. Seems he was working on a special law enforcement problem and, being familiar with the area, he slipped in after dark. After a short wait he saw a flashing of lights now and then further upstream. He was working his way through a field along the stream, feeling his way, as it was one of those really dark, dark nights. Walking slowly, with his hands stretched out in front of him, he suddenly touched something warm, soft, and definitely wet. He was shocked nearly out of his wits at this point, and trying to get his feet to cooperate, when, suddenly about two feet away from his face, a very loud Mooooooo really woke him up. The farmer's cow was also out for a night stroll.

When famous Fishermen's Paradise was operating in full swing, there was always something interesting going on. Working a law enforcement detail, I recall a fellow officer approaching a suspected violator on the project. As the officer asked to check the angler's pocket, quick as a flash the angler popped something into his mouth. The officer, thinking quickly, held his hand up to the man's mouth and demanded, "Spit it out." Gagging and choking, he indeed did spit it out. It's hard to believe, but into the surprised officer's hand came two small wriggling garden worms!

On another occasion, standing on the bridge, overlooking the stream at Fishermen's Paradise, I was watching the happy confusion of about thirty anglers all trying to fish in one hole on the stream. Tangled lines, muttering sounds, yelling, and jerking bending rods all added to the confusion. Then there was this one guy, all tangled up with the rest of them, who, after surveying the maddening situation, calmly pulled out a pair of scissors, and neatly snipped off five or six of the other lines entangled with his. The language that ensued in the next few minutes from the other anglers is unpublishable, but it seems as if a deep blue haze was hanging over the area.

Stocking fish always supplies humor whenever a group of

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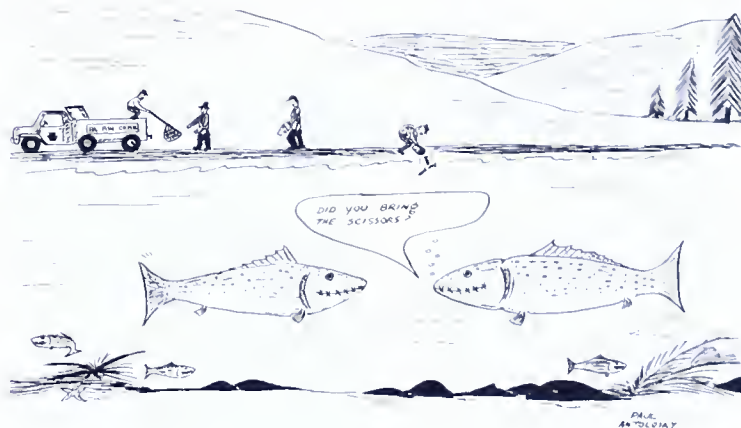
YEARS AGO while fishing with a friend on the Allegheny River an unidentified whopper took off with my partner's whole new outfit.



A FELLOW OFFICER was walking through a field one pitch black night when he suddenly felt something warm and soft.



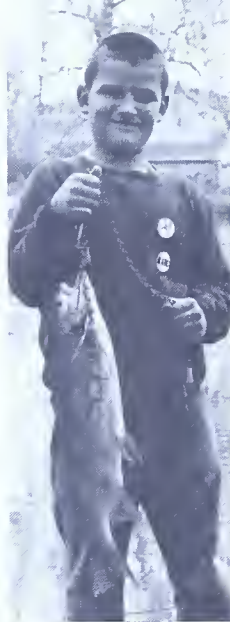
STANDING ON A BRIDGE, watching the confusion of several anglers trying to fish one hole, I saw one frustrated fisherman pull out a pair of scissors and snip off several tangled lines.



STOCKING FISH is always good for humor. One angler packed his rod away and left when he was told that the mouths of all freshly stocked fish were sewed shut.



ACTIVITIES AT THE active Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association's grounds during the summer keep members busy. Above Jim Miller mans the registration table at the Kiddie Rodeo, while above right 8-year-old Tim Micky of Chambersburg holds a 22 inch rainbow he caught on Keeper Day. On the far right above fishermen register their catches as they leave the clubs lake at the first Fish Derby held this summer.



IT WAS TWO P.M. SUNDAY, April 28. The location was the Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association lake. The event was the first Keeper Trout Rodeo of 1968.

"You may start to fish!" blared the loud speaker and 319 lines arched through the air into the Earl Peck Memorial Lake. A few furious, splashing hours later it was over. There were 432 trout caught with an average length of 16 inches. Of the total, 197 were better than average, topping off at 24 inches—a rainbow caught by Gary Johnston, McConnellsburg. It was quite a day.

All of the above is just an introduction to the Mercersburg Sportsmen's spring and summer fishing events. The club has an active program under Jack Smith, president, and the 25 man fish committee. Here's their pattern for the year.

There are six Keeper Rodeos, beginning with April 28 and closing September 2. Club members, desiring to fish, register at the beginning of the day and receive an identification button. At the end of the fishing period, anglers check out, have their fish measured and registered, and wend their happy ways home. Each angler is supplied with a set of rules, governing the fishing for the day. Fish committee members circulate along the lake, rendering assistance as needed and insuring fair play.

A word or two is in order at this time for the fish committee. These hard working club members arrive on the

KEEPERS —AND KIDS AT MERCERSBURG

by BILL PORTER

SOME OF THE SUCCESSFUL anglers at the club sponsored programs include (pictured across the bottom of these pages from left to right) Robert Brewbaker, Richard Carmach, Elaine Hollinshead, Gary Johnston, Pam Keefer, and Monte Perry.





YOUNG FISHERMAN, hooks a hefty one (above left) while Pennsylvania Fish Commission District Officer Bryce Carnell and the club's secretary, Frank Kulp, pause in front of the Earl L. Peck

Memorial Lake (center) which is a busy place during one of the several events held by the club each summer.

scene early, set up registration tables, handle the stocking chores, assist the fishermen, maintain order, and smile through the whole business. Why? Well, there's a bit of a catch to all the hard work. In the first place a sturdy breakfast is served the work crew and they have the privilege of catching their two keeper fish before the crowd arrives if they want to. So there is some compensation for their work. Incidentally, it's one of the few committees in the association where there is a waiting list to serve.

Getting back to the Rodeo operation, the club functions in a businesslike manner and pays for its fish in a couple of ways. Since the lake is open to year-round fishing with special regulations similar to Fish Commission fish-for-fun areas, all members wishing to fish pay a \$2 fee in addition to their regular dues. This fee also covers the Keeper Rodeos. Then comes the snapper. Three of the rodeos feature chicken barbecue, under the careful guidance of club member, Jim Miller. Jim and his crew prepare the chicken along the edge of the lake and for several hours the fishermen have the aroma of barbecued fowl in their nostrils. Then when the chow is ready, the loud speaker indicates the end of the fishing period and time to eat. Usually about 200 whole chickens vanish in short time and the club treasurer takes a trip to the bank. During the dinner break the fish committee restocks the lake and then

at another signal it's back to the attack. How can a person lose on a deal like that?

The Keeper days are for all members of all ages, but the club has a special day for the youngsters of the area whether club members or not. This year the Kiddies Rodeo was held Saturday, June 9, on Johnston's Run. With Fish Commission approval and the help of Warden Bryce Carnell, the stream was sectioned into three areas: girls 0-16, boys 0-10 and 11-16. The pleasant meadow stream made an ideal spot for casting and open fishing with enough turns and holes to offer a challenge to the 219 registered youngsters, including over 40 girls.

Again the fish committee was very much in evidence, registering young anglers, issuing hooks, lending advice, stocking fish, keeping track of prize winners, untangling lines and the like. Over 750 trout were stocked with a minimum size of about 12 inches with some 19 and 20 inchers. A mid-day stocking renewed the interest and efforts of those youngsters failing to score in the morning. Costs for the derby were shared by the club and area well-wishers to the tune of about \$1,100.

And so it goes with the Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association—a real swinging outfit. What do they do while they're resting? They raise quite a few thousand trout in a co-op nursery for public fishing.





FISHERMEN VISITING PENNSYLVANIA'S MANY STREAMS PROBABLY OFTEN ARE ONLY A STEP OR TWO AWAY FROM RELICS LOST OR ABANDONED BY A CIVILIZATION THAT INHABITED THE COUNTRYSIDE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO. STREAMS WERE BOTH A SOURCE OF FOOD AND A SOURCE OF TRANSPORTATION FOR THE INDIAN TRIBES THAT LIVED IN PENNSYLVANIA LONG BEFORE EUROPEANS "DISCOVERED" THE LAND—TRACES OF THEIR PAST STILL REMAIN TO BE FOUND, OFTEN BY THE KEEN-EYED OUTDOORS-MAN.

NEWLY PLOWED fields, often near Keystone State Streams, often hold untold wealth of Indian treasure (left) such as the arrow and spear points shown on the right.

by
DON SHINER



FISHERMAN'S TREASURE

SCOOPING THE EXHAUSTED BASS into my net, I waded ashore and knelt beside a raw-earth bank while removing the fly from its bone-hard jaw. The bass seemed more colorful than most, being a much lighter shade of green and with a snow-white undercarriage. It measured a few inches above legal size, so I put it back into the river and watched as it swam into the dark depths. Then my gaze shifted and settled on a curiously pointed stone lying partly exposed on the eroded soil beside my foot. I picked up the object to discover, much to my surprise, a flint arrow head. I rubbed off crumbs of clay and found edges flawlessly chipped into a perfect point. Obviously some human being, who fashioned this flint stone, stood one day centuries ago, beside this stretch of river, much as I was doing today. For a moment I forgot fishing for bass as my thoughts reeled backward in time when dense virgin forests covered these Appalachian folds and the name Pennsylvania, or for that matter, William Penn was unheard of.

The arrow point which I held in my hand, belonged to a race of people whose culture dominated this land centuries before caucasian immigrants arrived. The Susquehanna River in which I was fishing still bears the name given it by these early people, and phonetically is said to be one of the most musical words in the English language.

The artifact that I found this morning was only one of many that I chanced to find while fishing streams in the eastern part of the state. On another occasion, last spring I was intent upon fishing a stretch of trout water lying beyond a newly plowed field. As I walked along the outer edges of the newly overturned furrows, I spied quantities of flint chips sprinkled over the raw soil. Here, or near here, probably had lived a maker of flint tools, talented in the art of chipping and cutting stones into useful weapons. I paused momentarily to search the ground and spied a sizeable stone bearing evidence of chipping. The stone, partly buried in the soil, turned out to be a tomahawk. I also found several sinker stones, remnant of a skinning

knife and two slightly imperfect arrow points. These Indian artifacts, coupled to the numerous trout that I caught during the day, made it a most profitable outing.

I've not accumulated much Indian lore, but the few pieces I have gathered were found, almost to the last piece, while fishing. Fishermen have the opportunity to find much formerly buried Indian treasures. In fact, an occasional and casual search of the stream side and perhaps field near a former Indian campsite can uncover much Indian lore and possessions. Erosion of stream banks and plowing of fields brings many otherwise hidden artifacts to the surface. Hunting them is an intriguing sideline of fishing. When fish refuse to nudge lures, I often spend a half hour or more surveying the accumulation of rocks on shore, or a raw earth bank, and not uncommonly find a chipped stone or two. Anglers who are mildly interested in history, especially that of the Pennsylvania Indian, find fishing and hunting for artifacts compatible and interesting.

A newly found arrow point or piece of pottery always renews my interest in these early Americans. I usually spend a few hours that evening digging for more information among the volumes on the bookshelf. But great gaps exist in information available about these primitive people.

Anthropologists theorize that these early people immigrated to what is now known as Pennsylvania from the Asiatic continent centuries ago, via the Arctic Circle and possibly the Aleutian Islands which are thought to have once formed a land bridge with that land mass. These immigrants probably moved southward to what is known now as California, thence across the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountain range and plains and finally to the East coast. Since these people already resided here when Columbus made his daring voyage from Spain in quest of a new route to the West Indies, his discovery amounts to only that of finding the red-skin natives. Assuming he had successfully reached the Indies, he erroneously gave the name "Indians" to the natives which greeted his three small ships, a name that persists today. Some historians prefix the word "American" to this name, and further, shorten the two words to "Amerind" to separate these people from the true West Indians.

Not a great deal is known about these early Amerinds until the 17th Century when Captain John Smith explored the Chesapeake Bay region and met with a tribe that called itself Susquehannocks, a name given to the huge sprawling river that spills some 400 miles to reach the Bay region. Smith describes these Amerinds as giants among men, many towering to seven-foot heights, and with their legs measuring more than 24-inches in circumference below the knee!

Before exterminated in a series of savage wars with the Iroquois of upper New York, the Susquehannocks were, to some extent, farmers, growing maize, beans and squash, yet they were somewhat nomadic, moving in pursuit of game, primarily shad during the great runs from the bay into the upper portions of the river.

This tribe was not the sole resident of the 44,000 square



MANY SIGNS and monuments, erected by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, tell of early Indian history.



THESE BEAUTIFUL specimens of Indian craft were all gathered within the present boundaries of Pennsylvania.

miles confined within the present boundaries of Pennsylvania. Nanticokes, Senecas, Hurons, Shawnees and Lenni Lenapes lived here, the latter referred to as the Delawares. Some authorities believe that the Delawares alone numbered some 5,000 and were made up of several lesser tribes known as the Munsee, Turtle and Unalachtigo. Early accounts mention that the Munsee lived mainly in the area

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FISHERMAN'S TREASURE



WATCH YOUR step along Pennsylvania streams—you may find Indian relic artifacts uncovered by spring runoffs and heavy rains.

between the Lehigh and Delaware Rivers. Range of the Turtle tribe extended from the Lehigh to the present site of Philadelphia, with the Unalachtigo south of that.

The infamous Walking Purchase of 1737 forced the Delawares to move farther inland, some of which settled and lived for years in what is now Columbia County. Chief Nutimus ruled the settlement and was said to have acquired several slaves. The arrow point mentioned at the opening of this article, undoubtedly belonged to a member of this tribe for I was fishing only a few hundred yards from this village site.

This village, as were the others within Pennsylvania, was composed of sod huts, with earthen walls and thatched roofs over a framework of saplings. The cone-shaped teepees covered with skins were primarily the abodes of the plain dwellers.

Large amounts of fire-charred stone are found both in the neighboring fields and banks of the river near this village of Nutimus. Indeed, the presence of fire-charred rocks indicate the whereabouts of many other Indian villages elsewhere bordering Pennsylvania streams. These "burned" stones resulted through the Indian habit of heating them in blazing campfires and then rolling them onto a pile surrounding their round-bottom clay pots in which they did most of their cooking of food. The fire-charred stones give evidence that many pieces of broken pottery, flint chips, arrow points, knives, hammer stones and sinkers are hidden beneath the top layers of soil.

A good example is the day I waded along the shores, near this former Indian encampment, while spinning small lures for bass. I chanced to see what appeared to be a stack of flat stones piled neatly within the freshly eroded bank. Upon investigating, I found seven or eight nicely rounded and flat pot lids. Some Indian family, probably intent upon moving elsewhere, hid the pot lids so they would be available on their return. The lids remained

hidden for centuries and were only uncovered when a spring overflow cut away part of the bank.

I always wondered where the Amerinds obtained their flint materials out of which they skillfully chipped tools and weapons. One local fisherman, knowledgeable in Indian culture, said they gathered flint cobble-stones from stream banks where much can be found today. They also mined flint according to this expert, with one such mine of coarse black flint located on Beaver Creek near Selingsgrove.

One of the more common artifacts found on or near stream banks is the "sinker" stone, a chipped stone used to weight fishing nets. Pennsylvania Indians caught fish in this manner rather than with hook and line. Primarily during the shad and eel runs during the spring and fall, nets of vine and animal ligaments, and weighted at the bottom with cut stones, were used to catch quantities of fish. Nets have long since rotted, but the sinker stones remain, and are prevalent in fields and eroded banks bordering the many former campsites in Pennsylvania.

Obviously streams played an important role in the lives of these early people. One early account, written by a missionary, mentions that the Amerinds drove herds of deer and elk into the streams whereupon they launched canoes and dug-outs to overtake and spear whatever animals they wanted.

The canoe came into use since much of the Indian's life was spent beside waterways. Longfellow's poem, "Song of Hiawatha" tells of the birch-bark canoe and how it was fashioned from cedar staves, and bark or skins stretched, laced and glued to the framing. This craft was exceptionally light in weight, enabling the owners to portage them across miles of land to reach other streams.

Another quite common boat was the dug-out, made by charring and digging out the interior of a suitable log. Despite great weight, these crafts were fairly maneuverable even in swift currents.

I am reminded each spring as I walk through maple groves and notice buckets hanging from spouts driven into trees, that the Amerinds taught early settlers to gather and boil down sap, during early spring, into syrup and sugar. And likewise, when I walk through fields of corn toward a favorite fishing hole, the tall stalks of green remind me that the Amerinds gave this crop to early settlers, including tobacco and the custom of smoking, an influence that ranges throughout most of the races in the world today.

This by no means is meant to be a complete account of early Pennsylvania Indians, but a smattering of information gained as a result of finding a few flint implements along trout and bass streams.

Fishing remains my foremost and primary goal during trips afield. But you can bet I cast an eye toward raw-banks and newly plowed fields for a chance finding of some Indian artifacts. You can too. Piece by piece, flint chips and pottery that you will find give an insight into these former people that once lived beside streams that you and I visit today.

A NEW LOOK MAY BE FORTHCOMING ON
WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA'S RIVERS THROUGH
THE EFFORTS OF A CIVIC GROUP THAT'S
FINALLY PICKING UP THE BALL IN "DOING
SOMETHING" ABOUT IMPROVING THE LOOKS OF
RIVER FRONTAGE. TO DRAW ATTENTION TO
THEMSELVES AND TO THE RECREATIONAL
POTENTIAL OF THE THREE RIVERS THEY
SPONSORED SOMETHING CALLED . . .

RIVER RENAISSANCE



by
**TOM
EGGLER**

PITTSBURGH'S WATERFRONT was a busy place this summer during the first River Renaissance Weekend sponsored by TRIAD, a civic organization with the purpose of beautifying Western Pennsylvania's three big rivers.

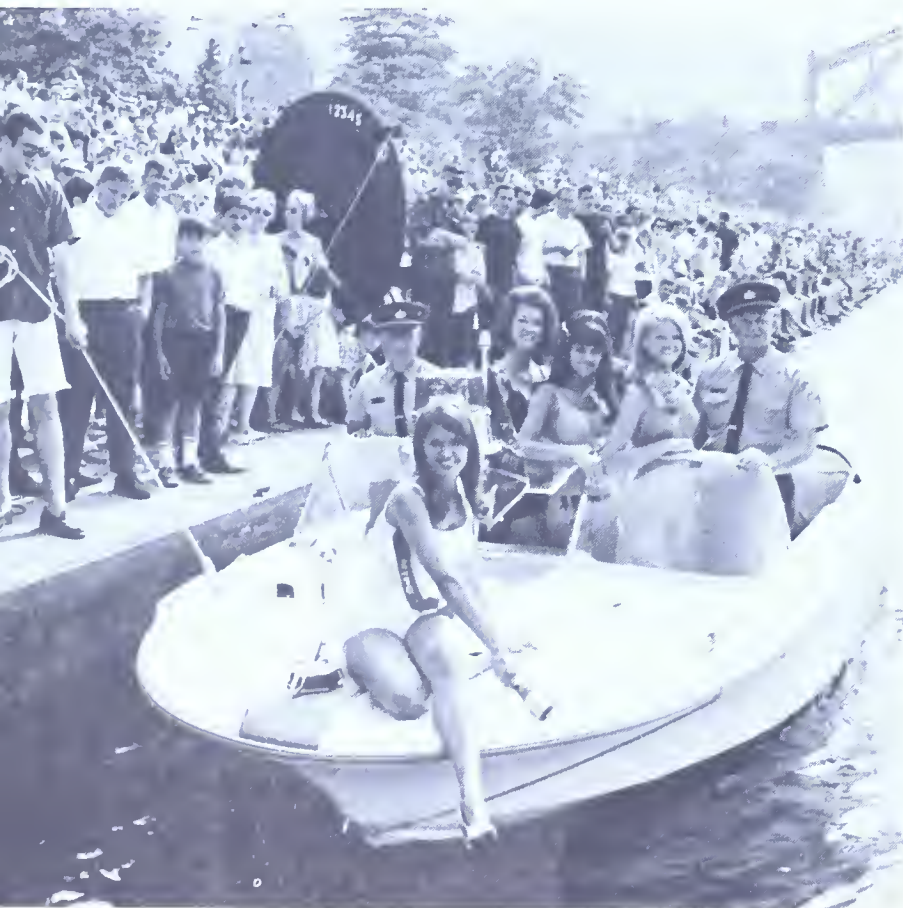
PHOTOS AND COPY NEXT TWO PAGES!



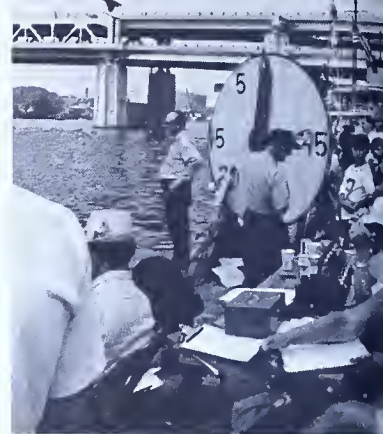
RACES HELD the attention of spectators who had come, many by boat, to enjoy TRIAD's action-packed weekend on the three rivers in Pittsburgh.



ALLEGHENY COUNTY COMMISSIONER Thomas Foerster draws some winning tags from a tackle box held by TRIAD representative Jim Bruce. The tags were turned in by fishermen who had caught fish that had been specially tagged for the TRIAD's fishing contest.



NEW PATROL boats which were launched by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission shortly before River Renaissance Weekend, were christened on Sunday. Ready to do the honors is Miss TRIAD, Barbara Verlander of White Oak. At the controls of the new outfit is PFC Allegheny County Officer Paul Sowers and on the right is Watercraft Safety Officer Joe Dick. Also in the boat are other TRIAD beauties Miss Ohio River, Jane Ullom of Washington; Miss Monongahela River, Pam Cetrone of Coraopolis; and Miss Allegheny River, Marden Hawthorne of Ingomar. TO THE RIGHT members of Pittsburgh's fire department go overboard from the fireboat C. D. Scully for the beauty queens as they passed in a ski boat. And in the next picture a crowd watches as the U.S. Coast Guard helicopter takes off from the Point Pleasant Park.



ACTION CENTER of water activities was on the Allegheny just downstream from Pittsburgh's famous "bridge where." Shortly after the festival, end connections were made to the year old structure to eventually be useable.

RIVER RENAISSANCE—

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn couldn't make it but had they been able to they'd have found a powerful lot doing at the point in Pittsburgh during River Renaissance Weekend late in June.

Their log raft would have been floating along side all sorts of pleasure boats and interesting watercraft and they'd have seen things that would certainly have given them something to tell stories about—people sliding across the surface of the rippling waters of the three rivers doing all sorts of tricks on skis, including flying; small, powerful racing boats wound out tight while racing on the Allegheny; a big, noisy "bird" hovering just over the water picking a man from the surface and then later the same "bird" settling to the water and resting before disappearing into the sky again; men falling through the sky with colored smoke marking their paths and then settling into the river supported by something neither Sawyer nor Finn would have recognized as a parachute. And, of course, something both of the boys would have found particularly intriguing—plenty of attractive young women lightly dressed for the warm summer days.





ALL THE WATER activities didn't seem to bother a hard core group of young fishermen who still found a peaceful place at the point to do some fishing.

But while neither Huck Finn nor Tom Sawyer were there, thousands of other waterway users did show up for the festivities.

Sponsored by TRIAD, a young organization more formally known as Three Rivers Improvement and Development Corporation, the weekend was the first major effort of the group to draw public attention to the recreational potentials of the Allegheny, the Monongahela, and the Ohio Rivers. Plans of the group call for a new look along these major waterways in Western Pennsylvania within the next few years with the cleaning up and beautification of river frontage, the establishment of new public access areas, and the overall development of the untapped recreational and commercial potentials of the rivers.

Leading things off early Saturday morning were some ski jumping eliminations and from then on something was happening all the time until a late afternoon shower put the brakes on—but didn't stop—the first day's festivities.

Following the opening ceremonies in Point State Park, a giant boat parade appeared on the Monongahela heading downstream, then turned up the Allegheny and finally down the Ohio before returning to the "Mon."

Sparkling work boats that push barges up and down the

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KITE FLYING was one of the popular attractions of the water oriented activities.



THE TRIAD FLAG flew from the masts of many boats over the weekend while (below left) water skiers from the Sandy Lake Club get set for some exhibitions. TRIAD president Arthur V. Harris (below right) stops to talk over operations with Pennsylvania Fish Commission Officer Paul Sowers who is in charge of Allegheny County.



PICKEREL PICNIC

by BOB GOOCH

FIRST THERE WAS A GLINT OF SILVER. And then a solid strike. Startled, I leaned into the vibrating glass rod and a flashing form cracked the surface of the clear, creek water.

Rainbow trout? No.

Florida tarpon? Nope.

A savage Pennsylvania pickerel was taunting me with his creamy belly and flaring gill covers.

The little foothills creek was an untried one, but I made a mental note to add it to my growing list of pickerel waters. For this was an exploratory trip, the kind I make periodically to uncover new fishing waters—waters for the most part begging to be fished.

As is typical of pickerel, the fight ended too soon, and I added 15 inches of subdued dynamite to my stringer.

I like to fish small streams. They are a refreshing change from the busy and bustling big waters that attract crowds of anglers and others seeking water recreation. And my favorite quarry on such streams is the eastern chain pickerel, *esox niger*, for I know he is a true native, a fish that has never seen the concrete tanks of a modern hatchery. Nor is he the offspring of a hatchery fish, for the pickerel is one of the few fish left to shift for himself.

Three kinds of pickerel fin the cleaner waters of the Eastern United States—the chain, the grass, and the little redfin. Pennsylvanians are lucky. Their's is one of the few states that can boast of all three. The chain is the favorite because he is more common, and grows to larger sizes.

Like all pikes, the chain is a loner. Pickerel do not school, and while an angler may sometimes take a couple from the same spot, it means he has broken up a spawning party—a female accompanied by one or two males. The pickerel is also greedy, obnoxious, and possessed of a stinking personality. Seldom moody, but always violent, even a well fed pickerel is not too difficult to chide into striking.

The chain can be distinguished from the little pickerels by the chainlike markings that lace its green back and sides.

The grass pickerel is also green, but the mesh effect is replaced by wormlike markings, the basis for its scientific name of *esox americanus vermiculatus*. The redfin's sides are covered with green bars. The little pickerels rarely exceed 12 inches.



THE AUTHOR adds a stream pickerel to his stringer.

Pickereel range all over Pennsylvania, and are pretty much where you find them, but seem to be most plentiful in the northeastern counties.

Chain waters run the gauntlet from small creeks being considered here, to ponds, lakes, and large rivers. They prefer shallow, weedy, water, and so seldom do well in the larger reservoirs and impoundments.

Because of their wide range and the variety of waters they live in, pickerel share their habitat with trout, small-mouth bass, largemouth bass, and just about every fish in the state. Old chainsides is stubborn though, and insists upon being king of his domain. Few fish are willing to challenge him in his lair.

In my approach to stream fishing for pickerel, I secure a map—any map that gives detailed information as to small streams and rural roads. I then select a section of a stream that looks promising, preferably one that flows through a wilderness area, and one crossed by two roads at an interval of two to three miles.

With the stream nailed down, I visit the landowners and secure permission to fish. This is usually not difficult as these streams often receive little angling pressure.

With permits in my pocket, I am ready to plan a trip. Such an outing requires either a cooperative wife or a fishing buddy willing to trail you in another car to the downstream access point where you leave your car.

Your ride then taxis you and your gear to the upstream point. There you are on your own. You wade and fish back to your car.

For this type of fishing I like ultralight spinning tackle. The fine monofilament is invisible in the clear water, and the short rod is handy for casting in close quarters.

Except in very warm weather, I wear chest waders, and I always tow a canvas covered automobile tube. My rig is fitted with a patch pocket for a small tackle box and loops for attaching a fish stringer and a light length of rope. I tie the other end of the rope to my belt and tow the rig when it is not in use.

It is in deep water that the float earns its keep. It is possible to wade most sections of these little streams, but there are always a few deep holes which force the wading angler ashore. When I hit such water I climb into the float and ride with the current—fishing the choice water as I go.

The foothills streams are my favorite. The blending of mountains into flat country gives them a split personality. Fast water and boulder strewn stretches give way to pond-like pools, but around the next bend, the stream may again race toward the sea.

Such streams are usually rich in food—minnows, crayfish and frogs—and the hungry pickerel grow fat and sleek.

The quiet stretches are the ones that appeal to pickerel though, particularly those with weed beds. The pickerel does not like to travel far for his food, preferring to wait in ambush for some unsuspecting morsel to swim by. Weed beds are ideal for such mayhem. In the absence of



ULTRALIGHT spinning tackle and tiny lures are tops for fishing small streams for chain pickerel.

weeds, cast to the shoreline, around brush, overhanging branches and the like.

When pickerel are on the feed, you find them in open water, but the nice thing about this game fish is his willingness to strike anytime you drop a tantalizing lure close by. Pickerel do not feed at night, but in these shady streams they provide action throughout the daylight hours.

Swivels tend to destroy the action of the tiny lures, and it is best to tie the bait directly to the line. Although some line twist is unavoidable, it can be corrected by removing the lure and running the line out in fast current.

In small streams the water is usually crystal clear, not too deep and ideal for surface lures. While the pickerel is not the best fighter in fresh water, he does not lack for luster when he pounces on a lure. His vicious strike is the pickerel's contribution to the angling world. When he smacks a surface lure, the water fairly boils. For this reason I like to fish on top.

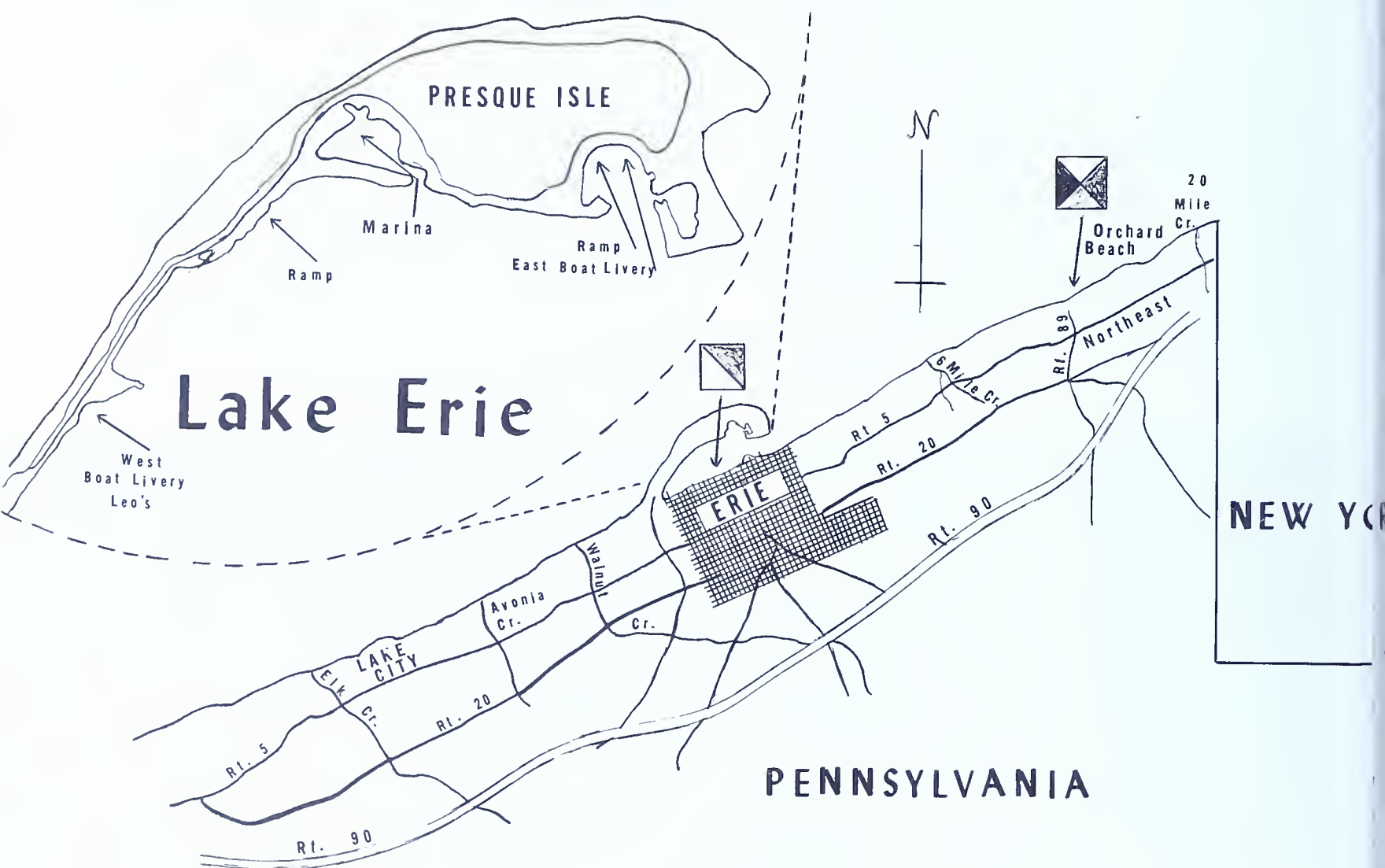
If top-water lures don't work, try a small spoon decorated with a sliver of pork rind. Also effective is a spinner-fly combination weighted with a split shot for casting heft.

The pickerel is not choosy, and just about any lure will provoke a strike. If the stream contains good bass or trout, the angler may want to use lures also attractive to these fine fish. Pickerel don't like worms though. The bait should imitate a minnow or frog.

The members of the pike family like a fairly fast retrieve, but make it erratic. A surface lure dropped lightly under an overhanging branch may get a strike the minute it hits the water—or after a slight twitch.

It's difficult to recommend a single fishing pattern for pickerel under the varied conditions found in small streams but this makes for interesting angling. And usually the action is fast enough to experiment.

Get out a map and have some fun exploring. The best fishing you ever experienced may not be far from your back yard.



BOATING

with **ROBERT G. MILLER**

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS

ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

SCENERY, HISTORY AND RECREATION—all three are offered the pleasure craft owner when he visits Erie County and releases his trailer bound craft into the waters of Lake Erie.

Lake Erie, covering an area of approximately 10,000 square miles, provides the ultimate in pleasure boating but not, except for Presque Isle State Park, the ultimate in launching facilities along the shoreline east and west of Erie.

Apparently, except for a Pennsylvania Fish Commission proposed project on 20 Mile Creek, near the New York state line; as well as a ramp at the foot of Chestnut Street in Erie, there are just the Northeast Yacht Club facilities, several beach type ramps and a few creeks where the shorelines are adaptable for launching small craft.

Presque Isle, as indicated on the enlargement, provides Leo's boat livery, (West boat livery) off the west end of the peninsula; a boat ramp near the administration building, a marina, and in Misery Bay another ramp and the East boat livery.

If you tire of cruising, water skiing or fishing, there's always the beaches, picnic facilities, the hiking trails through the ecological reservation and the many historical sites to see.

In addition to Presque Isle, other access areas include:



The Northeast Yacht Club at Freeport. A private club which provides launching facilities for a fee, it can be reached via Rt. 89. Nearby is Herman Smith's boat livery, at Orchard Beach. There are no launching facilities but fishing craft can be rented and bait purchased at Smith's.

Along Rt. 5, headed west toward Erie, there are beach type access areas at Shorewood, at Shade's Beach Park, with parking and picnic areas; and Six Mile Creek, an area purchased by the City of Erie for park development.



In Erie, at the foot of Chestnut Street, there is a public ramp but parking is limited. Parking, along with gasoline and oil, may be had east and west of the public docks.

Those owners who plan to moor their craft for an entire season at the State Street public dock should contact the Erie Harbor and Navigation Commission, Presque Isle State Park.

West of Erie are Walnut Creek, Avonia Creek at Fairview, and Elk Creek. Located off Rt. 5, Walnut Creek is the largest of the access areas; Elk Creek is near Lake City, and to the extreme western end of Erie County is Raccoon Creek where, it is understood, a fee is charged for launching and parking.



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

VARIED TASTES

■ Different times while talking to fishermen, you hear such statements as "they must have fed these fish before they stocked them, because they won't bite." But Sherwood Krum of Hawley told me he caught a trout while fishing in Fairview Lake. The stomach had a piece of gum, a piece of aluminum foil, rubber salmon eggs and a cigarette filter in it. He had caught the fish on a spoon. It must be the good clean air and water in this area that makes a fish that hungry.—**District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY** (Pike and Wayne Counties).

TROUT WINS

■ I saw a fisherman make a desperate attempt to land a big brown trout at Stevenson Dam after a stocking in May. The trout might have gone as much as 26 inches. The fisherman tried to beach the fish, but it was too heavy so he made a dive for it when he got it near shore. The trout took advantage of the slack and took off for deep water. The fisherman was lucky to retrieve his rod and when he did get hold of the handle he was wet to his knees. The trout, of course, got away.—**District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).

LIKE SON

■ At the Ridgway Reservoir, Joe Addeo of Ridgway, caught a 22 inch rainbow trout that weighed 5 pounds. It was caught at 11:30 A.M. That evening, his father, Louis Addeo of Ridgway, caught a 22 inch rainbow trout that weighed in at 6 pounds.—**District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

NEW ANGLER READERS

■ While patrolling Cross Fork Creek's Fly Fishing Only section I met two young men from the Pittsburgh area. Both were just learning the art of fly fishing and both were having trouble. I told and showed them the proper way to present a dry fly and they soon were taking trout. I then gave them a few flies that I knew would take trout there as well as each a copy of the Pennsylvania Angler. They looked the magazine over and both decided it was just what they needed to improve their fishing so each bought a three year subscription!—**District Warden KENNETH ALEY** (Potter County).

LUCKY BOYS

■ The Governor's Shad Fishing Party on the Delaware River at Lackawaxen this spring netted good results for the young fry. Only the boys, three in all, caught a shad and all were citation size!—**District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS** (Wayne County).

WATCH OUT!

■ Mr. Dave Yoas of Wellsboro told me he was fly fishing along Pine Creek one evening. Two other anglers were fishing the same pool when Dave released his third trout and was working his line out again. Then he heard one of the other anglers say to his friend, "watch out for that guy, he must be a warden. That's the third fish he has thrown back already." Dave got quite a chuckle from this. He likes to fish for sport and always returns more fish to the water than he keeps.—**District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER** (Tioga County).

HOW ABOUT A CHAIR!

■ Mr. George Seroukis, officer in the Lackawanna County Sportsmens Federation told me that at a recent fishing derby held at Simpson in Lackawanna County, he helped a 6-year-old boy untangle his line, working tediously and diligently for about 20 minutes. When he finally got the boy's line straightened out the youngster piped up and said "Gee mister, the line works real good. Now how about getting me a chair so I can sit down and enjoy my fishing." **Assistant Warden Supervisor WALTER G. LAZUSKY** (Region III).

HARD TO SWALLOW?

■ Special Warden Hutchison told me he was fishing for pickerel in Wayne County and had caught several. When he cleaned them he found a large green and white daredevil in the stomach of one of the fish!—**District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART** (Monroe County).

CATCHING "KEEPERS"

■ A western fisherman who said he caught eight "KEEPERS" added that where he came from they called their rainbow trout. It seems he had overheard one fisherman tell another, after landing a nice rainbow, that he had caught a "keeper."—**District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*

WEATHER NOT TOO GOOD!

■ Edward Hako and Charles Poliacsek of Pittsburgh were fishing at Lake Somerset and caught four bullheads and collected four Atlantic tags. They got a 1966, a 1967 and two 1968 tags. They also caught a number of northern pike, but didn't keep any. The weather wasn't too good for fishing, they said!—*Watercraft Safety Officer JOSEPH S. DICK* (Region II).

HOOKED HOOK

■ While talking with several fishermen at Koon Lake, one hooked a large fish. By the manner in which it fought, we could tell it was a very large fish and everyone assumed it was a trout. I made the statement, that it might be a bass. The fisherman said it couldn't be, because he was using salmon eggs. When landed, it turned out to be a 5 to 6 pound bass. It had previously been hooked by a large hook on the outside of the belly and this fisherman's small salmon hook had passed through the eye of the larger hook.—*District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY* (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

COMPLAINER

■ After recently stocking an area stream with trout, I was checking the success of the fishermen. As I approached one fellow, he said "This is terrible, this is really awful." He had caught six and was really trying for the last two. I asked him what the problem was and why he was so disturbed. "Well, it's really awful the way people follow the fish truck and catch the fish as fast as you put them in." I asked him why he was fishing if he was so dissatisfied. "Oh well" he said, "I got my license, so I might as well fish with everyone else, and anyway I do get some enjoyment out of fishing."—*District Warden ANTHONY MURAWSKI* (Cambria County).

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

■ While on routine patrol along the Juniata River recently, I saw something that appeared to be "different" in the river. Stopping the car and checking further, the "object" turned out to be a large number of turtles—probably as many as 75 to 100 clinging on the few rocks and limbs which protruded from the water. They were actually lying on top of each other. The extremely heavy rainfall which we had been experiencing resulted in high, swift waters and apparently our hard-shelled friends were seeking some refuge.—*District Warden RICHARD OWENS* (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).

WOULDN'T DIGEST

■ While patrolling Bradys Lake one afternoon in May, I saw a rarity. Two friends were in doubt as to whether or not the one gentleman had caught a rainbow with a tape-

worm protruding from behind the anal fin. As I approached, the one fellow said, "Here comes the warden, he'll know." A closer look revealed that Mr. Henry Mohn, of Leetsdale had landed a 13 inch rainbow trout, which had previously hit a pink rubber nightcrawler and managed to pass all but the last inch or so from his body.—*District Warden DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).

GOOD TO EAT!

■ On Maxwell Run the following day after the trout stocking, I was patrolling this area on foot, when I saw a large groundhog. Nothing unusual about this, except Mr. Groundhog was feeding on salmon eggs that a fisherman must have spilled earlier that day!—*District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE* (Elk County).

SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL

■ Recently a Fishing School was conducted in Warren at the local high school. The interest and enthusiasm shown by the public was very gratifying. Many families attended and all ages were represented. Eagerness to have further schools was expressed. Many people wanted to attend after it was too late to register.—*District Warden KENNETH G. COREY* (Warren County).

FINE TROUT

■ As a rule, after the opening day of trout season, I received various comments from unsuccessful fishermen, like, "they aren't biting," or "they're too small," or "I didn't get my limit," or "it was too cold." This year on opening day I didn't meet one fisherman that complained—almost everyone caught some large trout or had their limit and many commented on the fine trout that were stocked.—*District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS* (Susquehanna County).



"Let's move to another spot, they're not biting here."



THREE NEW 20 foot 160 horsepower I-O's (pictured left) purchased by the Commission, are now being used in patrolling Western Pennsylvania's Rivers while several other open deck, 18 foot, 160 horsepower I-O's (such as those pictured below) are being used on other Commonwealth waters. They're all part of the Commission's growing fleet of patrol boats.

NEW PATROL BOATS

PENNSYLVANIA'S BOATERS have probably by now seen at least some of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's new fleet of patrol boats that were launched on Keystone State waterways this summer.

Fifty new boats were purchased by the Commission late in the spring. Included in the major purchase, which totaled about \$100,000, were several 18 to 22 foot high powered stern drive patrol boats as well as related equipment such as trailers and radio units and a number of smaller patrol craft.

Major areas where the new equipment was put into use include the Susquehanna, the Monongahela, the Allegheny, the Ohio, and the Delaware Rivers as well as Lake Erie, the Kinzua Dam, and Lake Wallenpaupack. New watercraft were also assigned to several other water areas and districts.



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RIVER RENAISSANCE



rivers throughout the year joined the parade with banners flying and horns blowing as pleasure and commercial craft followed each other along the parade route. The blast of horns probably signaled the beginning of day for many late sleeping Pittsburghers.

And before the parade was out of sight, a U.S. Coast Guard helicopter, nicknamed the "Flying Boat" was on the scene demonstrating "at sea" rescue work. A busy afternoon of speedboat races, ski shows, scuba and safety demonstrations followed until the rains came and performers as well as spectators headed for shelter. But as soon as the rain quit, the show was back on the road. A small plane climbed overhead until suddenly two bursts of colored smoke, and then two more, fell from it. Four sky divers dropped toward the river at 120 miles an hour until, at a little over 2,000 feet, they yanked their ripcords, opened their 'chutes, and fell gently into the Allegheny.

Things didn't stop when the sun went down. The American Wind Symphony Orchestra's specially rebuilt

river barge "Point Counterpoint" was moored a few hundred feet upstream from the point. As day faded to darkness the musical group began playing arrangements that were the outgrowth of the inspiration of the river and when baritone soloist Ronald Rogers began singing such popular favorites as "Old Man River" and "Something's Always Happening On The River," the whole purpose of River Renaissance seemed to suddenly come into focus.

Sunday dawn soon turned to blue skies and another day of watersport fun began—again early and, like Saturday, something going on all the time.

Added to the Sunday program were such crowd pleasers as Kite Skiing exhibitions and a pre-Olympic race between the New York and the Vesper Athletic Club in eight oar racing shells. The day again ended as the sky divers fell into the Allegheny, this time right on target in front of the thousands of spectators who had by then packed along the river banks.

Arthur V. Harris, an executive with the Gulf Oil Corporation and president of the non-profit civic organization, who had been on the move since daybreak Saturday morning finally found time to assess the success of the weekend.

"We're on our way," he said with a tired smile. "When people turn out like this, they can't help but focus attention on our entire program and purposes. It's going to take a lot of work, but someday these rivers will again be beautiful places for people to enjoy."

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer would probably have agreed!

AWARD ANNOUNCED

Philip F. Allan of Upper Darby, regional biologist for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, is one of 20 men named a national winner of the American Motors Conservation Awards.

According to information released by the Company Allan was "selected for his imaginative and productive leadership in fish and wildlife conservation activities" and for his "talent as a wildlife artist and illustrator."

The awards are presented annually to 10 professional and 10 non-professional conservationists "for dedicated efforts in the field of renewable natural resources which would not otherwise gain widespread public recognition."

NATIONAL CONTEST

Last year it was the National Campers and Hikers Convention held at Prince Gallitzin State Park in Cambria County.

This year it was the National and State Plowing Contest, Conservation Exposition and Forage Progress Days held August 27, 28, and 29 at Hershey.

Activities during the three day program included not only the state and national competition plowing events but also a variety of exhibits and displays depicting woodland and water conservation and utilization.

RETIRES—



DAUPHIN COUNTY District Fish Warden B. F. Barnhart has retired from Commission duty after more than 24 years service. Barnhart was awarded a special plaque by the Commission's Chief Law Enforcement Officer, Harold Corbin, at a retirement dinner given in his honor at Indiantown Gap. Retirement plans, he said, call for lots of fishing, hunting and traveling.

*continued
from
page 5*

PAN THE FISH



ticularly for crappies. Live, small crayfish are particularly attractive to rock bass in the early hours of the morning and evening. Small hellgrammites do the job as do many of the other aquatic larvae available to the fisherman who wants to work a bit before he fishes. And if none of the above are effective, some experimenting with cheese, elbow macaroni, bits of shrimp, old lunchmeat, bread or a chunk of chewing gum might work. There won't be a lot of takers, but it's doubtful if the angler will be skunked.

Now all this has been said about when, what tackle to use and what bait; but what of the fish and the fisherman? A loose definition of pan fish used to be applied to any fish that would fit into a pan. In this age of specialization, the definition has been somewhat altered to mean primarily those members of the sunfish family other than the bass. So there would be the bluegill, the sunfish and all their cousins. The rock bass would be an important addition as would the crappies. The yellow perch, although not a member of the sunfish family, is considered a pan fish and some fishermen would not want to leave out the rather lethargic but delicious bullhead from the group. So there are the fish.

Now what of the people? The pan fish belongs to everyone. It's the traditional fish to start out the young angler on a long career. It's the fish of the oldster who has reached special license age. And it's the fish of all those men and women in between who enjoy angling, aren't concerned about trophies for the walls of the den, and who enjoy a tasty tidbit after it's all over. And especially is it the fish for those fishermen who find things a bit slow in the game fish department during the heat of late August and early September.

LEAKY BOOTS

continued from page 3

Many times I have watched the anglers lining the bank of North Park Lake, a Commission stocked lake in Allegheny County, and they all fish the same way, with few exceptions: a spin rod, 100 feet of line, a heavy sinker and a cheese ball or salmon egg for bait. Is this trout fishing? I think of trout fishing as wading a fast riffle, choosing the right lure or fly, creeping within casting range of a wary fish, or perhaps laying out a long line for a far-off feeder near the opposite bank. Perhaps I'm wrong, but this is what I consider trouting.

When I see these anglers surrounding this lake, I can't help but wonder how many would be there if they were required to buy that trout stamp? I am certainly not against the manner in which a person does his fishing; that's his business, yet I would think this type of fishing is much

closer to carp fishing than trout fishing. Yet, and this is the important part, these same lake fishermen are blessed with the largest stocked rainbows I have ever seen, other than in Fishermans Paradise at Bellefonte. I realize that the Commission is trying their best to put trout fishing close to everyone, but why can't we have a few of those four and five pound lunkers put in some of our streams, so that the fly caster and wading fishermen can get a crack at them? Last season, 88 trout fell for my flies; only 6 reached the 12 inch mark. The old argument that large trout don't hit small flies doesn't hold too much weight because we have taken four pound trout regularly from the Paradise on #24 midges. Let's face what is apparently a fact; most of the lunker trout are put in the lakes for the cheese dunkers, and the wading stream fishermen gets the small trout to fish over. Why can't we spread those big boys around???

Name withheld at writer's request.

FISHING IS FUN

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fishermen congregate. Often, after just being stocked, the fish simply do not cooperate with the fishermen, so far as catching them is concerned. Then come the excuses, "Ah, you guys in the Fish Commission feed these fish before you stock them," or, "You must shock 'em before you put 'em in the trucks." On and on it goes. He was making all the usual complaints until someone called him aside and speaking as seriously as possible, told him that all the mouths were sewed shut on the fish to be stocked. He was then told that it usually takes about one to two days before the stitches dissolve and then the fish are really hungry and start to feed. You know what that crazy fisherman did? He picked up his rod, headed for his car and said, "I'm going home, but I'll be back tomorrow!"

Giving a streamside fishing demonstration one time to a young group gave me a rewarding chuckle. At the end of the session, one of the youngsters said, defiantly, "Now let's see you catch a fish." It was a put-up-or-shut-up kind of statement so I had a small streamer fly on the line and made a half-hearted roll cast and after about two twitches of the rod—WHAM—I found that I was into about a 20 inch fighting, jumping fool of a rainbow. After collecting my badly scattered wits, I finally landed the fish. As calmly as I could, I said, "That, son, is how it's done!"

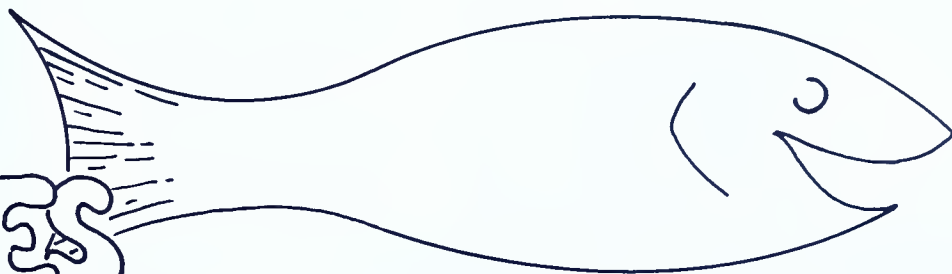
One other time when I was putting on a fishing demon-

stration for an assembly program at a local school, I had an audience of about 700 kids. After expounding on the fun of fishing for a few minutes, one bright lad interrupted me with a question. "You mean you really get paid for being a Fish Warden?", he asked. I explained briefly that it was a very enjoyable type of employment and continued my lecture. After about five minutes—same lad, same question. Just about the same answer too. This brought some tittering and chuckles from the group. After about ten more minutes, this kid's hand went up again. I knew I couldn't ignore him and I said to myself, "Surely, he can't ask the same question again." What a mistake that was! He didn't get more than "You mean you *really*" out of his mouth before the entire assembly broke up!

Now this has never happened to me, but I've heard it so often, I'd like to pass it along. It seems a Fish Warden was on patrol in his car when he saw three men fishing together. He started to walk through the field toward them when suddenly one of the trio jumped to his feet, grabbed his rod and took off at a fast clip up along the stream. The Warden took off and finally caught him some distance away. He asked the man for his license and this was produced. He then checked the man's creel and this was in order. Finally, he asked, "What did you run away for? You don't have too many fish and you do have a license?" "Yeah," the man grinning slyly remarked, "I have a license, but my two buddies that were back there don't."

So I guess laughter is where you find it. Fishing is fun, and with the right attitude and good companions, laughter is really the fishermen's bonus.

FISH TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



THIRTEEN-year-old Joseph Stabeyla holds a 20 inch, 4½ pound brown trout he caught from Allegheny County's North Park Lake.



NANTICOKE angler Joseph Verfin landed this 28 inch, 9½ pound trout from Harvey's Lake. He was using a rebel gold plug.



PYMATUNING Walleye measured 24 inches and weighed 3½ pounds when caught by Coraopolis fisherman Ed Kramer. It won him \$25 in the Linesville Area Tourist Association's contest.



JUNIOR CITATION WINNER Steve Harrison of Titusville holds 18½ inch, 2½ pound brown trout he caught on a nightcrawler while fishing Crawford County's Pine Creek. His companion was not identified.



STROUDSBURG ANGLERS Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mursch hold stringer with perch and pickerel they caught while fishing Duck Harbor Pond in Wayne County. The 14½ inch perch won Mrs. Mursch a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



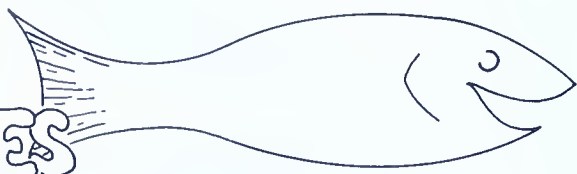
HOWARD TAYLOR and Robert White, of Albion and four of "the boys" with 46½ inch, 27 pound musky Taylor caught in Conneaut Lake. It won him membership in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club and a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.

FISH

TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN

FROM FISHERMEN



QUAKER LAKE is the hot spot where Chet Rusiloski, Mr. Kittle and their sons caught this stringer of trout.

WAYNE Agline of Stoystown holds 22 pound, 43 inch musky he caught in Shawnee Lake.



MEASURING FROM 12 to 21 inches these trout were taken from Quaker Lake by Howie Vandermark and Chet Rusiloski.



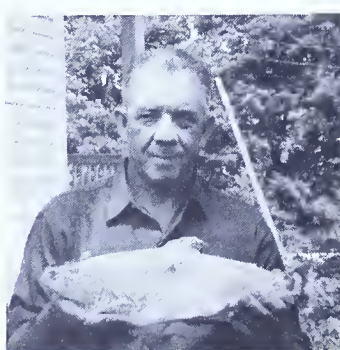
YOUGHIOGHENY RESERVOIR produced this 22½ inch largemouth bass for William Humberson of Hopwood.



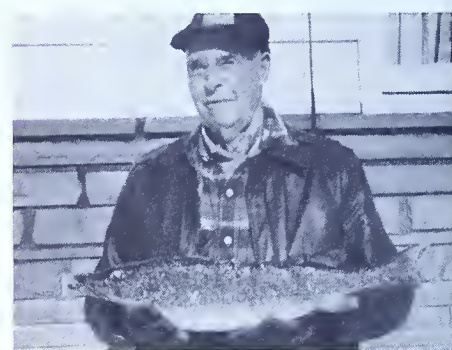
ARDMORE ANGLER Jesse Fabian holds 21½ inch, 3¼ pound brown trout he caught at Valley Creek.



SPRINGVILLE fisherman Delbert Hollister holds 24 inch, 6½ pound largemouth he caught at Elk Lake in Susquehanna County while ice fishing. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



BIG BROOKIE was caught from the Lackawaxen by Francis Havenstein. It measured 19½ inches and weighed 3¼ pounds.



FRANK SUMMERS of Franklin Forks with the 26 inch, 5 pound, 1 ounce chain pickerel he caught from Quaker Lake. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



ERIE ANGLER David Foster was fishing 20 Mile Creek when he hooked, and landed, this 23½ inch, 5 pound, 15 ounce brown trout.



STATE POLICEMAN James Meador of Butler holds 17 inch, 2 pound, 5 ounce black crappie which won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.

BIG CATCH?

Then send a picture of yourself with your trophy to "Fish Tales," Pennsylvania Angler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

And be sure to include your name, address, the species of fish, size, where caught, what caught on, when, and kind of tackle used, all on the back of the photo.

Publication is usually three to four months after receipt, although it may be longer. Once published all photos will be returned to the address on the back of the photo.



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Bonnie Angst of Lansford holds 38 inch, 11 pound, 5 ounce musky. She won a Junior Fishing Citation and Honorable Mention in the Husky Musky Club for the catch.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Tammy Bush and brother Richard, age 8, of Ridgway hold pair of brown trout they caught while fishing Elk County's Spring Creek early this summer. (photo courtesy Ridgway Record)



WALLEYE caught by 11-year-old fisherman Matthew Treeese of Sunbury measured 25 1/4 inches, and weighed 3 pounds, 5 ounces.



FLY ROD CARP—That's what 15-year-old Pat Reilly of Wormleysburg used when he landed this 34 inch, 24 pound carp.



SHIPPENSBURG FISHERMAN Daniel Coover holds rainbow that measured 23 inches and weighed 5 pounds, 5 ounces. It won him both a Senior and a Junior Fishing Citation.



DALLASTOWN ANGLER holds 20 1/2 inch, 3 pound, 13 ounce, smallmouth bass he caught from the Susquehanna River. It won him the eightieth Senior Citation awarded this year.

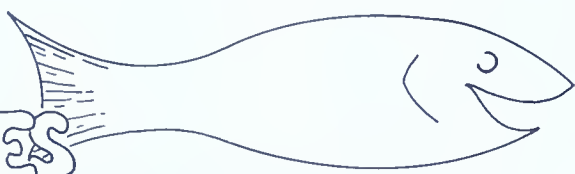


NEW YORK STATE angler Patrick Granger of Elmira holds 18 inch rainbow he caught from Pine Creek in Potter County on a home tied "muddler."

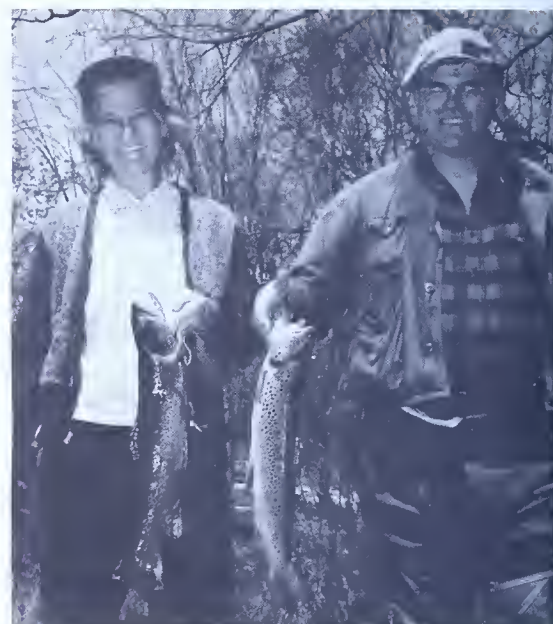
FISH

TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



BIG STRINGER of catfish caught by fishermen Beau Bell of Slippery Rock and Frank Metz of Sharon while fishing Pymatuning Lake.



HUNTINGDON Anglers Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Headings hold pair of big brownies caught while fishing Standing Stone Creek.



WOODCOCK CREEK in Crawford County produced this 19 inch, 2 pound, 9 ounce, rainbow for 12-year-old William Smart, Jr. of Bessemer. It won him a Junior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



CHANNEL CATFISH caught in the Delaware River near Point Pleasant by angler Linford Pfeiffer of Quakertown. It measured 26½ inches, 8½ pounds and went for a nightcrawler.



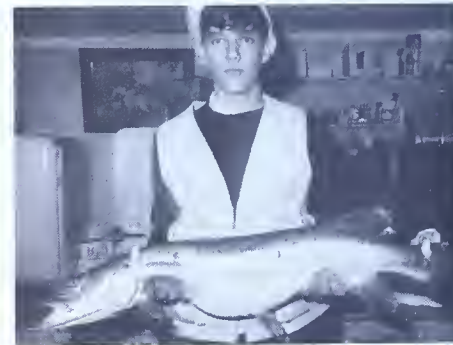
SCRANTON ANGLER Louis Domiano was fishing Lake Henry in Lackawanna County when he caught this 25 inch, 6½ pound catfish. He was using nightcrawlers when the big fish hit.



LARGEMOUTH BASS caught by 13-year-old Donald Houseknecht of Luzerne measured 23 inches and weighed 7 pounds, 6 ounces. He caught the double Citation winner in Collyers Lake.



FISHERMAN Frank Malahosky of Eynon holds big brown trout he caught while fishing Lake Wallenpaupack.



SHARON ANGLER Stephen Hartsy holds 37½ inch, 13½ pound musky which won him Honorable Mention in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club.



PITTSBURGH fisherman Paul Kumpfmiller won membership in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club when he landed this 42 inch, 26 pound, 3 ounce, musky. His son holds the big fish.

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

FRENCH CREEK STATE PARK

EARLY FALL WITH ITS BRIGHT SUNNY DAYS and crisp cool evenings is an ideal time for camping. Not only is the weather generally delightful, but the crowded condition of many campgrounds is somewhat alleviated after Labor Day.

Now is the time to visit one of the more popular state parks where it is almost impossible to find a site on a busy summer weekend.

An attractive spot for a fall camping expedition is French Creek State Park on the border of Berks and Chester counties. The park is only seven miles from the Morgantown Interchange of the Pennsylvania Turnpike and 40 miles from Philadelphia.

French Creek State Park covers 6,500 acres of rolling landscape comprised of forested hills and valleys. It is particularly attractive in the fall with the varied hues of the oaks, maples and sassafras contrasting with the clear blue sky.

Three lakes are located within the boundaries of the park. The smallest 1½-acre Six Penny Lake, is a spring-fed bathing spot adjacent to a large picnic area. The largest of the three, Hopewell Lake, covers 68 acres.

The angler has a chance of reeling in trout, bass, walleye, northern pike, sunfish or catfish. A boat launching ramp is provided but no rental boats are available. As on most state park lakes, motor boats are not permitted. A large bathing beach, complete with picnic area and snack bar is located along the south shore of the lake.

Built in 1950, 21-acre Scotts Run Lake is on Scotts Run, a feeder stream of Hopewell Lake. This lake is stocked with brook and rainbow trout. Here again you'll find a boat launching ramp.

The family camping area consists of 117 sites plus an overflow area. It is located near Hopewell Lake. Large group camping areas, dating back to the days when the CCC boys built the park, are also available for organized youth groups.

Although the camping area is closed after December 15, the park is open all winter long. Ice skating, ice boating and ice fishing are permitted when conditions are suitable. For those hardy campers wishing to take advantage of these winter sports, there are private campgrounds nearby in Berks and Chester Counties which are open year round.

One of the most outstanding features of French Creek

State Park is the abundance of fine foot-trails for the camper-hiker. Over 30 miles of foot paths wind through the hills and valleys of the park.

The well-known Horseshoe Trail which runs 120 miles from Valley Forge to Rattling Run Gap, was laid out and is maintained by the Horseshoe Trail Club, Inc. The Horseshoe Trail uses old logging trails, cow paths and Indian trails, and occasionally a country lane, most of the distance through forest lands. Eight miles of this easy-to-follow trail lie within French Creek park.

Two adirondack-type lean-to shelters are found, one at Mt. Pleasure near Hopewell Village and the other on Williams Hill not far from Scotts Run Lake.

Within the park limits are several other well-maintained trails: the Boone Trail, which circles the inside of the park, the Lenape Trail, Turtle Trail, Buzzard Trail, Raccoon Trail and Fire Trail. A complete map showing all roads and trails with landmarks and a description of each trail is available at the park office.

French Creek can boast another feature unavailable in any other state park—a National Historic Site—maintained by the National Park Service.

Originally an ironworks, Hopewell Village has been restored as it was in the heydays of the 1840's. The village dates back to the 1700's. Cannon were cast here for Washington's troops at nearby Valley Forge during the Revolution.

Charcoal hearths were located all through the surrounding forest to provide fuel for the ironworks. The furnaces, tenants homes, store, blacksmith shop and other buildings are open to the public. At the Visitors Center a slide talk tells the story of the early iron industry.

Located only 18 miles from French Creek State Park is Valley Forge National Park where Washington and his men spent a bitter-cold winter under severe hardships during the Revolutionary War.

Within easy driving distance, only 40 miles away is Pennsylvania's largest city, Philadelphia. Here one finds a wealth of attractions. In the heart of the city is the reconstructed Independence Mall.

All historically-significant buildings are being restored as nearly as possible to their condition in colonial times. All other buildings have been cleared from the mall area and land between the historic buildings has been landscaped. Here sit many buildings rich in the heritage of our great nation—Independence Hall, Congress Hall, the Supreme Court Building, and Benjamin Franklin's house, to name just a few.

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**

ELK COUNTY ANGLERS

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the raising of cooperative nursery trout, the problems of the various sports clubs in starting their nurseries, and the unique features of certain of the cooperative nursery facilities. Now it's time to say something about the disposition of the product—the stocking of the fish raised.

A good place to start this phase of the program is with the Elk County Anglers Club, Inc., Ridgway. These sportsmen stock thousands of additional trout for the fishermen of Elk County streams and lakes and do so under any and all environmental circumstances—rain, snow, mud, or whatever.

The club's nursery is located on private ground at Island Run near Ridgway and proved to be a failure in 1963 when high water practically cleaned out the project. A farm pond was tried and later, in 1964, the organization returned to Island Run and constructed controllable runways. According to Ralph Lewis, secretary, "We've been successful with our fish ever since." And this was a fact easily observed as we saw the healthy brooks and browns bunched at our feet in a seine waiting to be loaded into Pennsylvania Fish Commission trucks for the stocking runs.

As the trout were being loaded, Ralph continued on a bit of the nursery's history. "There's a little over 200 feet of raceway now and we've dug a well and built an aerator to take care of our Ph, temperature and low water problems during the summer months. Our operation has smoothed out quite a bit."

Paul Quattrone, club president, joined the conversation; "Look at the color on those brooks—nice! We feed them pigmented pellets—seems to pay off." And the evidence in the net in his hands proved his point.

By now a gentle rain was falling but work continued. Two trucks were loaded and final stocking stops were worked out with Bernie Ambrose, Elk County warden and his deputy, Jim Eckert. Stocking crews climbed aboard an assortment of jeeps, pick-ups and other rugged vehicles and the stocking began.

Mile after mile of mountain stream received trout as the two caravans traveled their separate routes. Both brook and brown trout, many in the two year old class, tumbled out of the buckets into the swift flowing streams. By the time the day was over about 80 miles of Elk County waters had been traversed with fish plantings along the way.

Hazardous driving conditions developed on the rain-slicked mountain roads. On one occasion, Paul Quattrone's Scout and the stout hands of various club members rescued the stocking truck as it slid into a soft shoulder of the dirt road. "Creeper" gear was the order of the day, but the spirit of the club members didn't fade and there was as much interest in each bucket of fish and each new spot along one of the eleven streams stocked as with the first



MEMBERS OF THE ELK County Anglers net co-op fish for stocking in area streams.

bucket and first stop of the day. It was all over at 7:30 p.m. and a weary but happy crew called it quits for another season. It was time for supper—past time—and time for anecdotes of the day.

Warden Ambrose came in for a bit of kidding when he was reminded that his stocking consisted of swaying out on swinging bridges, dribbling trout out of a hand net as he went. To this Bernie replied that it was more daring than climbing down a mountain side . . . and so it went.

Dan McDermond, one of the stocking crew, simply waved a friendly farewell and went home to a well-deserved rest. He had been one of the work horses of the day, starting with the filling of the trucks right on through to the last bucket out of the big truck late in the evening. His one hip boot had started to sag sometime during the middle of the day, now it flapped against his foot as he walked. It, too, seemed a bit exhausted.

Ed Eckert, one of the directors, waved a goodbye and reminded us that the club was growing, jumping up to about 500 members in 1967. He felt that the new success of the cooperative nursery and its stocking program was one of the major issues. Obviously there was no argument to this.

But getting back to the stocking and the resulting fishing, we were pleasantly surprised by the lack of truck followers and crowded streams with anglers waiting for the truck to stop. The few anglers that were encountered seemed startled at our appearance and more than happy at the fish deposited in their section of the stream. Most of the fish were planted unnoticed both in and out of wired areas. There is no doubt that a lot of pleased fishermen have come out of Elk County waters this spring and early summer well content with their luck. Some may even remark about the beautiful native brook trout, which might be . . . but then again they might have been some of the Elk County Anglers pigment feed that the fishermen were examining. One way or the other fishing in Elk County is better for those "Casting with the Co-ops."

BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From F. J. K., Lewistown:

"Where can I get information on how to get into speed-boat racing?"

—Write to the American Power Boat Association, 415 Burns Dr., Detroit, Mich. 48214. They'll send you information on the various classes of boats used, both inboard and outboard, and how you can become active.



From T. M. B., Pittsburgh:

"My aluminum boat looks fairly shabby after six years, and I'd like to paint it. A friend of mine painted his aluminum runabout, however, and all the paint peeled. How can I get a good job?"

—Your friend failed to clean and prime his boat properly before painting. Any well-stocked marine dealer can furnish you with a complete paint system—cleaner, primer and enamel—and a manufacturer's folder giving detailed instructions. If you follow the instructions carefully, you'll get a good job.



From C. S. F., Canonsburg:

"Where can I get parts for a Gray Marine engine; I understand the company is out of business?"

—Gray engines were manufactured by Continental, and they are still very much alive. Any Continental dealer in the Yellow Pages can get the parts you need.



From V. L. E., Greensburg:

"My 15-foot lapstrake boat leaks badly; what is a good permanent cure?"

—Providing the wood is in good shape, you could cover the entire hull with resin and dynel cloth. Dynel would be better than fiberglass here, because it is easier to shape smoothly over irregular surfaces. Just be sure to sand off every bit of paint, leaving the surface fairly rough and perfectly clean and dry. Follow the resin manufacturer's recommendations carefully.



From F. E. K., Worthington:

"Why do the marine dealers charge so much for nylon rope when I see it advertised at about half-price in the magazines?"

—The mail-order firms who sell bulk rope through magazine ads don't have well-equipped stores where you can also get a life preserver and a set of sparkplugs while your wife does her grocery shopping next door. The marine dealer has a wide inventory and employees to serve you, while the mail-order firm does a large-volume business in one or two items. If you have a problem or a question, your dealer will usually go out of his way to help you, and although he charges more for the rope, he probably doesn't make as much profit on it.



From R. N. N., Wilkinsburg:

"Are Pennsylvania boat licenses valid on the waters of other states?"

—In general, yes. The law-enforcement agents of other states recognize the Pennsylvania registration on public waters, but there may be special user fees on private lakes or dams. If in doubt, check to be sure you are not violating some local requirement.



PENNSYLVANIA

OCTOBER, 1968

Angler

the
Keystone State's
Official
FISHING·BOATING
Magazine...

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DOCUMENTS SECTION

SEP 20 1968



CONSERVATION — AND POLITICS

There has been a standing belief among conservationists that politics and conservation don't mix. For years fishermen and hunters have deliberately turned their backs on persons seeking public office. This attitude by conservationists of taking no organized position regarding political candidates was thought to be the way to keep politics out of conservation. And apparently it was, as achievement in pollution control, conservation legislation and recreational resource development were by-passed by elected officials and as a result stayed at a continuously low level for several generations.

Today this attitude has changed and let me say thank goodness its happened.

We live in a society governed by the action of our political leaders. Whether conservationists like it or not these same political leaders govern all of our conservation programs. They hold power over our natural resources and, frankly, are in a position to make or break any conservation agency, individual or program.

Thus, it is of extreme importance that fishermen, boaters, hunters and all Pennsylvanians who enjoy camping, hiking, picnicing or any recreational use of our waterways, our forests and our lands should be vitally concerned with politics. More specifically, this interest should be directed to the calibre of the candidates for elective office and their attitudes toward the wise and full public use of our lands and waterways for boating, fishing, hunting, and general outdoors recreation programs.

These candidates should have a sound appreciation of the fact that outdoor recreation is truly big business in Pennsylvania, and is vitally important to the general health and welfare of everyone. They should not have a *soft* attitude toward water pollution as the inevitable consequence of industrial and municipal activity. They should not be willing to condone the usurpation of public rights for private gains.

While many more qualifications could be listed, all conservationists should clearly recognize that public offices usually carry heavy responsibility and also great power. Elected public officials and their appointees to public posts are almost continuously placed under heavy pressure to give priority to one program or area of concern over another. There is nothing easy about any of these positions. They truly require men of strong character and great energy plus a very basic understanding of human needs.

It therefore behooves every conservationist—fishermen, boaters, hunters, campers, picnickers, hikers, nature lovers and all advocates of wise and careful use of our abundant natural resources—to give deliberate and careful attention to the qualifications, records and attitudes of the candidates for the highly important and complex public offices in our Commonwealth.

In recent years greatly increased conservationist/sportsmen interest in politics and the candidates has been generated. The record clearly shows the results—stronger strip mine laws, Project 70, strengthened clean streams legislation, Project 500, a rapidly expanding state park system and many other actions favoring wise multi-purpose use of our natural resources.

The wise choice of capable candidates having a real and broad interest in *all* matters affecting our natural resources and our states multi-billion dollar recreation and tourism industry lies in your hands. The effort you personally make in this matter is not only an important privilege but a necessity if we are to keep pace with our outdoors needs and assure that our natural resources are used and developed in a manner that gives full consideration to conservation and outdoors recreation.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

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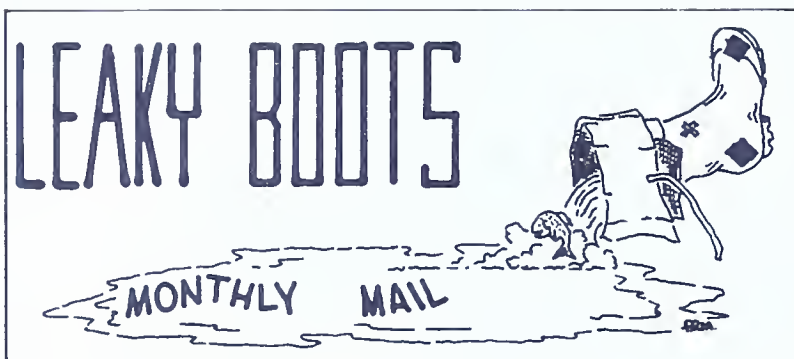
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Cover Art—Ned Smith

D. THOMAS EGGELER, EDITOR

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ALLEGHENY ARTICLE

Gentlemen:

I just finished reading the July-August articles by Mr. Schwimmer on the Allegheny River. It was an excellent article filled with useful data and sprinkled with interesting historical tid-bits.

I remember writing several months ago, complaining that all your river articles seemed to be on streams in the Eastern half of the State. The boating maps with access areas, etc., by Mr. Miller recently on the Allegheny, together with Mr. Schwimmer's article have more than made amends—thanks!

I have been considering collecting material for the American Canoe Association's magazine on the Allegheny from Warren to Emlenton and possibly a cruise article for the U. S. Canoe Association. Mr. Schwimmer gave me a big start.

Ed Holloway, Sharon

FISH TALES—

Gentlemen:

I feel that I must write in reference to Mr. Phillip C. DeBoard's letter which you printed in the June issue of the Angler. Mr. DeBoard complained about all the pictures of dead fish each month.

In your reply, you called the fish a "natural resource." How can we consider these creatures to be natural resources when we all know very well that the Fish Commission, not Mother Nature, dumps millions of fish into Commonwealth waters each year? Surely if these fish are being put into a suitable environment by the Commission, it cannot be a "waste" to return them to the water. Are you saying the fish killers are sportsmen?

You mentioned, too, that the "Fish Tales" pictures offer "visual proof" of the wonderful fishing that Pennsylvania has available. Why do we need proof? I suggest that this has to do mainly with money—not with conservation or preservation. I suggest that this is part of a program to "Sell more licenses to get more money to stock more fish to sell more licenses." I say that if fewer fish were killed we could use license revenue to reclaim polluted waters rather than use it to dump more fish into the photo section of your magazine.

Edgar Groninger, Lemoyne

POLLUTION

Dear Gentlemen:

As so many other of your new readers have, let me first congratulate you and all those connected with the publication of the Pennsylvania Angler. The articles that are published prove very beneficial, as well as enjoyable to any

fisherman. Being a native of Western Pennsylvania, I have never fished in any other part of the Commonwealth. I think that one of the wonderful parts of your magazine is that it gives information about every area within the state.

This may seem an old gripe, but don't you think it's time that we do something about the pollution of the waters within the Commonwealth. I realize that it is difficult to combat this situation with full force due to the change in times and the ideas of certain politicians concerning the matter. However, anyone who enjoys fishing and water sports as so many of us do, may SOON SOMEDAY WAKE UP TO FIND OUR WATERS COMPLETELY POLLUTED AND UNFIT FOR HUMAN USAGE.

I have fished the Allegheny River for 24 years and years back I took as well as lost many huge monstrous muskellunge, bass, northern pike and walleyes. However, with the last six years the water had become dirty, polluted and many times I have seen beautiful record game fish dead. At first I thought the situation would pass, but year after year it gets worse. Why not raise the fine on the industrial pollution of our valued rivers and waterways? Make it high enough so big industries, or in fact, for anyone else who pollutes our waters, build disposal plants and think twice before dumping waste into our streams. I hope to not appear a complainer, but I think that many other fishermen feel the same way. There is nothing like getting up early in the morning, going to the river, getting a whiff of that morning air and catching a nice string of game fish. It is something that only every fisherman can realize and enjoy.

So once again let me extend my congratulations to you. I enjoy reading the Angler very much and let us hope that someday we can return our waters in the Commonwealth to be crystal clear.

Joseph F. Bruschi, Butler

DOESN'T MIND BOATING

Dear Sirs:

Have just finished reading my July issue of Pennsylvania Angler concerning the article in Leaky Boots about being irked by boating articles. The articles don't bother me one bit. I read them along with the fishing articles, and get a lot of information about boats.

The one thing that interests me is keeping the horsepower of motors down to a minimum where there is fishing.

In the May issue of the Angler there were several pages about the Keystone Power Dam in Armstrong County. This interested me, as it is close to my home. I still fish although I am 73 years old.

Anyone wanting to put large motor boats on this dam is not interested in fishing, but pleasure boating. This dam is narrow in places and if large motor boats were allowed, the fishermen would have to forget about fishing.

To satisfy myself, I went fishing at the dam on June 1st and found by reading the poster that horsepower was limited to six. I talked to a good many fishermen and all were pleased as to this limit.

Also, the series on Oil Moon Over Pithole was very good. I have been through Pithole and the historical part was most interesting.

L. J. Shamberger, Vandergrift

COMING . . .

MUSKIE MONTH

Fishermen in pursuit of the Keystone State's largest gamefish—the muskellunge—should find some action during the next few weeks as these big fish begin active feeding. The fall months account

for most of the Muskie catches year after year. At the same time bass fishermen should find an increase in action.

EXTENDED SEASON

Trout fishermen who want to enjoy their sport a while longer should keep in mind the Keystone State streams open for the extended season. Closing date is October 31. A complete list of the streams is available free by writing the Conserva-

tion-Education Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120. Frog hunters should also keep in mind that their season ends October 31.

ICE FISHING

It may sound a little early to start talking about ice fishing but it's actually only a couple of months away. Beginning next month fishermen will find the first of a series of stories on ice fishing in the

Angler. This first one, called "Get Ice Gear Ready Now," comes from the shop of fisherman/photographer Don Shiner.

FLY TYING FEATURE

Beginning next month fisherman/fly tier Chauncey K. Lively will prepare some fly tying features

for Angler readers. They're scheduled to appear during the next several issues.

SUSQUEHANNA SAILORS

October 12 and 13 marks one of the last major watersport activities of the year with the annual Governor's Cup Regatta held by the Susquehanna Yacht Club at Long Level. The two-day event attracts "sailors" from all over the southern part of

the state as well as from out-of-state points and is one of the major boating events of the year. Angler readers who are in the area will probably want to watch it.

FISHING OUTLOOK

Beginning with the November issue of the Angler former Waterways Patrolman Stan Paulakovich, who recently joined the Public Relations Division of the Commission, will begin preparing a monthly feature called "Fishing Outlook." Purpose of the new series is to provide Angler readers with information on where the fishing is expected to be good. Hopefully anglers should

then have a chance to plan fishing trips to unfamiliar places with a reasonable hope of success. Based on information provided by the Commission's waterways patrolmen about the fishing in their respective districts, this new feature should give the footloose fisherman a good excuse to head for new fishing grounds.

MUSKIE FISHING



BIGGEST MUSKIE caught so far from Hills Creek Lake is this 48 inch, 31½ pounder. Robert Rearick of Jersey Shore, who fishes the lake frequently, caught the Citation winner on a creek chub early in August.

HILLS CREEK MUSKIE

PENNSYLVANIA HAS A NUMBER OF GOOD PLACES FOR MUSKIE FISHING BUT THIS SMALL LAKE IN THE NORTHCENTRAL PART OF THE STATE IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE BEST. AND OCTOBER IS THE TIME TO CATCH THEM. FISHERMAN/WRITER ROBERT OLMSTED TELLS ABOUT THE BIG FISH SPORT IN THIS SMALL LAKE.

by ROBERT OLMSTED



DAN GROVE (above) of Linden caught 42½ inch, 18 pound muskie on the same day that Donald Geiss of Mansfield caught 42 inch, 18½ pounder. Grove's fish hit a creek chub while Geiss' fell to a meps spinner. Both were caught early in May. (photos courtesy of Redwood Inn)



IT'S OCTOBER. THERE'S A BITE in the air, beauty everywhere. It's big fish time.

In Pennsylvania THE big fish is the musky (*Esox masquinongy*). And Pennsylvania is fast developing a number of new hot spots throughout the state. Places like Lake Erie, Pymatuning, Tionesta, French Creek, Conneaut Lake, York Haven, the Allegheny and others are well known to the Pennsylvania Musky Angler. But how many fishermen have heard of Hills Creek Lake?

Where's that?

It's in Tioga County, about one hundred sixty miles north of Harrisburg and about thirty miles south of Corning, New York. Hills Creek Lake is perhaps one of the smallest—and hottest—muskie hot spots in the state. Its 137 acres have turned up big muskies far in excess of its "share." And here is the best part—it is *underfished*! That doesn't mean that there are no fishermen. There are always several on the lake, but many are not fishing for the king size Keystone State fish. In fact, a great percentage of the muskies taken are taken accidentally there.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission Tioga County Waterways Patrolman Ray Hoover checks about thirty legal fish per year and thinks that this is a small percentage of the harvestable stock. Officer Hoover says he believes the lake could stand a good bit more muskie fishing pressure.

And October is the best month to catch a big one at Hills Creek Lake! About half the year's legal catch occurs this month and either the first two weeks of November, or the last two of September. The extra two weeks of good fishing varies from year to year, but October is always good. Biggest muskie taken from the lake (so far) was a 48 inch beauty taken by Mr. Robert Rearick of Jersey Shore. And until he caught it his wife Kathleen held the record with a 46½ inch, 26 pound, 4 ounce catch made last season. It was the fourth largest entered in the Genesee Fishing Contest in 1967.

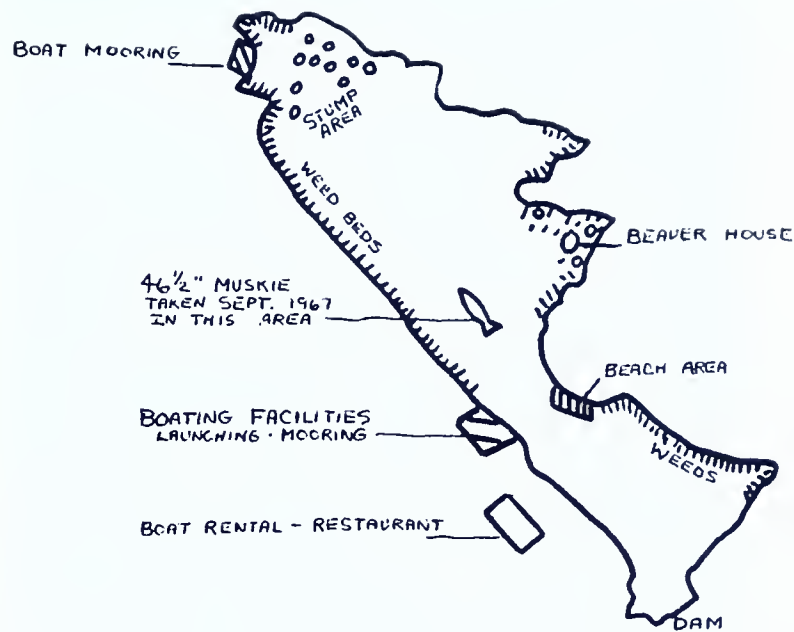
According to a growth estimate table prepared by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, these two big fish were over ten years old (according to the table the average 10 year old muskie is 45.8 inches long), but that is not possible since the lake was first stocked only nine years before these were caught. This indicates that the lake is fertile, with plenty of food to grow big fish. These fish were, no doubt, part of the original 1958 stocking of 300 fingerlings.

Most popular method of fishing at the lake is casting. Trolling is difficult because no motors are allowed, the lake is only eighteen feet deep at its deepest point and it's very weedy and full of stumps. Artificial lures are far more popular than live bait, accounting for 85 to 90 percent of the legal muskies taken. Most popular lures are the red and white Pikie minnows, large Daredevils, Red Eyed Spoon, Rapala type balsa lures, large feathered spinners and lake trout spoons. A muskie is big. It takes a lot of effort to move his huge bulk and when he moves, he wants a mouthful—leave the dainty lures in the tackle box.

MUSKIE STOCKINGS AT HILLS CREEK LAKE			
TABLE			
Year	Number Stocked	Size Stocked	Estimated Size Now
1958	300	fingerling	45.8 inches
1959*	300	fingerling	44.6 inches
1960	300	fingerling	43.5 inches
1961	200	fingerling	40.8 inches
1962	100	10 to 12"	40.8 inches
1963	500	baby fing.	33.9 inches
1964	500	fingerling	29.7 inches
1965	675	fingerling	24.5 inches

No stockings have been made since 1965. Biologists want to find out if there is natural reproduction taking place. If so, under existing fishing pressure, the lake may not require additional stocking. If not, the lake will be "seeded" every couple of years.

*1959 plantings had right ventral fin clipped. Anyone catching a muskie with this fin missing is asked to let Mr. Hoover, or the Commission's Benner Springs Research Station know about it.



HILLS CREEK LAKE

And if you should get tired of casting for muskie— muskie fishing is never fast—you can fish for bass to seven pounds, pickerel to 26-28", walleye to ten pounds or so, or the many pan fish that abound.

The lake is the central feature of Hills Creek State Park, which features fishing, swimming and camping (usually to overflow condition on summer weekends, but plenty of room now) and boating.

Summer has passed. Did you catch a Citation size fish this year? It's not too late. October is BIG fish month and in Hills Creek Lake your lure will pass over five species of Citation size. Come on up. Now is the time, Hills Creek Lake is the place. I'll see you there—.



WENDELL GARRISON of Millerton caught his first Muskie at Hills Creek Lake this summer. It measured 35 inches and weighed 12½ pounds. (photo courtesy of Redwood Inn)



Heavy brush along mountain stream reduces possibility of fly fishing as a method of saving sub-legal trout.

STOCKING HERESY

by KEEN BUSS, Chief

Division of Fisheries
Pennsylvania Fish Commission

THE HERETICS ARE HERE! No, they aren't preaching against religion, motherhood or nationalism, but something almost as emotional. They are speaking out against stocking trout! That's a switch. Without even asking for an explanation that statement ought to charge up the discussion at the corner gas station, local sportsmen's club or the nearest tackle shop. As the discussion grows, some may say it just isn't practical or logical to stop any kind of fish stocking, but the *practical* and *logical* may be the best reasons for a cease and desist. Disraeli, the great British statesman, once said that a practical man was one who perpetuates the errors of his ancestors. "A logical man," someone said, "is a man who thinks like you do." This eliminates practical and logical from our discussion; therefore, we have to concentrate on facts, an approach for which many a heretic has been burned at the stake.

At the risk of suffering some dire consequences, I'll admit to belonging to the group of rebels who are against trout stocking if that trout stocking is in remote wilderness streams which already have a population of native brook trout. Quite frankly, I believe that such stocking is not only unnecessary but destructive. No, I haven't been sitting in the sun too long waiting for a bite on an unstocked trout stream; but I have sat many times beside an unstocked trout stream counting my blessings, enjoying the pristine beauty and catching my share of native trout. The enjoyment, the beauty and the good fishing on an unstocked trout stream make me stop and consider why.

Those of us who are old enough can remember when the Fish Commission had a modest stocking program and only those streams close to the main roads were stocked. In those good old days, we always took a few days each season to fish the unstocked wilderness streams (those that require an hour's walk or more to reach). At that time, my favorite stream was in the Poconos. To reach it, my buddy and I had to arise at 2 a.m. so we could reach our brook at the crack of dawn. It didn't take four hours to drive there, only two; but the walk down a picturesque woods road took another two hours before we heard the rush of the mountain brook.

This annual trip to the Poconos was not an early season affair. We always waited impatiently until May for the perennial pilgrimage. Past experiences had convinced us that the trout seldom bit in the early season when the snow was still lying in the shade of hemlocks on the north side of the hill. We also knew that if we were a little late in the season, no horde had preceded us to change the scenery or crop off the legal trout. True, the trout were only 6 to 10 inches, but the spunk with which they fought made them feel like lunkers to us. I remember one day we had a 9 incher and a couple of ten inchers. Ordinarily, these are not big trout but to us they were real trophies.

Thirty-two years ago I hooked and landed a 14 incher. That fish still hangs in my den, a reminder of those wonderful days of anticipation, solitude and outstanding angling.

I suppose one questions why I became nostalgic about a little mountain stream. After all, every ardent angler has his favorite wilderness stream where he retreats when he feels the need to hide from the daily pressures. Well, mine may be a little different; it's lost. No, not lost to the coal mine or the bulldozer but to a stocking truck.

"That's real fantasy," you say. "You better explain it." How could it happen?

In retrospect, soon after World War II, ambitious and well-meaning sportsmen were looking for additional places to stock the increasing numbers of state fish. It seemed logical to distribute these fish in areas away from the road and crowd. When a stream was suggested, local sportsmen's groups got together, notified the Fish Commission of their find, and proceeded to clear an old woods road for the stocking truck. This was the beginning of the end because anywhere a stocking truck could go, a four-wheel drive, pickup truck or an old vehicle could go. When the stocking truck got there, the eager sportsmen hurriedly carried the fish up and down the stream as far as they could go before they would expire from lack of oxygen. Perhaps five-hundred or a thousand trout had to be distributed from this one access point a few hundred feet upstream and downstream. All were hopeful that the trout would distribute themselves in both directions; but, unfortunately, they didn't and they won't. Research has shown that the

best distribution one can expect from the majority of the fish in any one stocking is about a quarter of a mile from the point they are stocked in advance of opening day.

On opening day, if it follows the pattern of my Pocono stream, it can be expected that the woods will hum with vehicles guiding their way through the rutted road to the stream. The fortunate and more adept anglers catch their limit close to the stocking point. The others drift downstream attempting to catch fish far below the stocking point and the mob. If the day is warm they might catch some fish, some native fish. As the season progresses, they catch some stocked trout up near the stocking point, but the remainder of the stream will give up its precious number of native fish. A stream, such as this, with only a couple of acres in its entire length cannot naturally support the number of anglers sucked in by the stocking truck. The planting of fish did not serve its purpose. It might have furnished a few trout at the stocking point, but destroyed many miles of good trout fishing, the kind of trout fishing that many of us dream about during the long winter months.

However, the worst is yet to come. The pressures soon arise to stock in-season. There is a place for in-season stocking but certainly not on our smaller streams. The best returns and the best usage of trout is where there is enough fishing effort to return a large percent to the anglers. Stocking our larger streams and high pressure areas in-season attracts the anglers to these areas and allows those of us who like the backwoods stream to fish in our favorite areas and have more action from the wild trout simply because the pressure is less.

In many areas there has been a demand on the Fish Commission to stock brown trout in these streams. The brown trout is a wonderful fish under the correct circumstances, but the correct circumstances are not in a head-water mountain stream.

It has been found that when brown trout become established in a stream they soon reduce or even eliminate the brook trout population. In one instance, a stocking of brook trout was made in a mountain stream where brown trout had become established. Two weeks later, before the stream opened, the stream was electrically fished and all the brook trout were absent. Apparently the brown trout usurped the best cover and the best feeding areas and soon forced the brook trout into untenable positions.

The following year, a section of this stream was chemically reclaimed and fish were removed. Afterward only brook trout were stocked. The survival of brook trout over the same period was excellent. At the Benner Spring Research Station, an experiment (*Angler*, February, 1961)

continued on next page

Solitude, beauty, and trout make it all worthwhile.





Put more than one fisherman in this picture and all the advantages of this picturesque mountain stream are lost.

STOCKING HERESY

revealed that in large limestone streams neither brook nor rainbow trout fingerlings were able to compete with brown trout.

One other note of interest. Most fishery biologists know that brown trout do not grow as fast as brook trout and in cold water brown trout growth is exceptionally slow because they require many more heat units to grow an inch than do brook trout. There is also no question that brown trout are much more difficult to catch than brook trout. This vulnerability of the brook trout to angling is one of the pleasures of fishing mountain streams. There is always action.

Usually brown trout won't persist in the very upper reaches of a brook trout stream; but if you want to chance wrecking a good brook trout stream, then stock brown trout.

This past season I revisited my favorite mountain stream, and I was shocked at what I saw. The once picturesque, narrow trail through the scrub oak and huckleberries was torn and rutted. The parking of vehicles off the trail had scarred many trees and smashed the berry bushes. As I rigged my pole to fish, I noticed that many of the anglers were fishing at the stocking point, an old wooden bridge, long rotted by the moisture rising from the flowing stream beneath. Since it was poor manners to stop in the same hole or even within sight of a fishing angler on a small mountain stream, I realized I had to go far below if I hoped to have solitude. It was quite obvious that this

small stream could not physically begin to accommodate all the anglers which had been attracted to it. To escape most of the pressure I moved downstream for a mile or two. The walk wasn't as difficult as in the old days, the days before stocking, because I no longer had to pick my way along the rough hillside. A well-defined path made things simple, too simple. Most important of all, nowhere on my trip downstream did I enjoy the good fishing or the solitude of previous years. I didn't resent sharing my stream with others, it was just the fact that I had lost my stream. No one minds sharing a pack of cigarettes with his buddies, but if he gives away all twenty and none are available he begins to panic.

I was more interested in taking pictures on this beautiful spring day than I was in fishing, but I did manage to fish a few of the holes where I used to catch my 9-inch lunkers. This time the results were different. I caught about twenty trout but only one barely exceeded 6 inches. Why were the trout so small? Simple, it takes trout two summers of growth in this stream to reach legal size. In the third year, the legal fish are taken. What happens here is that the fishing pressures had killed them in the second summer before they reached legal size.

A small, brushy stream, such as this, is not conducive to fly fishing, so to have enjoyable fishing, the garden worm or grasshopper is slipped into the riffles and pools. That particular day, I caught twenty and returned them, but the real story is that ten were hooked so deeply they probably died. I calculated, as I returned to the car, that if the fifty anglers on the stream caught as many fish as I—and I am sure they did because I wasn't fishing seriously—then 500 fish were caught and inadvertently destroyed before they were legal, caught before they could provide the angling they were so capable of doing had not this artificially induced pressure destroyed this fishery.

As I tripped back out the rutted road, it suddenly occurred to me that 500 fish was the stocking allotment of this stream. Was it worth it?

Why should a program of constructive stocking of our larger and accessible areas have to carry with it a program of deficit stocking on our mountain brooks? Federal and state governments are planning to spend millions to acquire wilderness areas with streams. In addition, part of the Golden Age of Conservation is preserving what we have left. Can we justify a program that contributes little and destroys the very essence of our recreation?

If you love to fish, if you love nature, and you know the facts, I suspect that there is a little bit of heretic in you, too. Perhaps working together we'll gain some followers and make your mountain stream a wilderness stream for the host of people like you and me to enjoy for years to come.



FISHERMAN Everill Thompson of Oil City holds the biggest walleye known to have been landed at Tionesta in many years. It measured 32¾ inches and weighed 14¼ pounds. Everill used a jig and caught it in the Allegheny River at midpoint in the Tionesta Sand and Gravel Island. It had a girth of 20 inches and took half an hour to land. (Photo by Steve Szalewicz)

IF YOU'RE HEADING FOR YOUR FAVORITE FISHING HOLE THIS MONTH AND ARE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO CATCH FISH ON THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW . . .

THE JIG'S UP

by **ED ATTS**

PROBABLY NO LURE USED in Pennsylvania's waters is the recipient of as much mixed feelings as the lead headed jig. Some anglers swear this lure is the best fish producer of all times, and other anglers just swear at it.

These immigrants from the salt water to the fresh water are fished by casting them and then allowing enough time for them to settle to the bottom. When this is done the rod tip should be flipped upward from a 9:00 o'clock to an 11:00 o'clock position quickly. This procedure is completed until the lure is completely retrieved.

Sounds simple enough, but there are many anglers who

have done this many times and caught nothing but a small branch, some weeds, or other obstruction laying on the river bottom.

One of the cardinal sins committed by jig fishermen is moving the lure too far each time. I have seen many fishermen who must have moved their jig three feet but I have my best luck when it is far shorter than this. A foot is plenty far and when I get it skipping slowly across the bottom no further than six or eight inches at a time I do best on walleyes.

Just how long a jig should rest on the bottom depends on the species of fish one is after and the temperature of the water. In the summer when after bass I work it faster than in the winter when fishing for walleyes. In fact, during the colder months it doesn't hurt to let the jig lay for five seconds or more between times it is moved.

A fish may hit a jig at any moment it is in the water. I have had a few strikes as it was settling to the bottom after the cast, others have struck as it was laying motionless on the bottom, but most hits occur as the lure is being jerked into motion. This is why it pays to move the lure quickly each time and to be ready for the strike.

Another way I have fished jigs along the edge of weed-beds where largemouth bass hang out is with a bobber. This is done by attaching the bobber up the line far enough from the jig so it will keep it a foot and a half or two feet off the bottom.

Though this arrangement is plenty miserable to cast it works well. Cast the rig close to the weeds and then let it lay for a short length of time. Move every ten to fifteen seconds and when the bobber finally dips, reef back on the rod.

WALLEYE

I rate the lead headed jig as being the best walleye producer of all during fall and winter months. In fact, when the water temperature drops below 50 degrees jigs are about the only lures that will produce at all.

Though I have been fortunate enough to have many good days fishing jigs for walleyes I best remember the time when most of the Allegheny was frozen but I decided to check on one remote spot where I thought there would be some open water since a fair sized feeder stream emptied into the river there.

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JIGS COME in a variety of sizes and colors. Water conditions will determine the weight needed while choice of color will be determined by what the fish hit. They're good attractors for a number of Pennsylvania species.



A FISHERMAN CHANGES BRANDS

Over the seasons it has been my great fortune to catch a good number of big smallmouth bass, the best of which was a whopping six and one-half pounds; a reasonable number of brown trout better than four pounds, several of which were taken on preferred dry flies; and a few Atlantic salmon which weighed in at a little more than twenty pounds each. These represent thrilling experiences, but the high-water mark was the discovery of the location of a Pennsylvania muskie and what transpired thereafter. This is the story.

THE 'LUNGE AND I

by CHARLES K. FOX

IT IS ONE THING FOR A RECKLESS BOY to be pulled in by a muskie; it is another for a predictable man to be pushed into one. I have experienced both but in

the interim between these two incidents there has been sufficient time for two generations of anglers to come into existence and for fish culture to be refined.

One early summer day back at the time of the proposal of an income tax, my Dad suggested that we go away for a couple of weeks of muskie fishing, whereupon he showed me the advertisement of a resort.

The salesman of Bobcaygeon, Ontario was impressive, particularly to a young and receptive mind. One picture on the brochure showed a man standing on a wheelbarrow clutching a muskie by the gills, the tail of which reached down to the ground and the body of which went far to obscure the chassis of its captor.

"Look at the map," said Dad as he pointed to a wasp-waist in the blue. "The hotel is near the locks between the lakes. The guide could meet us with his boat each morning on either Pigeon or Sturgeon Lake, as we choose."

When the time came we worked our way by rail into the Kawartha Lake Region of Ontario, home of the big auspicious muskellunge.

The morning of the first day I was assigned to the back-seat of the rowboat, where there was a minimum of leg room, and Dad sat up front. Between us at the oars was a strong and pleasant guide, Charlie Moffatt. We began trolling to the tune of methodically creaking oars and the drip and splash of water. As advised, I let out a two-toned spoon on a husky shaft ahead of a large treble hook decorated with red, white and guinea feathers attached to a heavy handline wrapped on a thin board. Dad, for the sake of variety, used a twirling Phantom Minnow, an oiled canvas creation painted in a manner which was not exactly

realistic and bristling with sharp bronze hooks, but he eased it into the water from a rod and reel. When I came to a big loop in the handline, I was told the lure was the right distance away and I should hold the loop.

Every so often one of us experienced a thump, but they were false alarms. Our lures would snag providing a quick thrill followed by a quicker letdown. When this happened, it meant retrieve the line and the lure, clean the fouled hooks, then slowly let them out again. "If you don't hook up, now and then, you are not trolling close enough to the weeds where the 'lunge are," said Charlie; so we took it for what it was, part of the game.

This kept up for some hours, and I became restless. I was getting tired of hanging on with one hand, so I swung my feet around, sat Chinese fashion facing our wake where I could hold the loop of the handline with both hands and watch for action.

That is the way I was when it happened. The twirling blade in combination with the big feathered treble hook produced a strike. I had a fine hold on the handline, in fact one hand was right through the loop. The fish pulled hard and I pulled back hard; then the fish pulled harder. "No weed," I yelled and hung on.

The hand and arm were outstretched and the line was taut when all eighty pounds of me slipped off that seat and landed with a splash in Pigeon Lake. A hundred feet away a big fishy form flopped out of the water.

With an I-told-you-so admonition, my Dad and the guide got me back into the boat.

"The fish," I sputtered. "How about the fish?"

"He's gone," advised Charlie, who by this time had taken charge.

Later in the day Dad hooked into one and I saw how he would give and take line according to circumstance by utilizing the reel. This one was boated, and what an impressive appearance it made—the size, the big mouth, the dental arrangement.

That night at the store across from the hotel he bought me a steel rod, a quadruple multiplying reel loaded with braided silk line, some wire traces with snap swivels, an assortment of lures and a tackle box in which to store them.

Things worked out fine. We caught some 'lunge on lures and some bass on bait, and we returned another year for more of the same.

Then the seasons slipped by, lots of them; but nary a musky saw a lure of mine. I became enamoured with light lure bait casting for Pennsylvania bass and wrote a book about it. Then my emphasis shifted to fly fishing for trout and an annual Canadian vacation had long since centered around Atlantic salmon. But muskies—I didn't get near any.

Then one day not too long ago I took my children for bluegills to a relatively new impoundment created for fishing with fish license monies. Opossum Lake is seven miles



from our home and located in the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania. Eight-year-old Chip operates with a long cane pole and a tapered leader a little shorter than the pole, and thirteen-year-old Susie casts with a 6-foot fly rod. Both use small plastic creations and both do well, in fact better than any adults I have watched trying to collect a stringer of bluegills.

I didn't go along just for the ride, I had with me my light-lure plugging outfit, consisting of a 6¼-foot rod, an antique Gulf multiplying reel, 10-pound test braided line, a 10-foot monofilament casting trace and a chest kit full of bass lures.

Among my bass lures are two extra specials which I depend on heavily and enjoy fishing more than others. I chose the more shallow running of the two, a metallic-green Whirlygig.

So, as the kids fished for and caught bluegills, I plugged the weed beds for largemouth bass. The fact that they caught fish rapidly, helped matters considerably.

We were fishing from the eastern bank of the lake at sundown and the glare as one looked across the water in line with the sun was very great. Ordinarily I would not have been caught that way, but this was the best place for the kids. It was a relief when the sun sank behind the horizon, and left in its afterglow a brilliant scarlet and orange sunset. It was a gorgeous sight on the smooth surface and over the hills beyond.

More attention was being paid to Nature's pageantry than to the green Whirlygig as it worked in its enticing way on the surface then returned the rest of the way under the surface. The first thing I knew, there was a great wake behind the lure. I blinked in amazement as the water rolled away. Never before in my bass, trout and salmon fishing had anything like that been seen.

With heart in mouth I speeded up the retrieve, then slowed it down, then jiggled and jerked, and stopped and started. The lure continued its uncertain course but there

continued on next page



THE 'LUNGE AND I

was no strike. The water returned to a mirror-like smoothness. Then came the rest of the let down; no strike was forthcoming on a subsequent cast. That was it, at least for the day.

In 1963 some fingerling muskies had been planted in the lake. Since stocking time, they had disappeared. Surely this had to be one, a grown up version. And now I knew where there was a big, interesting fish.

I returned several times with friends to show Whirlygig to this muskie, but always to no avail.

But then, many trips later on a lone trip, things changed. A long cast was required to reach the spot, but the distance was covered because a little tail wind helped the cause. The lair of the fish had been estimated to be the dead center of the bay.

Whirlygig sailed through the air on a nice low trajectory, "a flat cast," and landed on its side with a lively-sounding spat. I let it set as the rings from the disturbance widened. A jerk set the twirling head in motion and this kicked up a little spray. Suddenly there was an eruption and I saw a great golden blob. The plug was knocked 18 inches in the air. It splashed back and everything quieted down. That cast was fished out and so were many others, but all remained quiet. So ended the second encounter.

By the time I returned from a fine salmon-fishing trip it was October and according to the books, October is a prime muskie month. So in addition to knowing the precise location of one, I had timing going for me too.

Funny how minor matters exert their influence. I was working in a primitive area on land acquisition for the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters. On my way home I traveled through the Dutch country and it was lunch time, so I ordered frankfurters, sauerkraut and mashed potatoes. The platter was typically big and I did it justice.

Upon my arrival at home, late in the afternoon, I was given to know by my wife that we were having for dinner one of my favorites: frankfurters, sauerkraut and mashed potatoes.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "Twice in a row is too much. Haven't recovered as yet from the first; so I'll drive over to the lake, show Whirlygig to that muskie, then stop for a hamburger and a milkshake at the drive-in."

This time was similar to the first in one respect. After Whirlygig had been made to splatter on the surface and the underwater retrieve got underway, the big wake swung in behind it. Instead of giving it herky-jerky action, I kept up a steady, arrogant, challenging retrieve, and my heart began to pound. There was a boil which would fill a washtub and at the same instant there was a heavy rap on the rod. I hauled back to sink the hooks.

What followed was interesting and uncertain. Whirlygig was out of sight in the big mouth, but attached to the end of the 10-lb. monofilament casting trace was a 6-inch strand of 24-lb. test nylon, a pretty good resistor of teeth, even muskie teeth. In due time his back broke the surface; and a little later I led him into a shallow bay, then skidded his bulk out of water over the flattened grass, the way one beaches a salmon.

About that time someone showed up who identified himself as the caretaker of the area for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Obviously he was excited and pleased as he measured the fish and jotted down all credentials, which in turn added to my pleasure and excitement.

It was not my lot to marry a girl who draws the birds, picks the ducks and doves and cleans the fish, so after a friend took several snapshots, I rolled up my sleeves and went to work.

My muskie, if not the first, was one of the first caught in the Cumberland Valley. But it looks as though it won't be the last.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is now deeply involved with a combination of those two stocking areas where muskies already are as well as new water areas. The supplementary stocking is in the Western quarter of the State, the introductory stockings in the other three-quarters encompassing the Susquehanna River and Delaware River watersheds and some lakes. After being planted, the young muskies have a way of disappearing for about three years, then they show up as fish over 24 inches, 30 inches being the legal limit. Apparently the feeding habits during the early years are such that the sort of lures anglers use have little appeal. This seems to be just the reverse of the planted northern pike, which often manages to get themselves caught before they achieve legal size.

Between my muskies there were many years, a lot of bass, a good number of trout and some salmon. But now an old fire has been rekindled by a big challenge. The challenger is mean and moody, and what's more, close to home.

Is there a formula for catching such fish? Sure. Be at the right place at the right time with the right thing. Boy! Does that put a premium on zeal and confidence?



FISHERMEN Ray Chodkowski and Richard Sadulski decided to do something about keeping their bait fish fresh when, on one of their frequent fishing trips, they lost most of their minnows. Both hold awards for catching trophy fish and Sadulski is a Pennsylvania Angler Citation Winner. To the left minnows in the bottom of a bait box gather around the air feeding into their water from a spare tire.

INVENTIVE ANGLERS

WE ALL HAVE HAD TROUBLE transporting live bait during the summer months at one time or another. Dead minnows and other fish bait floating about your minnow bucket are grim and expensive reminders that not enough oxygen was prevalent.

The hot, dry summer of 1966 was no exception. Fishermen lost their bait in transit during their excursions all over



SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the idea. A tube which attaches to the valve of a spare tire lets the angler bring oxygen to the minnows. A valve permits adjustment of the amount of air flow. Below Chodkowski explains the device to visitors to a sportsmen's show in Pennsylvania.



Pennsylvania. Musky trips to Warren County were spoiled, Bass anglers along the Susquehanna were mad. Trout enthusiasts in the Pocono's were frustrated, and their season was almost over! Not the fishing, mind you, was the problem, but the loss of bait fish from oxygen deficiency while being transported in various buckets, jars, etc.

Higher temperatures tend to increase the body processes and metabolism of bait fishes, thus they require more oxygen. Long hauls over hot highways don't do anybody any good, but pity the lowly minnow . . . what chance has he?

Two Pennsylvania Muskellunge men . . . Ray Chodkowski and Richard Sadulski, from Natrona Heights near Pittsburgh, tried a 3 day trip to the Tionesta Dam that summer. They collected minnows and small suckers near their home in anticipation of inducing a Musky to the net. By the time they arrived at Tionesta they had lost over one-half of their offerings. The minnows suffocated right in the container, along the way.

Tired of this problem happening so often, the two fishermen decided to do something once and for all about it. If the spare tire in their car hadn't been so old and dusty, it might not have been noticed. They did, however, because it dawned on them that it was a perfect source of oxygen. If a way could be found to bleed this air into a bait container, their problems would be solved. The wheels of progress began to turn!

They started with that tire, rounded up some plastic tubing, an old tire pump, valves, and other mechanical odds and ends. The basement became the think factory . . . and work area. These two were onto something big. Many refinements, trials and problems later, the first counterpart of the "Miracle Minnow Saver" was ready for use—on April

FRESHWATER TIGER AT TIONESTA

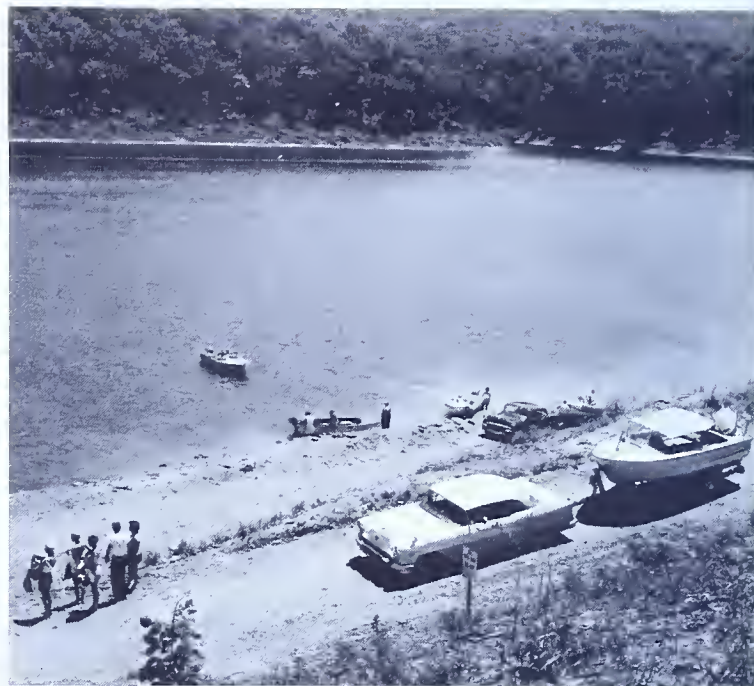
by Virgil Schwimmer

THERE'S A DISEASE IN THE UPPER ALLEGHENY and around the Tionesta Reservoir that is very catching. Once bitten with the "bug," a fisherman is never quite the same. "Muskellungitis"—that's the name of this disease says the lonely fisherman's wife. After you have caught, handled and admired a good, hefty Muskellunge you will never be satisfied until you catch another, and another, and another . . .

It is something that gets in the blood. You'll troll for hours on end. Or you'll sit in a boat while the chilling fog settles 'round you—letting a frog, harnessed to your thirty pound test line, swim all around your boat, hoping for the "strike." I particularly love this type of fishing. Chances are, you'll be all alone on the water—for the water-skiier, the sight-seeing cruisers, etc. have long since retired. You'll hear an owl hooting or perhaps you'll hear a whip-poor-will or the snorting of a drinking deer somewhere down along the shore. Perhaps the barking of a fox. They're all sounds you may hear while fishing at Tionesta



TIONESTA SPORT SHOP owner Lud Haller, sponsor of a big fish contest each year, nails another trophy muskie head to his already impressive collection. (photo courtesy Steve Szalewicz)



BOAT RAMP and launching area at the Tionesta Reservoir, one of Pennsylvania's top muskie fishing spots.

Reservoir.

Trolling for the "Musky" here requires one get down deep—down among the logs. This makes it very difficult to land him, for you have to get him up—and fast, before he snags your line. A Pikie Creek Chub—Perch finish—in the deep running, three section class is one of the favorite artificial baits used. Also, the Cisco Kid and various types of jigs. There's one thing about Tionesta Reservoir—should you hook one of these stubborn "Freshwater Tigers," he'll either go right to the bottom and you won't be able to move him for a while or, when he quits sulking watch out. He'll take off like a live torpedo. He'll wrap your line around the logs and snag you until he can get a good solid pull and then—WHAM—he's gone on his way. It's challenging fishing!

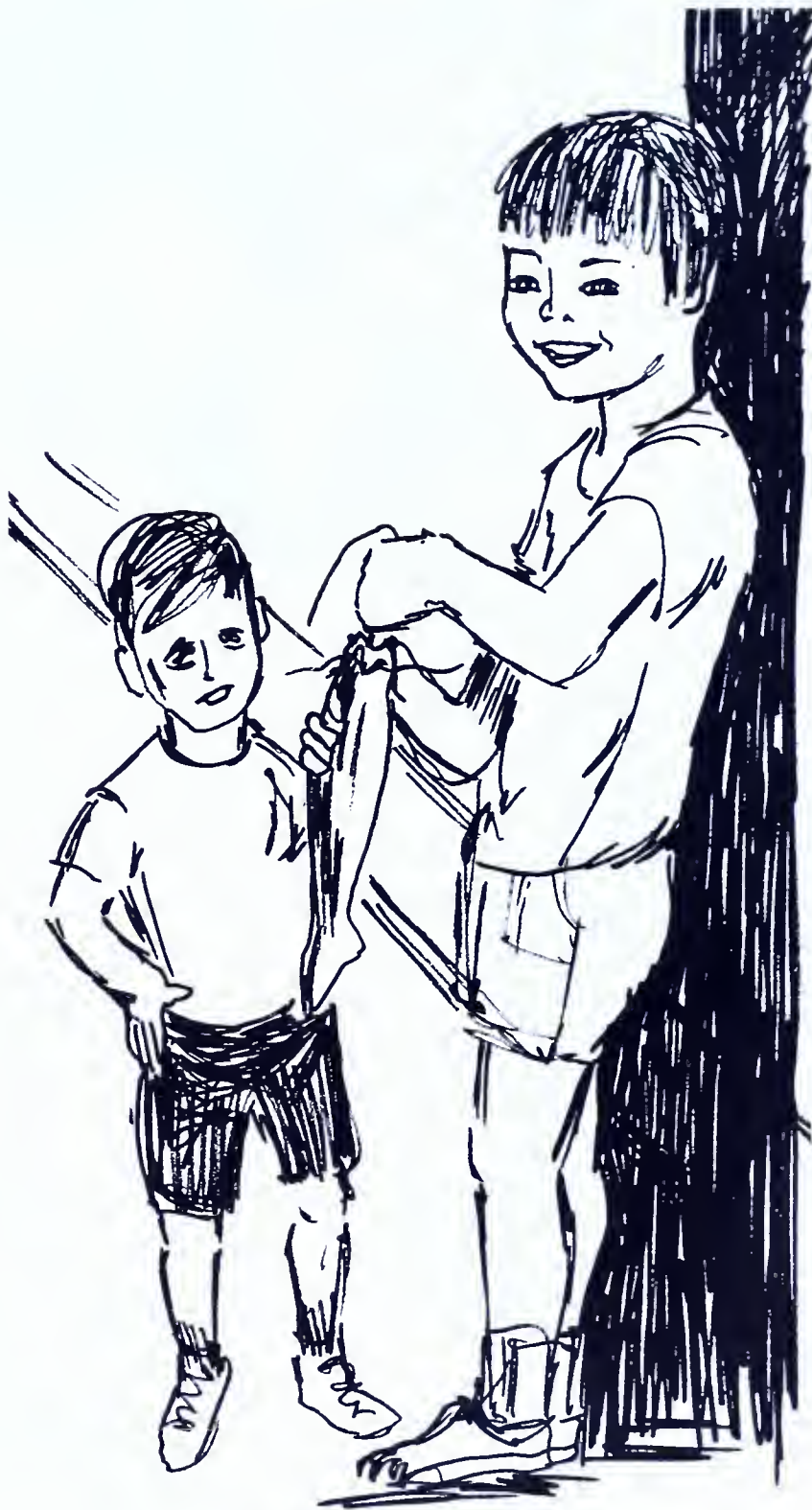
For those who would like to camp at the reservoir there are two types of camp sites available—trailer camping and boat camping. The boat camp sites are only reached by boat and most of the fishermen who use this reservoir prefer the boat camp sites. A permit may be secured at Corps of Engineers control tower on week days during the hours of from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. The reservoir superintendent issues these permits for a two week period on a first come, first serve basis. Camping on one side of the reservoir is controlled by the U.S. Corps of Engineers and on the other side by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Forest Service. Should you moor your boat on the reservoir overnight, you'll be required to secure a permit from the Corps of Engineers, with the proper decal that must be affixed to the bow of the boat. These permits, at the present, are issued without charge.

One thing is for sure, you may fish for hours and never get a "strike;" then, again, you might hook one the minute you get your bait out and working. In any case, the fall months are the best time to fish this biggest of freshwater gamefish—just about the time the leaves are falling. That's when they're storing up for the lean winter months ahead here at Tionesta Reservoir.

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1968 THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION MOVED IN ITS OWN WAY TO HELP RELIEVE THE TENSE PROBLEMS OF PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURGH GIVING SOME OF THE YOUNGER RESIDENTS SOMETHING RELAXING TO DO—FISH.

TEACHER / FISHERMAN STEVE ULSH OF HARRISBURG WAS HIRED FOR THE SUMMER TO CONDUCT THE COMMISSION'S NEW CENTER CITY CANE POLE FISHING PROGRAM IN THESE TWO LARGEST CITIES OF THE KEYSTONE STATE. ULSH, A SIXTH GRADE TEACHER AT THE NORTH SIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN HARRISBURG, WAS KEPT BUSY DOING EVERYTHING FROM ADMINISTERING THE PROGRAM TO HANDING OUT CANE POLES AND BAITING NUMEROUS HOOKS DURING THE SESSIONS. IN THE FOLLOWING STORY HE TELLS ANGLER READERS ABOUT THE PROGRAM, AS HE SAW IT.

HIS WIFE MOLLY, WHO HOLDS AN ART DEGREE FROM KUTZTOWN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, IS KEPT BUSY WITH THEIR OWN TWO SONS, AGES SIX AND TWO; BUT NOT TOO BUSY TO ILLUSTRATE THIS SUMMER'S . . .



CANE POLE FISHING

by STEVE ULSH

ART by MOLLY ULSH

THEY CAME IN ALL SHAPES, colors, and sizes from many different environments. From the private day camp, the settlement house, the orphanage, church, YMCA, and city playground, they came to fish.

These were the main characters in the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's "Center City Cane Pole Fishing Program." They ranged in age from six to fifteen and were in the most part, children who had never fished before.

With the idea of bringing the sport of fishing into the metropolitan areas of Pennsylvania, special emphasis was

TEXT AND ART NEXT TWO PAGES



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG for Cane Pole Fishing to take hold during the summer in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Young residents of downtown areas were bussed to fishing spots in both of the cities, loaned cane poles, bobbers and bait, and then given some instruction in fishing. For many it was their first fishing experience and for others it was probably their first visit to anything approaching the great "outdoors."



INSTRUCTION, ADVICE and lots of patience were required by those helping with the program which resulted in many of the youngsters catching their first fish—something many had never seen before.



CANE POLE FISHING

given to Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

All equipment consisting of eight-foot cane poles, lines, bobbers, hooks and bait was loaned to each child as he or she arrived at the fishing site.

In Pittsburgh Carnegie Lake, located in Highland Park, was utilized on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week and Panther Hollow Lake, the site of a day camp constructed by the Recreation Department of Pittsburgh, was fished by the children on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

In Philadelphia the old Torresdale hatchery ponds, now city owned, provided the fishing experience for the children Mondays through Fridays of each week.

Working with the recreation departments in both cities, permission was obtained to use these sites which lend themselves in providing fishing for large groups of children.

Not knowing what the response would be because of the newness of the program, it was overwhelming when it finally came. One day in Pittsburgh over two hundred and fifty children were fishing at Carnegie Lake and the Torresdale site had over three hundred. This continued into the late summer with the average daily attendance of one hundred fifty in Philadelphia and one hundred in Pittsburgh.

Provided additional sites can be found and used combined with the potential of expanding into other cities presents the possibility of even more cane pole fishing

next summer.

Success can be measured in small ways and perhaps the real success of the cane pole fishing program was measured in such things as the delight in children being outdoors as evidenced by a small group of children rolling in the grass upon leaving the bus; a child who didn't care to fish, but slept in the shade of a tree; the wonderment in seeing a worm for the first time, and also the fear of putting one on a hook. A scream of mixed delight and fear upon catching a catfish; the proud smile of a young angler upon catching a fish and the boy who for safety's sake was refused a bait because he was shoeless and subject to being snagged by a hook, borrowing shoes so he could continue fishing, and finally the remarks of one young boy, "Mister, I didn't catch no fish, but I sure had a good time."



by
PAT EISENHART

RELAX —

AND ENJOY YOURSELF?



HOW MANY OF YOU have gone fishing and after the first hour knew without a doubt that if you had any sense you'd go home and watch the ball game on T.V.? Then I'd like to tell you about a trip my husband and I made.

Some people have a guardian angel or a good fairy behind them to see that everything goes well. In my case the devil sits on my shoulder and as soon as he sees I'm going to enjoy myself, he gets a gleam in his eye and thinks "Now's the time to sock it to her."

When possible my husband and I do our traveling at night. We usually go a distance and in this case we were heading for a lake near Hawley in the Pocono area. It's a two and a half hour ride and we'd sooner arrive late and sleep than get up early and have the trip to face.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. My husband doesn't bait fish. But as all good fishermen know, there are days when a minnow does the trick better than a plug and so he lets me indulge myself occasionally. When we get minnows he is a great believer in oxygen and will have five minnows each in ten minnow buckets. Now who can afford ten minnow buckets? We have one regular one and the rest are those paper mache baskets from the florist. They have no lids—need I say more? These sit in the corner of our panel truck, sort of a disaster area. There's also a mattress and our fishing equipment. Well I was asleep in the back as Jim drove (I'm a great companion) when suddenly I woke in a bed of squirming minnows. Seems Jim had to apply the brakes suddenly and you can imagine what happened. Sort of dampened my spirits among other things. Did he inquire if I was hurt by any

flying objects? Not my Jim. He just told me to hurry and pick up MY MINNOWS unless I wanted them to die.

When we awoke the next morning Jim was mildly sick, but I wasn't going to let that deter me from my purpose. I came to fish and fish I would. I got into the boat when suddenly a twenty mile an hour wind came up. That devil again. Did you ever try fishing the shoreline without anchoring in the eye of a hurricane? I must have thrown away a thousand feet of line which snarled and I couldn't untangle. I was blown into shore and had to row out again. I probably scared every fish in a mile radius. Discouraged? No!

After an extra hour's sleep Jim was ready so he put the outboard motor on the back of the boat. Motors and I don't get along too well. Our motor works like a dream until I get in the boat. Jim pulled and pulled and pulled on the starter cord, smiling weakly and assuring me "it will start." My remarks would be censored but did you ever try rowing a boat with a useless motor sitting on the back in the eye of a hurricane?

During the day the fishing was slow and the sun extremely hot. I was fishing minnows, much to my husband's chagrin. Anyhow I got a strike and the bobber started moving. I set the hook and then the line snapped above the bobber. I insisted the fish took the minnow like a big bass so we began chasing a floating bobber around the lake—with a useless motor on the boat in the eye of the windstorm. Sound sort of senseless? Just wait! When we finally caught the bobber and pulled it up a twelve inch perch hung from the hook.

In the course of all this nonsense, our minnow bucket which was hanging over the side came loose and sunk. That would have been the time to head home. But diehards we are. Jim began diving for the bucket and here the poor guy doesn't even fish minnows!

There are times when I feel that insanity should be a prerequisite to the sport of fishing. But if you're not slightly demented at your initiation, you'll be on your way in a year or so. I don't like cold weather but there was a time when I fished for trout at Fisherman's Paradise with a winter parka while it snowed and my line froze to the guides. Or there was the time when we first started fishing and our equipment was almost nil. I cast my rod at the shoreline and my plug flew into the tree tops. I looked sweetly at Jim and said "My plug flew off, Honey. I wonder why Dear? (It's always wise to add a few endearments when you're not sure what type of a jam you're in at the moment.) When he looked at my rod, his early remarks were rather crude but the end sounded like "did you ever hear of locking your swivel?" Like the sport that he is, he made me row to shore and get out and scour the bush for an hour in a vain effort to find it. We had three plugs and that happened to be one of them.

At noon I find I left the lunch and water in the car. Now it's about a mile the way the crow flies and twenty miles the way I row, especially with a useless motor on the boat. I suppose you're wondering what I'm still doing with this motor? Jim is a born mechanic and has assured me that during the course of the day he will fix the monster. Missing propeller or something.

In the early evening we began having some luck. This lake is famous for its bass and is well worth the trip. Anyhow, I was rowing and Jim standing (bad habit) and casting the little pot holes along the shore. He cast the "crazy crawler" in a spot the size of a bathtub and as soon as it hit the water, a bass like I've never seen before took the plug. It began jumping and I'm trying to row closer when to Jim's amazement and disbelief, I row in the opposite direction and out of the boat he goes. Sometimes I forget which way to move the oars.

Well his line snapped and as he climbed back into the boat I reminded him of his marriage vows, how I'm the mother of his children, and how he'd have no fun without me along. When I go fishing I don't let myself get upset over a few minor incidents. Why get into a frazzle if you break your rod, spill your tackle box or fall out of the boat. I like to relax.

But back to the ending. As night drew nearer the mosquitoes came. I have never seen nor heard any this size. They buzzed and bit to almost make fishing impossible. I say almost, because the only thing that would make it impossible would be for me to break my rod or be left at home.

We ended the trip with two nice bass, both near twenty inches; the rest were returned for future enjoyment. All our mishaps didn't dull our enthusiasm and on our way home we laughed over the day and wondered how we could have endured it.

Then we had a flat tire.



MODERN CAMPING

by
DEL & LOIS
KERR

FOLIAGE TRIP

NOWHERE ELSE in the nation, or, in fact, in the entire world, can one find the outstanding array of colors displayed in the foliage of the Keystone State in early October.

One reason for this is the fact that Pennsylvania is the buffer zone of the northern and southern species of trees. More than 123 varieties of trees occur throughout Penn's Woods.

A really outstanding camping trip for early October is a journey to one of the northern tier counties. For a combination of breath-taking scenery and excellent fishing, plan a fall trip to Tioga County. Peak coloration here is normally from October 1 to October 15.

Hills Creek State Park, located twelve miles northeast of Wellsboro, not far from U.S. Route 6, is a fine base camp for sightseeing the northern tier. Sixty campsites, some wooded and some open, are located one half mile from the 137-acre lake. A 20-unit overflow area is also available. Near the swimming beach is a concession where ice, white gas and basic food supplies can be purchased.

For the hiker scenic nature trails wind in and out of the wooded areas around the crystal clear mountain lake.

The lake offers really first-class fishing. Stocked species include muskies, largemouth bass and walleye, but bluegills and catfish are also abundant. Many trophy catches have been reeled in from the waters of Hills Creek Lake, one of them the largest bluegill ever caught anywhere in Pennsylvania. A boat rental concession is available or you may use your own rowboat, sailboat or canoe. Motors are not permitted.

A scenic tour that is a must while visiting Hills Creek is a trip to Pennsylvania's Grand Canyon, one of the most beautiful natural chasms in Eastern United States. This gorge is believed to have been formed 25,000 years ago during the Glacial Period.

The canyon is 50-miles long and 1,000 feet deep, covering over 300,000 acres. Most of the land is deeply forested and is largely state owned. Deep in the valley flows fast-moving Pine Creek, site of exciting white-water trips every spring.

Small picnic and camping areas are located on lookouts high above the canyon floor on both sides of the gorge.

These are at Colton Point and Leonard Harrison State Parks. Each contains 30 campsites.

These lookouts provide panoramas that are an amateur photographer's dream, especially in the brightly colored days of autumn. From the Leonard Harrison State Park, hikers can take a winding "turkey path" to the bottom of the gorge, a beautiful path through wooded glens and past glistening cataracts. Rest stops are provided for the rugged climb back up the steep mountainside.

Fishermen will delight in trying their luck in Pine Creek, or one of its tributaries, known since Indian days for fine trout and bass fishing.

As in all the northern tier counties, white-tailed deer, bear and turkey abound making the area an ideal spot for a hunting season campout later in the fall.

Two delightful towns to visit nearby are Wellsboro, home of the annual Laurel Festival each June, and Mansfield, the beautiful setting for Mansfield State Teachers College. The Wellsboro Chamber of Commerce offers a fine brochure which details scenic drives, marked with different colored arrows, around the entire Grand Canyon area.

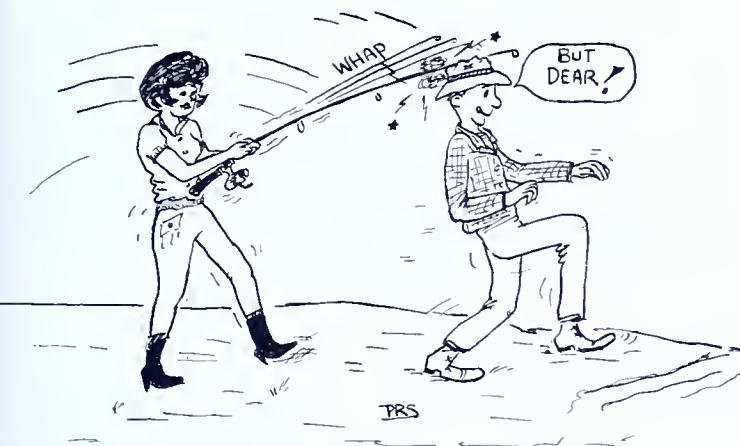


"I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER OUT FURTHER—
I CAN STILL HEAR MY WIFE."



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden



SPECKLED TROUT?

■ While patrolling Raccoon State Park Lake, I encountered a boy of license age with a dozen or more crappie bass on his stringer. The lad was heading for the car in a hurry when I exclaimed, "That's a nice stringer of crappies you have there!" This remark stopped the boy in his tracks as he did a double take at the fish and me. I said, "It's okay fellow, there is no season or size on them." With a puzzled expression on his face, the youth replied, "I thought they were speckled trout."—*District Warden DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).

HELPFUL HUSBAND

■ While assisting Warden Hollen with our display at the Logan Valley Mall, the following story was related to me by a fellow who claimed to have witnessed it. He was fishing at Tionesta Dam and saw a lady angler hook a nice sized muskellunge. After quite a battle, she began to wear the fish down, and bring it in. Her husband trying to be helpful, grabbed the line, to assist in bringing the fish in the remaining several feet. This put too much strain on the line, and it snapped. At this, the lady became quite angered, and began beating her husband with the rod. The musky appeared to be smiling over the whole turn of events as he headed for deeper water.—*District Warden ANTHONY MURAWSKI* (Cambria County).

TRANQUILIZED TROUT!

■ After stocking Keystone Lake I was doing a little patrolling, when I overheard two unlucky anglers talking. The one fellow said, "You know the Fish Commission *tranquilize* the trout before they stock them." The other fellow looked at him and said "So that's why we can't catch those ±@#%&* (rainbows."—*District Warden ARTHUR A. HERMAN* (Westmoreland County).

SURPRISE SHINERS

■ Edward Sweet of Hawley, while standing in front of the Hawley Diner, thought he'd have some fun with the townspeople. There was quite a pool of water near the curb so he went to a local bait dealer and bought six shiners. He put the shiners in the pool and watched them swim around. Passerbys would ask what he was looking at and he'd show them the shiners saying he wondered how they got there.—*District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS* (Wayne County).

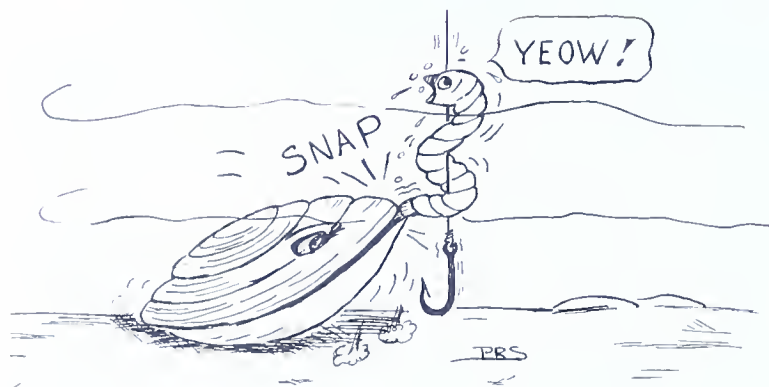
DANGEROUS JOURNEY

■ While checking around Hills Creek Lake by boat one day this month, I was surprised to see something swimming through the water. I was on the upper end of the lake where there are numerous stumps. Every time this animal would come to a stump it would climb on the stump and rest. Upon closer observation, I found out it was a chipmunk that I was watching. He went clear across the upper end of the lake. At any time I expected to see a musky stop his journey, but I guess they weren't hungry that morning.—*District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER* (Tioga County).

WATERLOGGED—

■ On the monthly summary of motorboat activities, there is a line that says "Number of Lives Saved." This month I can proudly place a number one in this space but in the beginning I was not sure what kind of a life I was saving. I was in the middle of Lake Wallenpaupack when I saw the tip of a small nose. Up till that point, I thought I knew what a squirrel looked like, but then I had never seen one that was waterlogged before. When I pulled aside he tried but couldn't climb up the side of the boat so I lowered a ring buoy and he climbed on. After a couple of tries, I found that he could not be towed this way, so I hauled him aboard. When we got to shore, he was too tired to move and I left him lying on the buoy in a thicket while I went to lunch. When I returned, the buoy was empty and the squirrel was gone—overland this time I hope.—*Security Officer ROBERT O'HARA* Lake Wallenpaupack.

STREAM NOTES *Cont.*



CLAMMING UP

■ Joseph Fochrelli, while fishing on Little Bald Eagle Creek near Tyrone had an unusual catch. He caught a clam on his worm. Evidently his worm must have landed right on the open clam, then it closed on the hook.—**District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).

LEAVES IN A HURRY—

■ During the Western Pennsylvania Laurel Festival Display at Brookville, a rattlesnake had passed away. It was removed from the cage and placed on the floor until a container could be found. A man walked into the exhibit and examined the live snake exhibit and bumped the dead snake with his foot. He looked down, turned white, and departed at a fast gait.—**District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).

BIG ONES

■ Recently the Susquehanna River produced another very large catfish—30½ inches and in the 12 lb. class. This happens once or twice a year and every time it happens, I wonder just what or where is the largest fish in the river. During a year's time, I've seen catfish in the 30 inch class, carp in the 30 inch class, crappies in the 14 to 17 inch class, bass, usually smallmouth, but occasionally largemouth in the 20 inch class, muskies in the top 40's (one reported 52 inches), an occasional northern pike in the 35 to 40 inches, walleyes—locally known as Susquehanna salmon—in the 30 inch sizes and numerous big panfish. When one stops and thinks about it, the old Susquehanna produces a great number of fish and fishing pleasure over a year's time and, it will so long as the people of this Common-

wealth keep improving the waters.—**District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL** (Lebanon-Lancaster Counties).

MUSKY WEEK

■ The week of May 26th might have been called musky week for Bedford County. Shawnee Lake gave up four legal muskies (three of them in one day) a 32, 33, 36, and a 44 inch. James Williams of Hyndman was the lucky fisherman that landed the 44 inch musky. It weighed 22 pounds and was caught on musky equipment with a sucker for bait. Gordon Lake gave up three more muskies, a 34, 36 and 41 inch. The 41 inch was taken by James Moffett of LaVale, Md.—**District Warden WILLIAM E. MCILNAY** (Bedford & Fulton Counties).

SCHOOL LEARN'N

■ While on patrol this season, I have come in contact with several of the students that attended our fishing schools this winter. It's gratifying to come across these students and have them show you a nice catch of trout, then tell you the fishing school really did help!—**District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).



LOST TROUT

■ While driving along a local road one of the Rt. 84 highway workers got a beautiful 24" brown trout the easy way. He found it inside a boat net, hook still attached to the jaw, lying in the middle of the road. Some unlucky fisherman arrived home with a real fish story of the big trout he'd caught but couldn't produce!—**District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY** (Lake Wallenpaupack District).

TALL TALE

■ I overheard two fishermen telling how a friend had caught a 42" smallmouth bass below the dam in one of Pennsylvania's impoundments. The other asked what the lucky angler had used for bait to land a monster like that. The reply was as unbelievable as the size of the fish. The bait was a small muskrat—talk about fishermen's tall tales! —*District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS* (Cameron County).

ANTI-LITTER

■ In order to combat the overwhelming problem of litter along the streams, interested sportsmen have enthusiastically volunteered to an anti-litter patrol. So far enough litter has been picked up to fill a half-ton truck! Needless to say this project has helped considerably to alleviate the litter condition.—*District Warden FRANCIS ROTCHFORD* (Montgomery-Philadelphia Counties).

UNDERSTANDING

■ Upon contacting one of my Blue Book Agents the following story was told to me. A fisherman walked in one day and said he wanted to buy a fishing license. Once everything was completed he was handed his license and the Fish Laws summary. The fisherman soon stated he should only have purchased a license for one year as he was not sure he would fish for three years and therefore did not need the three year license. The Agent, puzzled at first, went on to explain that the license was good for only one year and there was no three year license sold by the Commission. The fisherman then stated that on the back of the summary it "states \$2.00 for one year and \$5.00 for three years." He was corrected at that point by the agent, and it was pointed out that the prices on the back cover of the summary were for the Pennsylvania Angler, the Commission's monthly magazine. The fisherman said he thought it was a good idea to receive the Angler for three years, as part of his fishing license cost of \$5.00. Corrections were made again and he seemed to finally understand. Hope he understood what was inside better than the back cover. —*District Warden AMMON F. ZIEGENFUS* (Berks County).

LASTS AWHILE

■ On April 19 I stocked a 26 inch rainbow trout (measured prior to plant) in Penns Creeek. A multitude of fishermen fished for this prize specimen until May 10 when Mr. Walter Kind of Burnham, using a worm late in the evening, hooked into the trout in the same pool where it was planted and landed him. Mr. King called it "a real thrill" to participate in the fifty-five minute struggle which followed but he finally emerged the victor and creeled the trout. That's positive proof that they don't "take em all" on stocking day.—*District Warden RICHARD OWENS* (Mifflin-Juniata Counties).



MONSTER MUSKY

■ The following was told to me by Deputy Game Protector Charles Cramer. On Saturday, May 11th, Chuck and a friend were fishing for walleye at Lake Somerset. About 4:30 A.M., he had the first luck of the trip in landing a 16" walleye. He put it on the bottom hook of his chain stringer and secured it to the stern of his boat. A little later they decided to change fishing positions and started to work across the lake to the opposite shore when the largest muskie he said he ever saw came out of the water and hit the trailing walleye on the stringer. The boat was stopped as the huge fish held firmly to their legal catch. Then, after several minutes of exposing himself, the muskie let go of the fish and sank out of sight. The fishermen started once again across the lake and once again the monster muskie appeared within two feet of the badly mangled walleye, then again shortly sank out of sight.

Needless to say the walleye was quickly rigged with hooks and placed on Chuck's trolling line this time. But when I last talked to him he told me he had not raised the monster fish in three additional tries.—*District Warden Supervisor JOHN BUCK* (Region Two).

FRIGHTENED FEMALE

■ More than ten trout fishermen ran to the aid of a woman on Red Bank Creek recently. She was screaming at the top of her voice. It seemed she had never gone fishing before and did not understand how the automatic fly reel she was using worked. She accidentally tripped the automatic lever and the line zipped back onto the reel, scaring her.—*District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE* (Jefferson County).

FISH WINS

■ I received a report from several fishermen who saw a fisherman at Brady's Lake in Monroe County hook into a large muskie. The angler got it to the boat several times, but the fish won when it finally broke the line.—*District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART* (Monroe County).

FISH SWAPPING

An old established custom among fishery agencies in many states is the exchange of fish and/or fish products (eggs, sperm) which are of mutual benefit to each party. This is not just a "good neighbor policy" although it is well to be on good trading terms with other agencies since one can never tell when disaster will strike and help will be needed.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission has made such exchanges probably since it first began to raise fish but in recent years trading has generally been on a fish egg or fry basis. Normally when a request from another state is received we ask in return for a species we cannot or do not rear or a strain of fish we wish to obtain for a special purpose. A few examples illustrate how the Commission has benefited from recent exchanges.

For example in 1967 West Virginia received one pint of northern pike eggs and in exchange the Commission received 200,000 large brook trout fingerlings. West Virginia is the origin of the beautiful brook trout stocked from the Bellefonte complex this season and because this is such a fast growing strain of trout, the same exchange was made in 1968.

During 1967 a pint of musky eggs was traded with Missouri for flathead catfish eggs and redear sunfish. The flathead will reach a weight of sixty pounds in reservoirs. Another trade with Missouri gave Pennsylvania 10,000 yearling catfish for one pint of muskellunge eggs. All of these fish will be tested in our waters for growth and survival.

This spring Pennsylvania will furnish some northern pike

males to New York and receive 10,000 eyed lake run rainbow trout eggs for the Lake Erie Cooperative Nurseries. Additionally a gentleman's agreement between a Pennsylvania hatchery and a New York hatchery says that each will carry additional musky eggs or fry to replace in case one or the other state should have a total loss in the early stages of this species. Cooperation such as this is wise insurance in any fishery program.

Three years ago the Panhandle State gave the Keystone State sperm from their golden trout which Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel used with normal rainbow eggs to produce the palomino which has attracted a lot of attention—and which is now being produced in increasing numbers.

Exchanges have also been made with the Lamar Federal Hatchery.

As a result of past exchanges the Commission can anticipate gifts of eggs from other agencies. One is a promise of silver pike eggs from North Dakota. This is a light, silver-colored strain of the northern pike which has attracted attention in the mid-west.

And this year one exchange even brought some muskellunge from Russia to this state. These special fish are expected to produce some interesting angling in one or two Pennsylvania spots, and may prove to be even more vicious fighters than the muskies the Keystone State already has.

The practice of exchanges of fish and fish products has been a helpful aid to Pennsylvania fishermen. And future plans of the Division of Fisheries call for more trades of small amounts of eggs and fry of species of which we have an abundance for species when we have a shortage or for new species to provide new challenges for Pennsylvania fishermen.

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THE JIG'S UP

I got to the river's edge, found the open water I expected, and sent my first cast toward the edge of the ice some fifty feet from shore. I let the yellow jig settle to the bottom and then gave it a quick jerk only to feel a stout resistance which turned out to be a 22 inch walleye.

On the next five casts I hooked and landed five more fish but only kept the three which were over 20 inches and during the next half hour I caught a number of walleyes. When I left I took six home which were all well over 20 inches in length.

BASS

Bass will also hit jigs at all times, but like walleyes, they feed most vigorously in the fall and then show up when the water temperature drops to a low level which usually occurs during the first part of December.

The angler who is willing to throw jigs to them will make some good catches. For these fish I like a black jig since it resembles both crawfish and hellgramites, and these are the two things bass depend on for most of their food.

MUSKIES

A musky may take a swat at a jig anytime but all the ones I have taken have been during the month of Decem-

ber, and were from 26 to 29 inches in length, just shy of the legal limit of 30 inches. Perhaps someday one of the big fellows will mistake the lead and deer hair for a minnow.

PANFISH

Small eighth ounce jigs are good for panfish such as bluegills, crappies, and perch. It is best to fish them close to weed beds but don't allow the lure to settle to the bottom or it will tangle in the weeds. Work it quickly and hold the rod tip high for best results.

TROUT

Trout are suckers for small black jigs and I am surprised more anglers don't fish them. I fish mine by throwing them to the head of a pool or riffle and work them along the bottom for a few feet. Then I speed up the action and raise the rod tip higher as the retrieve is completed. This method of fishing them resembles a nymph coming off the bottom to metamorphose and murders trout that are wise to other methods of fishing.

When purchased at retail stores jigs are not nearly as expensive as other lures but it is possible for anyone to tie them at home. The hooks and tail material are available from any fly tying supply house and all the ingredients can be purchased at a nominal fee.

THE OLD GRIST MILL

by
W. W. BRITTON

Memory is a window through which we see our friends and things as they used to be.

I stood and looked at the old grist mill whose waterwheel has long been still. But in retrospect I could hear the old burr stone go round and round, as the cornmeal and buckwheat flour was ground. I could see the miller in his dust covered hat, as he pushed from his chair the old tom cat, whose job it was to keep vermin in bound, but preferred the cushion he had recently found.

The old mill pond where we fished and swam was full of weeds and no longer a dam. The bullfrogs had left for parts unknown. The muskrats had departed for a home of their own. The rats and mice had all migrated, to surrounding farms to be integrated. The window panes were here and there. The tin on the roof was fanning the air. Her inner chambers were cobwebbed; they looked like rooms where ghosts are found.

But once outside this faded away, as I thought how she looked in a by-gone day, when on her products we all depended, but where were we when she should be defended? Alas! dear friends she has left us for good. We have other sources to obtain our food. But to us old fogies who live in the past, her memory will be cherished as long as we last. She was an important part of our life, we took her for granted as we do our wife.

We only miss them when they cease to be; may God give us insight always to see, how important they are that we may show, our appreciation and love bestow, on persons and things we all hold dear, that someday their memory of us they'll revere. What more can we ask of those left behind? Than for them to think, as they call to mind, a kind little act, or bother to care, that helped somehow their troubles to bear.



NEW COMMISSION PRESIDENT

Douglas E. McWilliams Jr. of Bear Gap was elected president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for the 1968/1969 year at the Commission's annual July meeting held in Harrisburg. McWilliams was appointed to the Commission in 1964 and succeeds Howard R. Heiny of Williamsport as president. He served as vice-president of the agency during the past year.

Elected vice-president of the Commission at the same meeting was Clarence R. Dietz of Bedford who was appointed by Governor William Scranton in 1966.

NEW COMMISSIONER

Calvin J. Kern of Whitehall has been appointed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by Governor Shafer. His appointment was confirmed by the Senate in July.

Commissioner Kern, 41, has been active in sportsmen's club activities in southeastern Pennsylvania and is a past president of the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Association as well as the Lehigh County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.

A World War II veteran, Kern is assistant treasurer and data processing manager of the American Transportation Enterprises, Inc. of Allentown.



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INVENTIVE ANGLERS

9, 1967 and just in time for trout season.

This was a clear example of fishermen creating and designing something practical for fishermen. Ray and Rich aren't amateurs either. Their fishing vests are coated with patches and awards like Pennsylvania Angler Citations, 1st prize for the Genesee Fishing Contest for 1967, and the like.

Their invention naturally has appealed to minnow and bait fish anglers everywhere. And their ingenuity and sincerity was so strong they even developed some of the necessary equipment used on the assembly line to produce the minnow saver. All the components consist of are a length of polyethylene tubing, a solid brass tire valve connector and adjustable valve, and a high-quality air stone.

When in operation, the minnow saver keeps bait alive

by the tire connector screwed into the spare tire's air valve. The other end with the air stone is placed in the minnow container. By adjusting a screw the angler can regulate the amount of air required to sustain the bait. Only 3 to 5 pounds of tire pressure loss per hour is evident. These thousands of tiny oxygen bubbles give bait fish life, at least until they get chomped by whatever they're being used as bait for!

Both Ray and Rich are 32 years old, have known each other since the days of catching creek chubs and bragging about it. Their wives help out with assembling the units, and they've been using their own vacation time to promote the minnow saver. At the moment, at least, neither can sneak out and fish more than the other.

The RICHOD Company (contraction of RICH (Sadulski) and Ray CHODkowski) is evidence of a pair of Pennsylvania anglers effectively using their imagination.

After all, if a minnow has to die, it should go honorably at the end of a line, not floating about belly-up in a minnow bucket!

The Sea Bag

by Bob Miller

A column of news devoted to the activities of boat clubs, flotillas, power squadrons and items of interest to Pennsylvania's boaters

There are in Pennsylvania two volunteer organizations which have been established for a specific purpose—the promotion of safe boating practices.

One is located in the Pittsburgh area while the other, organized during the spring of 1967, is the Lower Susquehanna Safe Boating Council.

Three duck hunters drowned when their small craft capsized, area newspapers clamored for more patrols and safety measures to prevent such tragedies, and the Lower Susquehanna Safe Boating Council was born.

Represented on the council are several agencies all involved, in one way or another, with pleasure boating or outdoor recreation in general. They include the Office of Watercraft Safety, Pennsylvania Fish Commission; the Pennsylvania State Police, Department of Forests and Waters, American Red Cross, Pennsylvania Power & Light Co., Safe Harbor Water Power Corp., U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, Outboard Boat Club of Lancaster County, Pequea Boat Club, Susquehannock Power Squadron and the Susquehanna Yacht Club.

Its major function has been to keep abreast of Pennsylvania's boating regulations, to distribute release material to area newspapers and, this year, council members participated in a special program which was filmed for presentation on television prior to National Safe Boating Week.

During its first boating season weekly news releases were distributed to about 17 area papers and during 1968 this

coverage was expanded to include a six county area. In addition area radio stations were contacted with brief safe boating messages, while posters prepared by the USCGA and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission were distributed to marinas and posted on bulletin boards at various access areas.

Accomplishing a program of this type without a budget is no easy task. Fortunately the Lancaster Chapter, ARC, provided the special stationary while two utilities—Pennsylvania Power & Light Co. and Safe Harbor Water Power Corp.—handled the cost of printing, envelopes and postage.

In addition to disseminating tips on boat safety, the Council also publicizes the many classes in safe boating offered by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, the American Red Cross, U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary and the power squadron.

NEW USCGA FLOTILLA—Hats off to Lancaster's Flotilla 52, and especially its past commander, Earl C. Snyder, for its efforts in establishing a new flotilla in the Hershey area.

The 21 new members, all from Lebanon County except for one lone Lancaster Countian, completed the Basic Qualification Course at Hershey. Snyder, who spends at least two or three nights a week in auxiliary activities, served as course supervisor.

DIVISION V "AIM" CANDIDATE—Thomas Roberts, of Landisville, Lancaster County, has been chosen as the "AIM" candidate for Division V, USCGA, by Paul Johnson, Flotilla 52 "AIM" officer.

What is "AIM?" It stands for "Academy Introduction Mission" which provides potential Coast Guard Academy cadets an inside glimpse of the life and routine at the New London, Conn., academy.

Founded by the USCGA in 1954, the program is open to high school juniors and, on occasion, some sophomores are permitted to participate.

FLOTILLA 52 SPECIAL EVENTS—Sept. 6 District Rendezvous at Cape May Coast Guard Base and a cruise on the CG vessel "Sassfras."

Oct. 21 clam bake at Lancaster.

SAFE BOATING FOR FISHERMEN AND DUCK HUNTERS—A program to provide fishermen and duck hunters with a short course on safe boating was inaugurated about a year ago by Earl C. Snyder, past commander, Flotilla 52, USCGA, and an analysis of 1967 boating accidents revealed that most fatalities occurred on fishing and hunting trips.

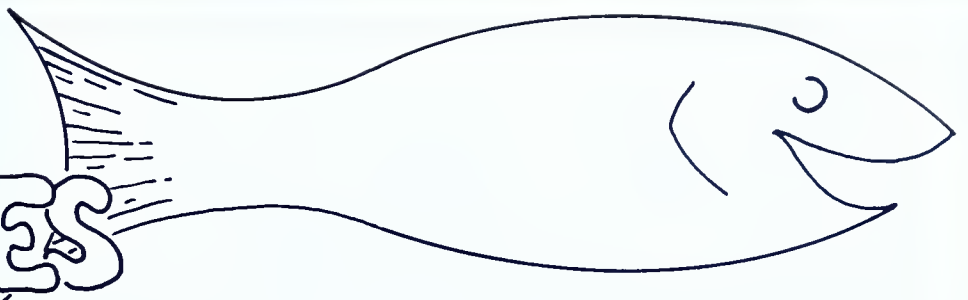
Plans are to modify the auxiliary training program in order to orient it towards fishermen and hunters, and to formulate a program to distribute safe boating literature to purchasers of fishing and hunting licenses.



LOWER SUSQUEHANNA Safe Boating Council—Seated, left to right: Leon Sachs, Susquehannock Power Squadron; Earl C. Snyder, chairman, Flotilla 52, U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary; Robert G. Miller, Department of Forests and Waters. Standing, left to right: Carl Lefever, Safe Harbor Water Power Corp.; Ron Close, Outboard Boat Club of Lancaster County; W. James Enck, Susquehanna Yacht Club; Robert L. Lenseth, Lancaster Chapter, American Red Cross; and Joseph L. Monville, Pennsylvania State Police. Not present were representatives of the office of Watercraft Safety, Dean Klinger; Pennsylvania Power & Light Co., Walter Seifried; or the Pequea Boat Club, Roland E. Bellacker.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



MANCHESTER fisherman William Kling was fishing at Brunner Island on the Susquehanna River south of Harrisburg when he hooked and landed this 43 inch, 23 pound muskellunge. It hit a bucktail.

PRE-MED students Francis Worley Jr. and Daniel Worley of York Springs hold a nice pair of large-mouth bass they caught while fishing the William Zepp pond in Adams County. The larger bass measured 21 inches; the other 16½. Both were caught on artificial nightcrawlers.



ROBERT MACDOWELL won both a Junior and a Senior Fishing Citation for this 15 inch yellow perch. The Johnstown youth was fishing in Lake Somerset when he caught the prize winner. It took a nightcrawler fished with spinning gear.



SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Orlando Mucci just missed winning a Junior Fishing Citation when he caught this 14¼ inch brook trout at Mountain Spring Lake. He'd just turned sixteen a few days earlier.



NINE-YEAR-OLD Bill Tate of Williamsburg won himself a Junior Fishing Citation when he landed this 5 pound, 24 inch walleye fishing the Juniata River in Huntingdon County. The young angler used a spinning outfit and a rebel lure.



"T'WAS FUN" says Jean Hecht of Allentown who landed this 5 pound, 23 inch rainbow trout in June. The lady angler was fishing the Little Lehigh when she caught it about 7 A.M. It hit a nightcrawler fished with spin gear.

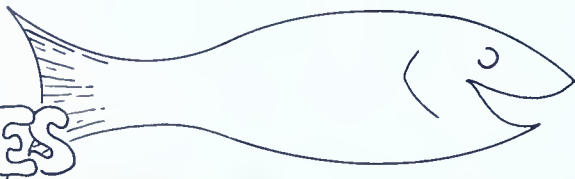
A BIG CARP and a stringer of bass and walleyes rewarded Masao Yamashiro of Okinawa and John Williams Sr. of Snyderstown when they were fishing the Susquehanna at Sunbury. They used worms for bait. The carp went 18 pounds.



FISH

TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN

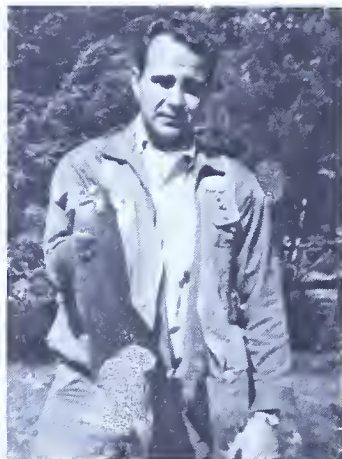


EMMAUS angler Robert Hill won a Fishing Citation for the 14½, 1 pound 4 ounce, yellow perch he caught at Walker Lake in Pike County. It hit a spinner. With him are children Terry and Wendy.

MAIDEN CREEK produced this 16 pound, 32 inch carp for Ernest Keller of Reading. He was fishing a nightcrawler with spinning gear when he made the catch. He also caught nine catfish and a sucker on the same trip.



JOE ORSICH of Sykesville won a Senior Fishing Citation for his catch of this 39 inch, 15 pound northern pike from Reed's Dam in Jefferson County. He was spinning with a creek chub pike plug when he made the catch.



SMALLMOUTH bass caught by Frank DeMarchi of Allentown measured 21 inches, weighed 4 pounds and won him a Senior Fishing Citation. He was fishing worms with spin gear in the Delaware River in Northampton County.



FIRST DAY SUCCESS by some youthful anglers from Mertztown included eleven nice trout. The boys, Rick Rhode and Larry Schmoyer (standing) and Terry Witwer, Tom Rhode, Ron Stoudt, and Bill Witwer (kneeling) were all fishing the Little Lehigh when they made their catches. Neither sizes nor bait were listed.



PAUL SLEIGHTER of Camp Hill won an honorable mention award in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club when he hooked and landed this 14 pound, 11 ounce muskellunge at Pinchot Lake in York County. He was fishing with a flatfish lure and spinning outfit when he caught the 38 incher.



WARMINSTER fisherman Ray Cumiskey was fishing from his boat in Lake Wallenpaupack when he brought in these two nice trout. Neither the size nor the lure used were listed.



ROBERT HAGGERTY of Cairnbrook won a Junior Fishing Citation for his catch of a 26½ inch northern pike from Shawnee Dam in Bedford County. He was spinning with a daredevil when he made the catch.



FISHERMAN William Caffrey of Wilkes-Barre was trolling in Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County when he caught this 32 $\frac{5}{8}$ inch, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound Lake Trout. Caught on May first, it won him a Senior Fishing Citation. He said he was using a Christmas tree rig when he made the catch.



FISHERMEN J. O. Richards and Bill Groshwer of the Meadville area had a good day June first when they came in with 19 walleye from Pymatuning Lake in northwestern Pennsylvania. No description of tackle or bait was listed.



CARLISLE ANGLER Lawrence Failon got an Honorable Mention Award in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club for his 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 11 pound muskellunge taken from the Susquehanna River.



NEW CASTLE FISHERMAN Randy Rogan was fishing for suckers in Elk Creek in Erie County when he landed this nice 19 inch. No further information was furnished about the catch.



HANOVER ANGLER Harold Crouse holds the 15 inch, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound white crappie he caught on a shiner while fishing at Spring Grove. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



ROY GEORGE of Windgap holds a trout and a Citation size rock bass he caught at Saylor's Lake in Monroe County. It measured a whopping 15 inches and weighed 2 pounds, 2 ounces.



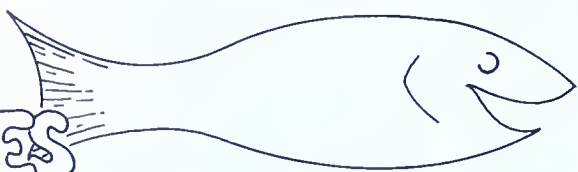
DAVID BREESE of Montrose caught this Citation chain pickerel at Reynolds Pond in Susquehanna County. It measured 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches; weighed 3 pounds, 8 ounces.



STEVE CURTZE of Erie holds a 23 inch, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound largemouth bass he caught while fishing Presque Isle Bay late in May. Big enough for both a Junior and Senior Citation, it was caught on spinning gear with a gold rapala.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



ANGLER Dana Wilt of Sunbury holds the 10 inch, 11 ounce rock bass that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation.



LAKE CITY fisherman David Hanisek won Junior and Senior Angler Fishing Citations for this 27¾ inch, 7¾ lb. rainbow trout.



DONALD SCHAFFER of Dallas holds 21½ inch, 5 pound 1½ ounce largemouth bass he caught while fishing Harris Pond in Luzerne County. He used a plastic nightcrawler.



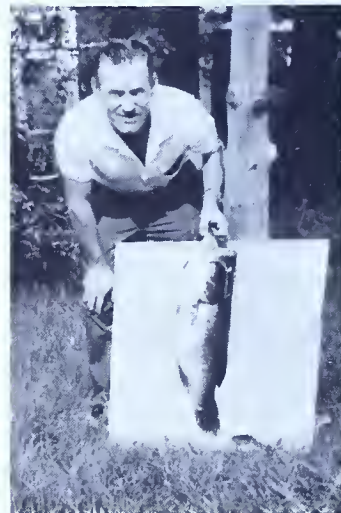
RICHARD CARSON of Erie holds the big 47½ inch, 24 pound, 12 ounce muskellunge he caught from Erie bay.



ROY MAURER of Dalmatia won a Junior Pennsylvania Angler Citation when he hooked and landed this 20¼ inch, 3 lb., 8½ ounce rainbow.



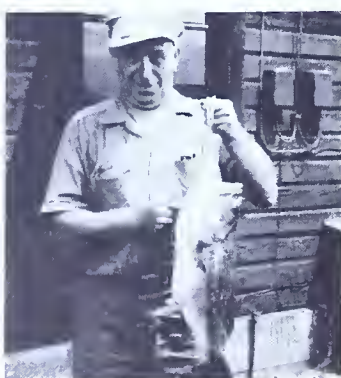
ALBERT BAUER JR. of Erie holds two muskies he caught. One was 44 inches and weighed 22 lbs., 10 oz ; the other was 41 inches and weighed 17 lbs.



JOHN WOLFE JR. of Lehigh-ton holds a 23½ inch, 7 pound, ¾ ounce largemouth bass he caught at Bradys Lake in the Poconos.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Patrick Spegar of Peckville won both Junior and Senior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations for a 15¼ inch, 2 pound bullhead.



CHESTER BRYANT of Cumberland, Md., holds the 23 inch, 6 pound, 14 ounce largemouth bass.



DENNIS HAZLETT of Greensburg won \$100 in the Linesville Area Tourist Association's fishing contest at Pymatuning Lake in Crawford County for his catch of a 43½ inch, 22 pound muskellunge that had been tagged by the group.



NINE-YEAR-OLD Richard Yeager of Sunbury won both a Junior and a Senior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation for the 11½ inch rock bass he caught from the Susquehanna River.



JOHN F. GEESEY of Dalls-town was fishing the Susquehanna River below Safe Harbor Dam when he landed this 28 inch, 5 pound walleye. He used a stone catfish as bait when the big fish hit.



HUSKY MUSKY CLUB member Iver M. Stover of Harrisburg holds 40 inch, 16 pound muskie he caught while fishing the Susquehanna River at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Falmouth Access Area.



TWENTY SIX INCH rainbow trout was caught by fisherman Walter J. King of Burnham this spring. Mr. King was fishing Penns Creek in Mifflin County when he caught the big fish which fell just one inch shy of being Citation size. It weighed 5 pounds, 9½ ounces and hit a worm.



FISHERMEN LeRoy Miller of Mt. Union and Pat Dietrich of Belleville smile over their catches taken last spring from Huntingdon County's Standing Stone Creek. Size and the bait used were not listed.



ONTELAUNEE LAKE in Berks County produced this 20¼ inch, 4 pound 2 ounce smallmouth bass for angler Ronald J. Bordner of Reading. It hit a weaver lure.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD John Bigler of Bentleyville won a Junior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation early this summer when he caught this 22 inch, 5½ pound rainbow from Dutch Fork Lake.



SHARON FISHERMAN John Palermo landed this 16 inch, 1½ pound crappie from Crawford County's Pymatuning Dam. He was using spinning gear with a minnow for bait.



DALE HENNON of New Castle won membership in the Husky Musky Club with the 44 inch, 24½ pounder on the right. He also received an Hon. Mention Award for his 38 inch, 13½ pound catch.

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**

IT WAS FIVE-THIRTY IN THE MORNING and the two Fish Commission trucks pulled out of Pleasant Gap, headed north. A bit later and it was time for a chow break. "Where you headed?" "What kinda fish you got in there?" And other similar questions accompanied our eggs, bacon and toast. It was sort of curious; there were other trucks and drivers at the diner but no one queried them. There just seemed to be a natural curiosity develop around a pair of stocking trucks obviously headed for work. So the questions were answered. "We're going to help the Hillside Rod and Gun Club up at Blossburg stock their cooperative nursery fish." Then followed some minutes of conversation explaining cooperative nursery fish.

Some time later the little convoy rolled into the Hillside club grounds and we were met by Dick Matrusky, club president, and about fifty faithful followers and onlookers. They were obviously ready to get started. Trucks were quickly filled with water and the seining operations began. This was a relative simple task since the Hillside raceway is long, fairly narrow and has cement sides with the whole affair being divided into sections. The water source is a strong spring flowing out of the ground at the head of the nursery. Healthy brook trout were soon cornered with Dick and Ray Hoover, district warden, handling the net.

Eager hands passed the dip nets up to Paul Byers and Irwin Dean, Fish Commission employees, filling the compartments. As the big trucks were being loaded, other sportsmen filled milk cans and barrels on pick-ups. This was a bit different from previous stockings, but Dan Grant, club secretary, explained that the pick-ups were needed to take the fish back to hard to reach places—down through pastures, narrow mountain passage ways and the like—also the little trucks cut time in half. This was important with about 30,000 fish to deliver in a broad expanse of rugged terrain. Then he went back to planning the two routes that would be followed when loading operations were done.

Deputy warden James Hadley of Blossburg told us that it would be tough to find some of the streams on the map; but the boys knew where they were and all were worth fishing if you liked the small fast mountain streams that would hardly wet your ankles in some spots and spill in over your boot tops in others.

Such streams as Sand Run, the Blockhouse, Belman Run, Tabor Run, and Carpenter Run were on the schedule. Others a little more familiar, since they appeared on the Fish Commission's list of trout waters, were also included such as Tioga River, Roaring Run and Black Creek. There were others, too, but the names and their locations became a bit obscure as we wended our way through the countryside. One conclusion could be reached and that was any water you bumped into in Tioga County probably had trout in it at the end of that day.

There was an interesting phenomena to report: during



THREE ACTIVE Blossburg sportsmen, all working with the Hillside Rod and Gun Club's cooperative nursery, are (from left to right) James Reid, feeder; Dick Matrusky, club president; and Daniel Grant, club secretary.

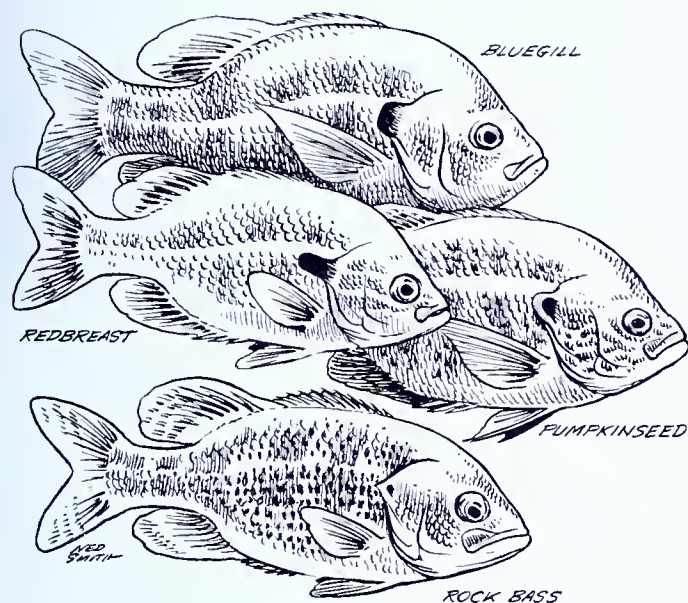
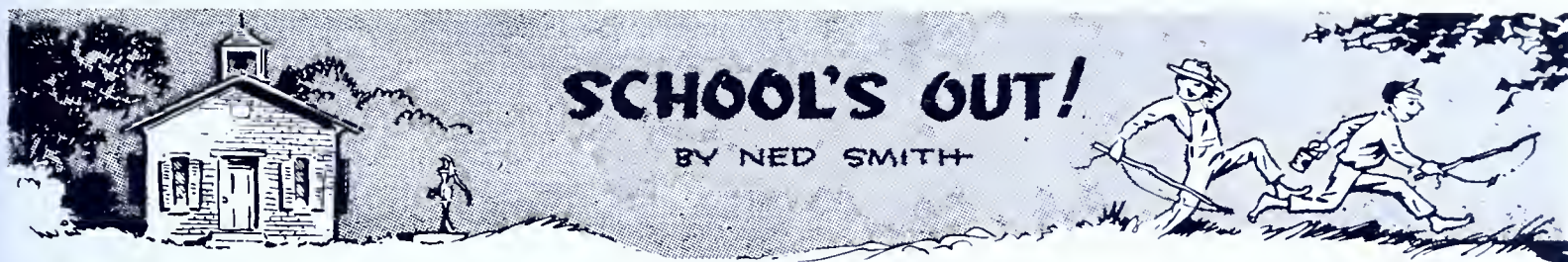
the whole of the day, we saw one fishing rod. Its owner was fishing a small stream at the base of a steep hill. He seemed quite startled that we were stocking; but instead of fishing in the freshly planted stream, he put his rod away, locked his car, and joined the work crew for the rest of the morning. Following this anecdote, there is another comment that should be made relative to the crowd that formed at the nursery. None followed the trucks to fish—those that did follow the hatchery trucks all helped with the stocking. The fishing, they said, could come later.

And when the work was done there was time for play which started with a huge pile of hamburgs, hotdogs and the works for the weary workers. It was a time for talk of previous fishing and hunting trips. Warden Hoover said that the boys would probably be in the club house for the rest of the day and it would take that long to consume the food the kitchen committee had prepared.

As we ate and talked we couldn't help but notice the number of young men present. The old duffers were there too; but it seemed a healthy sign to see men of late teens and early twenties engaged in a worthwhile project—no complaint here about what was happening to American youth. To name a few on our stocking crew with no slight intended to others who helped: there was young Melvin Deitrick just out of the Marines, Sam Irwin from Blossburg, and Jan MacCauley—all prime movers with the buckets from the stocking trucks.

Then it was time to go. The work was done, the food eaten, and a couple of hundred miles to drive. "What did you think of the fish?" asked Jim Reid, the feeder and nursery caretaker. "Nice—weren't they?" and he answered his own question.

And, of course, we had to agree the fish were nice and it was nice to have the Hillside Rod and Gun Club in their nursery project making Casting with the Coops better fishing for Tioga County anglers.



PANFISH ON A FLY

IF YOU THINK FLY FISHING is for trout only, you couldn't be more wrong. It is also the fun way to catch those smallish members of the sunfish family called "panfish," and early October is the time to do it.

With a few exceptions the equipment you already use for trout will do—a light fly rod and reel, the usual line and leaders, and a small assortment of wet and dry flies, nymphs, and small streamers. The only extras you'll need will be a few panfish-sized popping bugs and some sponge-rubber bugs or hair-bodied dry flies.

Where to go? Well, farm ponds are usually alive with bluegills, but for the closest thing to trout fishing try wading any unpolluted creek that is too warm for trout. The lower reaches of large trout streams are usually excellent, as are most farm country creeks. In streams you can try pools, deep holes, pockets in riffles, weedy shorelines, submerged boulders, ledges, stumps and logs—any spot that looks good to you.

Streams offer a variety of fish seldom found in farm ponds. The common sunfish, or pumpkinseed, is nearly everywhere, especially in quiet stump-filled water and in deep holes beneath undercut banks. Red-breasted sunfish, even more abundant in some streams, are often found in pockets and eddies in faster current, and along shoreline weedbeds. Bluegills, prized for their generally larger size, are the least common of the three. Rock bass abound in

deep water, lurking beneath boulders and ledges. Some streams contain small yellow perch and crappies, and just where you're not expecting them you might be surprised at having a smallmouth bass take your fly.

Panfishing is much like trout fishing. Bugs or dry flies are usually selected to drift over shallow pools or the pockets in riffles, and wet flies, nymphs, and streamers used to probe the deeper or broken water. Use your imagination; try all sorts of approaches and methods. Popping a bug too often sometimes scares a panfish. Try letting it just lie there "doing nothing." If your sunken flies are not going deep enough clamp on a split shot a foot ahead of your fly. Cast upstream and let the current sink your fly. Try letting your streamer dangle in the current close to a boulder or other hiding place for a minute before moving it. Change flies often if the fishing is poor.

Fly fishing for panfish is a lot of fun. There are few better fighters for their size than a deep-bodied sunfish on a light rod. Sunfish streams are rarely "fished out," so not only are there always enough in the creek to keep it interesting, but you needn't hesitate to keep a mess for eating. And after tasting their sweet meat you'll know why some people can't get enough of panfishing.



TRY HAZELNUTS

If you like filberts you'll be happy to know that two smaller, but almost identical, nuts grow wild in most parts of Pennsylvania. They are the beaked hazelnut and the American hazelnut. The husk of the beaked species is rolled into a slender, curved tube; that of the American hazelnut is more leaf-like. Both contain hard-shelled nuts with sweet-flavored kernels.

Hazelnuts grow on bushes that resemble alders, but with thin, rather rough, sharply toothed leaves. They are often found near streams and along fencerows, as well as along woodland trails and roads. When the husks turn brown they are ready to pick—if the squirrels and chipmunks haven't already harvested them.

... the end.

BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From S. T. B., Saxonburg:

"What is a good anchor for use on a 16-foot boat, preferably snag-proof?"

Answer:

—For the trailer boatman who cruises the rivers and inland lakes where there is a good chance of fouling the anchor on a submerged tree or other obstacle, I would recommend a mushroom anchor. These have no flukes or stocks to tangle, and have adequate holding power for the conditions encountered on sheltered waters. The anchor should weigh about a half-pound per foot of boat length, or 8 lbs. for a 16-footer.

From H. B. K., Uniontown:

"Is it true that ski vests are now accepted as approved life preservers?"

Answer:

—Certain ski vests have been approved for use as required devices on motorboats under 40 feet not carrying passengers for hire, but be sure to read the tag on the particular vest carefully. If it does not specifically state that the device is approved, it cannot be used as a substitute for a regular vest, jacket or cushion.

From R. M. K., Monaca:

"What is the proper method of installing a gasoline tank in an inboard runabout?"

Answer:

—Recommendations for fuel tanks and systems are set forth in Pamphlet No. 302 of the National Fire Prevention Assn. (NFPA), 60 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass. 02110. (\$0.75) Briefly, the tank must be of substantial construction, the filler pipe should extend nearly to the bottom, fuel supply line attach at the top of the tank, and a vent must be led overboard. The filler cap should be located outside the coaming so that any spills go overboard.

From E. T. R., Chester:

"Where can I get information on cruising down the Intercoastal Waterway to Florida?"

Answer:

—An excellent general publication listing marinas, sights to see, cruising tips and a wealth of other information is the Waterway Guide. It also contains listings of places where government charts are sold. Order copies of the Middle Atlantic and Southern editions at \$2.40 each from P. O. Box 3162, Jacksonville, Fla. 32206.

From J. J. C., Farrell:

"Where are there public launching ramps at Yough Lake; is this lake open to the public?"

Answer:

—Yough Lake is really Youghiogheny Reservoir, built and maintained by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. Public ramps are located on Route 40 at the east end of the bridge, and near the dam off State Route 281 west of Confluence. You can obtain a pamphlet with a map and detailed information free by writing the Engineers at 1000 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh 15222.

From D. L. F., Erie:

"What do you think about a houseboat for Lake Erie cruising?"

Answer:

—Notwithstanding the advertisements showing houseboats in ocean races, I would advise sticking close to shore. Cruising houseboats of conventional stock design are strictly for sheltered waters, and are not, repeat NOT, seaworthy in any kind of rough weather. The combination of wide beam, low freeboard and large sail area is the exact opposite of what it takes to ride out heavy seas.

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PENNSYLVANIA

Angler

NOVEMBER, 1968

the
Keystone State's
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FISHING · BOATING
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J. TEMPLE

INDEPENDENT STATUS-

Traditionally, the Fish Commission's role in government has been looked upon as one of administering the fishing and boating programs, raising and stocking fish, and enforcing the boat and fish laws. We do not enjoy cabinet level status and are, along with many similar boards and commissions, classified as an independent agency. Presently there seems to be growing sentiment to do away with all such "minor" agencies. In our case we would be merged into some type of massive natural resources department. While such schemes may have points of merit, "bigness" alone does not assure quality or have any guarantee of efficiency. Thus, our role and status in government are important topics for consideration.

There is no question of our traditional role in fish propagation, fish and boat law enforcement and pollution fighting. These are our recognized functions. However, we must ask, where in the scheme of things do these functions place us today, and how far reaching are these activities? Who and how many people do they serve and how far have we broadened our operations in serving these traditional functions?

A quick look at the figures shows we serve 600,000 licensed fishermen and another 500,000 non-licensed juveniles. Over 100,000 persons register boats in Pennsylvania and reportedly each boater takes at least seven or eight other folks out with him for a pleasure cruise, a fishing trip or on a water skiing jaunt during the season.

In addition, we know there are thousands of persons who use canoes, sailboats, and rowboats on our lakes each year or who visit Commission access areas. There are the countless persons who don't fish or boat, but who are regular visitors at our lakes or at our access areas near their homes just to relax in the outdoors.

We also know today's non-boater or non-fisherman may well join these ranks at any time. Thus,

our program is not only providing immediate services for today's users, but is perpetuating and expanding our waterways resources and facilities that they always will be available for use.

Of course, nothing has been mentioned of our educational efforts through Commission publications, displays, training programs, and our assistance with scouts, schools and other agencies in bringing information about Pennsylvania's waterway resources to the public.

Certainly beyond those who obtain some measure of recreation and educational benefit from our many programs are those who derive economic returns. Surely those who provide the many services needed by boaters and fishermen must be legion.

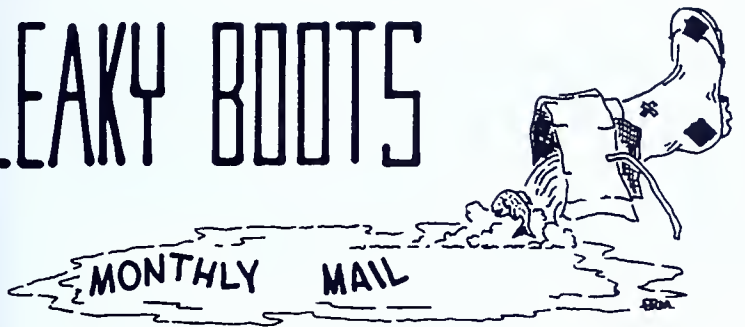
Thus, it seems quite safe to suggest that at least 25% of all Pennsylvanians derive some direct benefit from Fish Commission programs and that over 20% of our people indirectly benefit from the activities of our agency. Few governmental departments can make such a claim.

It is interesting to note that many cabinet level departments are far smaller than the Fish Commission in terms of personnel, budget, and people served. However, with our "second class" status in government the impact of our programs is often overlooked and sadly underrated by many government and political figures.

It is fortunate that the public is becoming ever more aware of outdoor recreation and the need for well-planned and aggressive programs. Thus, our role in government action is growing. It is up to the Pennsylvanians we serve to determine if our "independent status" is to be maintained or if our specialized services to fishermen and boaters and outdoor enthusiasts are to be merged into possible obscurity.

—ROBERT J. BIELO, Executive Director

LEAKY BOOTS



HAPPY OUT-OF-STATER

Gentlemen:
For the past six weeks, a friend and I have been driving up from Virginia to fish three of your streams. They are: (1) Yellow Breeches "Fish-For-Fun" portion. (2) Falling Springs Fly Fishing Area at Chambersburg. (3) Letort at Carlisle.

We just wanted to let you know that we think you use very wise trout management on these three streams as they have given us some outstanding fishing and are good examples of how quality wild trout fishing can be provided in a heavily populated area.

We would also like to compliment you on the type fishermen we have met on these streams. I have fished from New Hampshire to Puerto Rico and from Virginia to Montana and I have never met as nice a group of fishermen as I have on these streams. You can be sure we will continue to fish these streams for many years.

—Harry W. Murray, Edinburg, Va.

FIRST YEAR

Gentlemen:
This is my first year as a subscriber to the Pennsylvania Angler and I think it is a great magazine. It's my second year at fishing and I'd like to learn how to tie flies. Would you please send me your free booklet, "Fly Tying"? I think it should help me a lot.

Also, being a 14 year old star scout with quite a bit of camping under my belt, I've found that a waterproof match case jumping around on a belt is a bother. So a tip to people with aluminum or magnesium pack frames—take the plastic tip off one end and put about 15 wooden kitchen matches in and put the cap back on. I've found it a very satisfactory case.

My favorite features in the "Angler" are "Modern Camping," "School's Out" and "Notes From The Streams."

As I said before, the Angler is a great magazine and it has helped me a lot.

—Joe Perkins, Jr., Gibsonia

REFORMED FRIEND?

Dear Sir:
I would appreciate your advice whether the waterways patrolman, heretofore known as the fish warden, will revoke a fishing license for conduct unbecoming an angler. For the past several years, every Summer Sunday we have been able, my friend Marvin and I have gone fishing in the Poconos. Upon our return, Marvin has made a ritual of demeaning my catch while extolling the virtue of his own. These indignities, committed in the presence of my spouse, have exposed me to ridicule, embarrassment, humiliation and contempt.

Last Sunday, however, I was led to believe he had reformed. When we arrived home, Marvin proudly announced to my wife, "Jerry caught a bass and I caught a pickerel." At that juncture, he opened his creel and proudly produced *Esox niger*. "That's nice, Marvin," my wife replied. "What happened to the bass?" "That's how we caught the pickerel."

—Jerome R. Verlin, Elkins Park

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT!

Gentlemen:
I just read two of the letters published in the September issue and it makes me a little mad to hear some of their ideas about things.

First the one called "Fish Hogs,"—his idea of a special "permit" to collect the fish from the shore instead of getting them by fishing doesn't contribute anything—he sounds as if he is mad because he forgot his pole the day he followed the truck.

Also the "bigger minimum size" man sounds a little off. What size fish does he think you will have put into the streams? What would it cost to raise bigger trout? I have caught some nice trout on night crawlers and spinners in Penns Creek—some 14 inches or so. If he tried other than fly fishing, maybe his idea of a limit of three and a 10 to 12 inch size would change and, even though I don't fly fish, I still class myself as a trout fisherman.

I'm just one of a lot of women who fish and I think the opinions of these two writers are ridiculous.

In closing I will say that anyone who is a true fisherman—whatever he prefers to use—will be out in all kinds of weather all year long. A special trout stamp is a bunch of bunk and wouldn't relieve fishing pressure. Just keep things as they are, except possibly, for closing of the streams for a period of time after all stocking of trout.

Thank you for taking time to read this. Publish it if you care to.

Mrs. Marvin Black, Lewisburg



"SAY, YOU WERE LUCKY TO CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY TURNED INTO FROGS!"

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NOVEMBER, 1968

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NOVEMBER, 1968

FISHING OUTLOOK

By-- Stan Paulakovich

PROBABLY THE MOST CHALLENGING MONTH of any in the year to the fisherman is November. Heavy frosts at night, snow flurries and cold soaking rains aren't the most ideal conditions. But still, surprisingly, a quiet number of ardent anglers consider this one of the best months of the year. Muskie and Walleye fishing stands out during this period.

Fishing in November accomplishes best what most fishermen seek. Calm and serenity prevail everywhere. The busy hub-bub of the summer boating season has passed and the warmly clothed fisherman, drifting or slowly rowing over the glassy lake is alone with his thoughts. The warm feeling of quiet and carefreeness is suddenly electrified with the disappearance of the bobber. The twelve inch sucker being kept out of the weeds and off the bottom has done its job. Now, more than ever, the fisherman is alone. As minutes which seem like hours pass, visions of a 25 pound muskie mouthing the bait flash through the angler's mind. Patience and quiet are mandatory now. This period of waiting is the most critical period in muskie fishing. More fish are lost because the fisherman becomes impatient and wants to check his bait. The slightest pressure will cause the muskie to drop the bait and take off for parts unknown. Waits of 40 to 50 minutes are not unusual with one half hour being average.

Plugging along the shorelines and in the weed bed pockets for largemouth bass during November is ideal. The biggest largemouth I've ever landed was caught on a drizzly, cold Armistice day in 1959 about 4 P.M. A 23¾ inch six pounder took a pikie minnow and churned up plenty of water before he was finally squeezed into a trout dip net. Early in the morning as the mist rises from the water each and every cast in the eerie half light creates tense expectation. Rubber worm harnesses in black and in natural colors are as good a lure for old moss back as any. Retrieved with short pauses the largemouth strikes these solidly.

River fishing during November for smallmouth bass and walleye offer the average fisherman the best chance of taking a limit of fish. Both species feed well now and water levels normally are ideal. Nightcrawlers, minnows, helgrammites, small spinners and plugs all are effective.

Jigging for walleye from dusk to an hour or two after dark in the heads of pools is tops.

Lakes and dams all over Pennsylvania which during the summer months are crowded with water skiers, swimmers and boaters are practically deserted now. Many of these during November produce plenty of citation sized fish. Tionesta Reservoir in Forest County, Conneaut Lake in Crawford County, Edinboro Lake in Erie County, Glendale Lake in Cambria County, Shawnee Lake in Bedford County, Black Moshannon Dam in Centre County, Rays-town Dam in Huntingdon County, The Conowingo, Holtwood and Safe Harbor in Lancaster County, Harveys Lake in Luzerne, Lake Wallenpaupak in Pike County, Hills Creek Dam in Tioga County are among those which consistently yield good catches during November.

Each of our major rivers during November offer many excellent all day fishing pleasures. The Allegheny River, from Freeport in Armstrong County to the Kinzua Reservoir, has good walleye, smallmouth and muskie fishing. The North Branch of the Susquehanna in Bradford, Wyoming, Susquehanna and Lackawanna Counties and the Delaware River in Wayne, Pike, Monroe and Northampton Counties have hundreds of miles of good smallmouth and walleye fishing and in which the muskie is just starting to become established.

If I were to plan a fishing trip for myself during November I believe I would select the Delaware River between Stroudsburg and Equinunk. This entire length, which is over 100 miles long, is probably one of the most under-fished bodies of water anywhere in the state. Tremendous walleye and smallmouth fishing during November, using lamprey eels 3" to 4" long is assured. Imitations of these work well as do the Rapala type lures. The muskie which was introduced as ½" fry beginning in 1965 and continuing each year since are being taken in the 32-34 inch class.

Although boat fishermen have more success in this area most anglers fish from shore or wade. Boat access, though limited, is available at Equinunk, Narrowsburg, Matimoras and Dingmans Ferry. Felt bottom boots or waders are almost a necessity for wading as the Delaware is extremely slippery. A wading staff is nice to have along, too.

See you next month.



NEW RACEWAYS at the Commission's Huntsdale Hatchery in Cumberland county are built of reinforced concrete. All areas between raceways are paved and wide enough for easy passage by vehicles. Hatchery superintendent Ted Dingle demonstrates how each race can be drained by lifting stop. To the right hatcherymen lift netful of lively trout being reared in one of the new raceways. When trout are loaded on transportation trucks for stocking a gate is slid along the raceways, forcing the fish all to one end where they may be easily netted and transferred to the truck.

by
TOM EGGLER

*THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
MOVES TO INCREASE TROUT
PRODUCTION IN ORDER TO MEET
THE STATE'S GROWING
RECREATIONAL PRESSURES. . . .*

NEW FACILITIES

OLD TROUT REARING FACILITIES are being rebuilt and new installations are being planned by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission as Keystone State streams continue to attract increasing numbers of anglers, both from within the state as well as from neighboring states.

Under construction for the past two years and now completed are several new raceways at the Huntsdale Hatchery near Mt. Holley Springs in Cumberland County.

Just purchased and being put into temporary service until plans and construction of new raceways and buildings can be completed is the Oswayo Springs Hatchery in northern Potter County near the village of Oswayo.

Modern design of the raceways at Huntsdale—7200 lineal feet in all—are proving to be time savers for hatchery per-



sonnel, according to superintendent Ted Dingle. Built of reinforced concrete, the raceways are 12 feet apart—just right for a vehicle to drive between them.

“This means that we’re now able to do all our feeding from a moving pickup truck,” says Dingle. “Before we had to carry all the feed to the raceways by hand. It took two men nearly three hours to feed the same area that now takes about 30 minutes.”

Cleaning the raceways is also faster and easier and trout can be removed more easily when trucks are being loaded for stocking. In all about 650,000 trout are reared at the station yearly.

The Oswayo Springs site was purchased by the Commission in July of this year. “In all we bought 1239 acres, including two sizeable freestone springs and the grounds that surround them as well as hatchery buildings and raceways which had been built by the former owner,” says Paul O’Brien, chief of the Commission’s Real Estate Division. Purchase price for the entire property was \$156,000.

Plans for a new installation at the site are presently being prepared by the Commission’s Engineering Division. Division Chief Ed Miller says development at the project is tentatively scheduled for the early 1970’s.

continued on page 25



FEEDING IS A SNAP at the renovated Huntsdale station. A pickup truck with a feedbin mounted on the back is driven along the raceways while another hatchery employee, Herman Walker, simply tosses the pellets into the water. Feeding fish here make water surface boil.

OSWAYO SPRINGS in Potter County is the most recent purchase made by the Commission for a new hatchery installation. Here District Waterways Patrolman Ken Aley examines one of the two major springs on the property.



OLD RACEWAYS at Oswayo will eventually disappear when a modern new hatchery is designed and built sometime early in the 1970’s. An old hatch house on the property and some of the old raceways will be used temporarily until the new ones have been constructed.





FISHING THE SHALLOWS for smallmouth in Pennsylvania's rivers is a good place to find lots of action during the fall.

SHALLOW WATER SMALLMOUTH

by
**GLENN
SWANSON**

I LOVE TO FISH FOR SMALLMOUTH. I have ever since I caught my second. When I caught the first I thought they were a grand breed but the second convinced me—but good! Yet, like many fishermen I knew, I was doing a lot of smallmouth fishing—but not much smallmouth catching. A fall float trip changed that.

I anchored our fourteen-foot johnboat at the head of a deep pool between two long riffles on a nearby river. Twenty minutes later, my wife Wanda and I had three respectable fish—two walleyes in the three-pound class and a pan-sized sauger. Then they quit. Thinking we'd spooked the remaining fish, I pulled anchor and let the johnboat swing into the current.

The riffle we headed into was a big one, about 200 yards long. I put down my rod and positioned our entry with an oar. Wanda kept casting. As we rode a slick chute into the riffle, Wanda cried "Fish on!"

The oar dug deep and the boat skimmed into the shallows. As we cleared the deeper slick, Wanda stepped into the riffle, wading toward the pool we'd just left. Her rod bucked violently but soon Wanda had her first three-pound smallmouth.

Then she cast again. I'd expected her to toss the crawler upstream so it would tumble along the bottom of the pool.

Instead, she laid the bait across the current, plopping it no more than three feet from the beginning of the riffle. That cast and the next two were dry runs.

"Cast further upstream and let your worm bump the bottom," I advised. "They're probably following from deep water and taking just before the rocks."

"No, the other one was right at the edge of the rocks," Wanda answered. "I could see it when it hit. It didn't come from deep water."

Wanda continued working the edge. She cast short to have better control before the line swept into the riffle. I watched the small spinner turn and flash as it led the crawler up the gravel shelf toward shallow water. When the smallmouth charged, it was centered in my Polaroids. There was no mistaking it—that fish was holding at the beginning of the riffle, in only six inches of water! *That* was the answer!

I sent the HDH hissing through the air. The Badger Matuka streamer darted over the shelf, straight into the boil the fish left as it bushwacked that easy meal. Like Wanda's fish, mine headed for the depths of the pool. It didn't jump. The heavy (ten-pound test) leader I used for walleyes made it no contest. The scrappy little bass went about a pound, and was quite dark with the characteristic blue-grey belly of a northern river smallmouth. Released, he dove for the pool.

Succeeding riffles gave up a harvest of late-season smallmouth. All were taken at the very head of the riffles. We fished in, above, and below the riffles, and throughout each deep pool along the way, but our keepers all came from that magic buffer zone just before the rocks. The bass were holding in shallow pockets of relatively calm water—just where the tail of the pool swept upward before spreading over the riffle.

This zone was evidently giving the fish two things; slack water to hold in, and a clear shot at any food coming from the pool.

In mid-summer, smallmouth are found right *in* the riffles. Water here is well oxygenated and fresh. Temperatures are low enough for their liking. Only a prolonged period of hot weather—eight or ten days of it—will drive them deep for refuge from the sun. This also holds true in a lake. Smallmouth there congregate along rock reefs and bars that are comparatively shallow in relation to the water around them.

As river levels drop—in the late summer and into the fall—smallmouth fishing really improves. The low water is ideal and streamers, small spinner-streamer combinations or fuzzy-bodied nymphs all work well. A careful fly fisherman might methodically cull out every fish in a given riffle

were that his goal. I'm not saying this to give the "Limit-everytime-out" crew a way of doing just that—rather, I'm saying the careful, competent angler can more often take heavy smallmouth by using the long rod in the riffles. White water only a foot or two deep is no place for the hardware-flipper to artlessly hang a spoon in the current. More often than not, he'll avoid it like quicksand after losing a handful of lures at a buck a copy.

Fast water is the place for the fly fisherman to work pockets ahead of and behind boulders and large or small rocks. With the flyrod's ability to end the cast at any time without retrieving over snag-infested water, the fly fisherman can swim a streamer through every likely spot, no matter how tiny.

The shallows, whether a bar in a lake or a riffle on a stream, provide everything a smallmouth wants. Here they find feed aplenty in minnows, crayfish, and storm-washed worms and crawlers. In any good stream, nymphs



THE SMALLMOUTH can provide some of the best action of the year when he starts feeding on a fine fall day.

abound. Hatches are classic with fish gorging on emerging insects. Smallmouth find relief from the pool's wintry chill when the sun heats the riffle in spring. They can retreat to the nearby pool if water temperatures exceed their tolerance level. There is plenty of oxygen in the well-aerated water, and the smallmouth finds warmth from the Indian summer sun when late season waters chill.

Take away the shallows and you take away the smallmouth. The same riffle Wanda and I fished that October was eroded away by a massive ice-jam the following spring. We haven't caught a smallmouth within a hundred yards of the huge slick that remains. The river is building constantly though, and new bars and channels soon become dandy smallmouth hangouts.

At the completion of our float, we came off the river with a bonus of five lunker smallmouth and a new outlook on fall fishing for river bass.

Want to catch late-season smallmouth? Fat, deep-bellied beauties with the power of a coiled spring? Wade the riffles—for spectacular fishing, you can't beat shallow water smallmouth!



FLY FISHING ONLY SECTION of Dunbar Creek proves fruitful for author Eldy Johnston's wife Gertrude. The stream attracts anglers from a number of southwestern Pennsylvania Counties.

FLY FISHING ONLY

Lands 51, many families make it an all day outing and it is not uncommon to see an entire household casting with nymphs, streamers, wet or dry flies. The minimum length for legal trout on Dunbar's restricted area is nine inches and the daily limit is six. With a surprising number of anglers conservation minded and honoring the axiom, "Limit Your Kill, Don't Kill Your Limit," the pressure is eased somewhat.

Dunbar Creek is a typical mountain stream in that the water is always cold and it winds and tumbles its course around, through and over a bed of rock and boulders. This makes for treacherous footing and I would as soon forget my hip boots as my boot chains, when tackling this scenic stream. It was made a fly fishing area in 1943 and dams and deflectors were installed in the stream. Pollution has presented an occasional problem, but it has been investigated and corrective measures taken.

EARLY HISTORY

Mayor Earl H. Moyer of Dunbar, provided some interesting information on the early history of the stream, though he said that it was not as popular with local residents as it once was. (This is a little hard to believe, after

"DUN-GONE TO DUNBAR!"

by ELDY JOHNSTON

Dunbar Creek's "Fly Fishing Only" area has long been a favorite fly-tossing haunt for this writer, along with many thousands of other southwestern Pennsylvanians. Reached from Route 119, south of Connellsville, the restricted portion of the stream is about two miles upstream from the borough of Dunbar in Fayette County.

The stream's beautiful fly fishing stretch is largely on State Game Lands 51, especially so since the recent acquisition of more acreage in Fayette County. The "fly fishing only" waters extend from the stone quarry to the headwaters, and the total distance, including tributaries, is 14 miles. It is stocked frequently with brook, brown and rainbow trout.

As the stream is within a few miles of Connellsville and Uniontown, within 60 miles of McKeesport and Pittsburgh, it's understandable why Dunbar Creek is subjected to terrific fishing pressure. It is much appreciated by frustrated fly fishermen in southwestern cities, towns and hamlets. We have even encountered anglers from Ohio, while fishing there.

Although camping is not permitted on State Game

my difficulty in finding a parking spot on "opening" day.) His Honor said that the stocking program was started in 1920, when the local residents placed brown trout in the stream.

According to Mayor Moyer, the stream was not stocked regularly until 1936, when Ken Reed was head of the Izaak Walton League, at which time it received 800 browns. Several years prior, the W.P.A. had built a number of small dams in the creek, the project being completed in 1936.

About the same time, some test holes were made and excavating started for a 125-acre dam on Glade Run, a tributary to upper Dunbar Creek. The project had to be temporarily abandoned with the advent of World War II.

A few years ago, when taking off after work, for an hour or so of evening fly fishing, I would leave this message for my wife: "dun-gone to Dunbar."

This note of explanation is no longer necessary, as she fell in love with the area at first sight and has long since made it very plain that she joins me in my visits and fishing trips to Dunbar Creek.



SOME OF THE POPPERS Mr. Jacoby made while recuperating from the heart attack he suffered in July of 1967. In speaking about fishing he says he thinks the real emotional payoff is the catch, "especially if it's on your own creation."

A HEART ATTACK VICTIM FINDS FISHING GOOD THERAPY

by **STENCE MILLER**

July 8, 1967 started out as a beautiful day for fisherman Roy D. Jacoby of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. It was a day for bass fishing on one of his favorite streams—the Juniata River. But a day that had started out so good suddenly turned sour when pain gripped his chest. He was suffering a heart attack!

Some people along the river came to his aid and soon he was resting in the hospital where his only contact with the sport for a number of weeks was the outdoor magazines he read, "including," he says, "my first copy of the Pennsylvania Angler."

Unable to return to the fishing sport upon his release from the hospital he turned to another part of it—tying flies and making popping bugs. "After being home for a few months and trying to find something to occupy my free

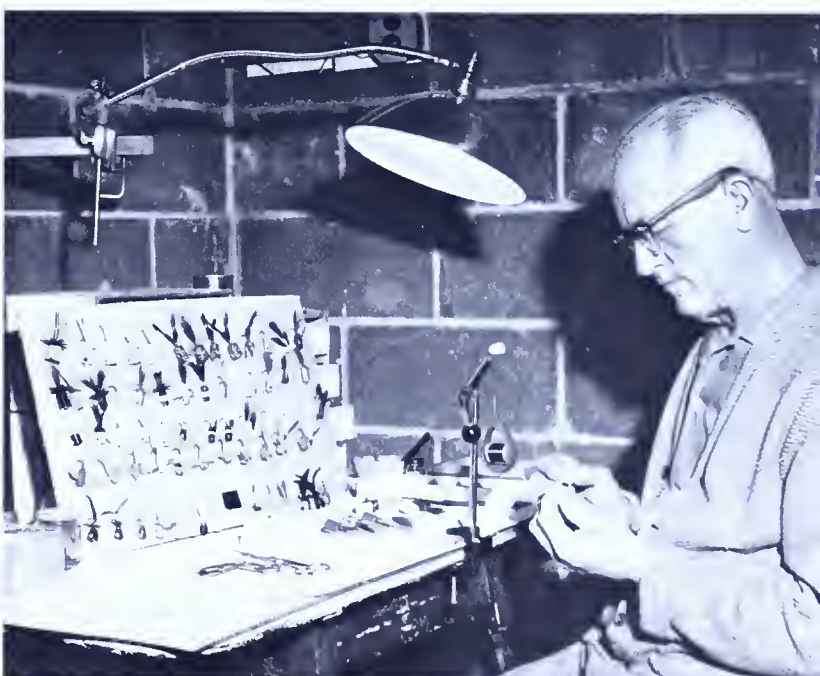
time, I started tying one or two poppers and some flies. As you can probably guess this is now a part of my life along, once again, with fishing" says Jacoby as he discusses those months of necessary idleness.

His return to fishing itself came about somewhat differently. "I'd had a wonderful fifty years of fishing," he said, "and after weighing the pros and cons and the possibility of another attack, I decided to give up the sport, at least until my wife reminded me of a statement one of the doctors had made about fishing being one of the greatest therapies in the world for total escape from the mental and emotional tensions of life."

"That's when I started to clean my fly rod," he says.

So now, nearly a year and a half after being struck down while enjoying his favorite sport, Jacoby again is able to log some time in pursuit of some of Pennsylvania's fish—only now with some of his own creations.

In examining his views toward the sport Jacoby says he thinks of himself as a "sport fisherman" because he enjoys "being out there where the air is clean and fresh. I'm free to relax mentally, emotionally, and physically and to me this is the best medicine for anyone."



HEART ATTACK patient Jacoby relaxes in his shop by tying flies and making poppers. He started enjoying this part of the fishing sport while looking for a way to make use of idle time following the attack and his return home.

FORGOTTEN FENCES

by J. ALMUS RUSSELL

photos by
DON SHINER



AUTHOR RUSSELL looks at a Pennsylvania stone fence that has fallen down after years without attention. Such fences often form property boundary lines.

Wooden fences, stone walls, and bound-markers. Barbed wire fences, masonry walls, and no-fishing signs. All of these bother the fisherman whipping an attractive brook. His standard gripe becomes "Don't fence me in."

One man scouts the area for trout-brooks. Another for game. A third for camping. Yet all three woodsmen should protect, preserve, and guard private or public property lines. Only by doing so will anglers and others continue to have privileges they desire.

Some fences have long since decayed; some are slowly falling apart and a few still remain in excellent shape but all are highly interesting in their construction from local materials.

The first fences were built from brush piled up in such a way as to form crude walls. The fence-maker started at one corner of a thicket of small trees. The first sapling was

cut so that it would fall parallel to the line of the barrier desired. Then the second tree would be felled back from the butt of that sapling in such a way that it would overlap the first. This process was continued until one side of the lot to be enclosed was completed. The other sides were made in the same way.

All of the trees used were cut four or five feet from the ground with the stumps left standing in order to anchor and strengthen the new fence.

Naturally, no fences of this type still exist today.

The stump fence followed the brush wall. Building this also required a lot of hand labor. The time required to get rid of the stumps was in direct proportion to the species cut. Birch, beech, sugar-maple, and basswood rotted after five or six years. Elm, ash, hemlock, and soft maple lasted twice as long. White oak and chestnut were good for a

quarter of a century while first-growth pine stumps lasted for a generation.

In the spring the logs were usually burned. Then after the ground had heaved and settled, thereby loosening the roots, oxen pulled out the stumps with chains and they were dragged to the place desired. There the roots on one side of the stump were trimmed so that the stump would lie flat on the ground as a part of a crude but practical fence. Any roots that were cut off were used for chinking possible gaps. The roots left on extended high into the air.

Stump fences were built around pastures, making enclosures as tight and secure as English hedges. They both protected the fields from hungry game and served as property bounds.

After the land had been cleared of timber, loose and protruding stones were often a nuisance. Land owners cleared these rocks from the land, piled them on stone-boats and hauled them to the wall site.

First, a trench was dug to a point well below frost line. Then a row of smooth-faced boulders were laid along this ditch. These rocks were placed flat-side down, flat-face up, but parallel to the surface of the ground.

Stones as heavy as two men could lift, were piled on these "faces" and supported with stone wedges. This procedure was repeated, now using flat stones about half as large. The last layer was then topped off with water-rounded stones the size of a football.

Building wall was slow work. An average was thirty-three feet a day or 600-1000 feet during the season. John Foster described it in "The Old Stone Wall:"

**"They built stone wall in the summer time,
They built it in the fall;
By daylight and candle light,
They were always building wall."**

Landowners used jointly to "walk the bounds" once a year. Saplings and brush were slashed away from each side of the stone walls under inspection. They replaced the stones which had dropped to the ground.

For instance poet Robert Frost wrote:

**"The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have a rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs."**

Much later came the half-high wall with a single rail on top—proof that field stones were becoming scarce.

Patriots in the American Revolution mixed hard cider with new rum and called it "The Stone Wall." Again from John Foster—

**"They were sturdy, fearless men,
And when the war storm fell,
They drank 'Stone Wall' at Bunker Hill,
And whaled the redcoats well."**

Today the fisherman may find stone walls running through Pennsylvania woods, pastures and fields—reminders of early pioneer labor. Too often trespassers lug away these mossy stones to make rock gardens, rustic patios, or



A SAWBUCK or stake and rider fence found in some parts of rural Pennsylvania.

even stone houses. Road builders use them as highway foundations.

All succeeding fences were built of wood. A few survive but many have disappeared in campfires, forest fires, or through decay. The most important of these was the rail fence of many types. It provided the farmer with a protective barrier which had to be horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight. Eventually, the forest and the timbered river bottoms gave way to broad stretches of prairie and the appearance of wire fences.

A by-product of such a fence was the rail-splitter, a prominent figure on each successive frontier.

The split-rail fence, four or five bars in height, was built by placing posts at regular intervals. These were pierced with holes to hold the ends of the rails. A variation was the double rail fence in which two rails were held in place, (one above the other), at each joining by four crossed sticks. This was also called *sawbuck* or *stake-and-rider* fence.

An improvement over the preceding was the post-and-rail fence similar in build to short, wide ladders placed side by side. The posts usually had four holes mortised through them (two to a side) to receive the ends of the overlapping rails.

Picturesque on the landscape was the snake fence. In constructing this, the builder placed rails, split logs, or saplings at an angle, one above the other. They were then laid in zigzag patterns. The ends of the rails of one panel intersected alternately with the ends of the next panel. A pair of stout stakes driven into the ground at each side of the intersections, held the fence upright.

A variation of this was the grasshopper. In building this fence, the stakes are long and inclined so as to cross at about six rails above the ground. The rider-rail is placed in the crotch thus formed.

Built with a simple line of wooden posts was the board

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by Don Shiner

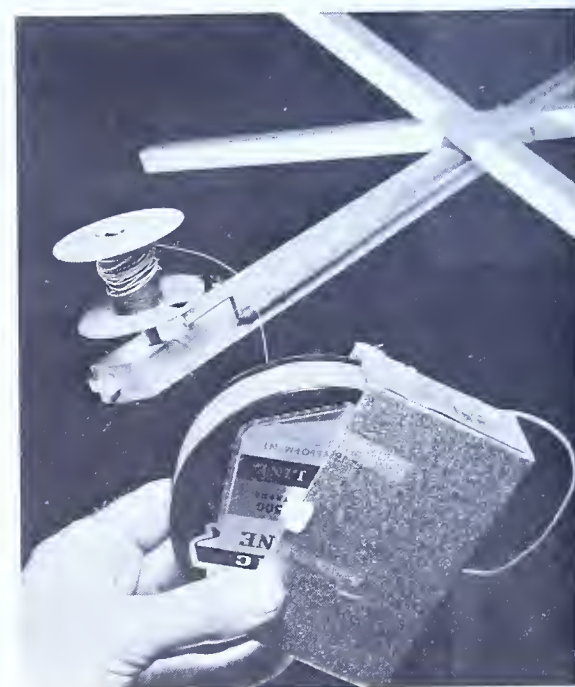
PLANNING TO GO ICE FISHING THIS WINTER?

GET ICE GEAR READY NOW

ICE-FISHING remains some weeks away, but already many fishermen are itching to get going. They enjoy chipping holes in ice, setting out tip-ups and huddling around smoking fires, all of which are part of this special winter season. It's sometimes difficult to wait until pond ice thickness and the season gets underway but many fishermen are filling in time, by getting gear in shape before the season commences. Take time to shape up tackle and assemble all of it in one place so you're set to go.

Begin with the ice-chipper. One is necessary for punching holes in ice to reach fish schooled below. All kinds of tools are used: ax, chisel, hand operated drill or auger, and even power chain saws. If you're planning to go next

THERE'S STILL TIME to design and build some sort of wind shelter and equipment carrier that will help make coming ice fishing trips more enjoyable.



SOME THINGS that should be done when getting ice fishing gear ready for the coming season include replacing old lines on hand rods (above left), cleaning lures and sharpening hooks (center), and replacing old lines on tip-ups. New tip-up flags can be made from plastic ribbon (above right).

month, get this tool sharpened now. If you're a newcomer, get one, of some type, on hand.

I made one, as many anglers do, from a 4 foot length of galvanized water pipe and husky wood-type chisel driven into one end. I tied rope, some 15 feet long, to the handle as a precaution against dropping it through on that last punch which sends water slurping into the hole. Lots of chisels have speared the pond bottom and are lost.

But whatever tool you use for this purpose, it should be sharpened now. And if you recall losing it temporarily in the snow last year, get busy painting the handle orange and black, barber pole style, so it contrasts against the glaring ice.

Take a few minutes to check the lines on tip-ups and jig-rods. This should be done every season. Sharp edges rimming ice holes fray even the best ones and it's a shame to have lines break just as lunker-size pike or trout are being hauled through the hole. Lines aren't so expensive that they can't be replaced every year or two. Each tip-up reel requires no more than 35 or 40 feet of, say, 12 to 15 pound test line. While you're checking lines, it's not a bad idea to unfold each tip-up and set off spring and flag to make certain these work all right. Replace tattered flags with new ones cut oversize from, say, plastic ribbon of the type commonly used on Christmas wreaths.

And don't fail to check your hooks. No special sizes or types are needed for winter fishing, but they ought to be sharp. These stand a better chance of scoring when fish nibble baits lightly, caused by water temperatures down to 32 degrees. Get in a supply of snelled hooks to use on dark colored lines, otherwise loose hooks, of the type packaged in tin boxes, are satisfactory with monofilament nylon. I've found it convenient to sharpen hooks, while fishing through the ice or at anytime, with a grooved sandstone fitted into the handle of my pocket knife.

Many fishermen prefer live baits, of all kinds, on tip-ups; but don't pass up the chance to use spoons, spinners and weighted flies. These catch plenty of fish in winter, particularly when kept in motion below the ice. Flashes of light reflected from shiny surfaces of hardware-type lures are attractive to fish. So spend time now shining up metal lures. Try using chemically treated cloths often used to polish the family silver. Put an assortment of these lures in a box and store among the ice gear.

One needs no more than a handline to "jig" lures through ice holes. Of course some prefer rods such as old fly pole handles or short casting rods. Others use "jig-rods" cut out specially from wood. A dandy jig-rod pattern is shown on these pages. Cut one or several, if wood is available, to loan to friends who might accompany you next month. Wind on 20 to 35 feet of fresh line.

You might also use time now to check footwear, of whatever type you wear outdoors in winter. Your preference

may be the insulated type, of rubber. Or, you may prefer insulated bootie-type socks worn inside leather shoes with cloth or rubber artics worn on the outside. Wear whatever keeps your feet warm and dry. However, keep in mind that surface ice often grows a bit sloppy on mild days, so leather footwear should be water proofed by rubbing snow-proofing compounds into pores.

Finally, there's sufficient time remaining to design and build a portable wind proof shelter to give greater comfort on large, wind-swept lakes. A combination seat and canvas wind breaker, shown in the pictures, is one of the most ingenious arrangements we've seen. It consists of a small piece of canvas set on poles fitted to a box. The box becomes a seat as the fisherman sits inside the protecting canvas shelter. Everything—canvas, poles, lunch, fishing gear, extra clothing, baits—packs inside the box and it is carried by means of straps, in back-pack fashion.

What's been said so far applies to fishermen who have spent time on the ice during past seasons. Those who have not yet tried this winter sport may not have this assortment of gear, and indeed, may not know exactly what gear to use. The foregoing gives them some idea what winter gear consists of, for the most part. It includes: ice chipping tool, handlines, tip-ups and/or jig-rods, live baits and hardware-type lures.

Much of this gear is often improvised, or anglers make do with what gear they have. There has never been a great deal of commercially made tackle offered for sale to winter fishermen, although this picture is changing. More people are becoming enthused with this winter sport and each year finds more equipment displayed in sports shops everywhere.

Some fishermen might want to include portable charcoal grills. These can be set up on the ice and fires built with brickettes to give warmth and for cooking coffee, eggs, hamburgers and even freshly caught fish for delicious snacks. A grill set up beside the ice hole sure beats making repeated trips to shore to thaw out near smoking fires built of driftwood.

Another handy item is a "skimmer" for removing ice chips and thin skins of ice that form across holes on cold days. An old soup ladle, punched full of holes, makes a good one. Commercial models are also available.

Include a folding type lawn chair or stool for a comfortable seat on the ice or near the fire on shore.

Give some thought now to the type clothing you will wear. Wind has unobstructed sweeps across ponds, so wear numerous layers for warmth, preferably of wool, with a tightly woven poplin wind breaker as the outer garment. Include two pairs of mittens or gloves, to provide a change if one pair gets wet from handling lines. Hats with earmuffs are, of course, part of the winter uniform.



Humorist fisherman/writer Jim Hayes
comments on current trends of some-
thing he calls . . .

TACKLE MADNESS

by
Jim Hayes

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, people have been mistaking me for someone else. Like I'm walking down the street and a perfect stranger comes up to me and says, "Hello, George, glad to see you again." It is most disconcerting.

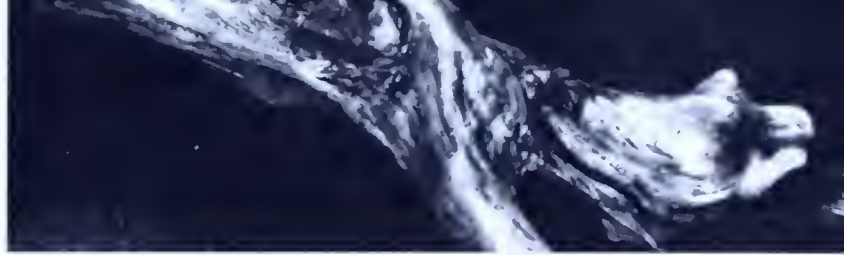
The weirdest experience I ever had occurred while I was out fishing. To top it off, I had forgotten to bring my fly rod. I usually forget some piece of tackle in my haste to get on the stream, but that was the first time I'd left behind my fly rod. To make matters worse, the evening rise was on, and there was no time to return home for the rod and get back in time to fish.

Several weeks before, I had attended a casting demonstration staged by Lefty Kreh. As part of his routine, Lefty showed how to cast out twenty feet of fly line entirely by hand, using no rod. He held the reel in one hand and flicked out the line with the other.

I recalled that exhibition as I watched a 14 inch brown trout rising steadily not more than ten feet from the bank. Since I had nothing to lose, I got my fly reel, attached a seven foot leader to the line, and tied on a No. 16 Adams. After practicing for several minutes, I got the hang of the trick and was laying out line like an expert.

During the drive to the stream, I had stopped at a road-

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FANTASIA IN WOOD

by Albert Shimmel

Man's interest in wood probably goes back to the day when he first closed his fist over a knot studded club and found it magnified his puny strength. Later when some unknown genius of the day, released wood's long imprisoned energy with fire, man's wonder knew no bounds. The shadowy cave became as light as day and warm as summer.

Small wonder then that with the passing years, wood is the chain that ties us to the past. It is an elemental thing, a form of beauty and utility.

Today as we see new decorations being used we find driftwood has become a mystic's word that has the home decorator hypnotized.

Driftwood is really a misnomer. It is used because there is no accurate term for decorative wood. It can be found on ocean beaches, craggy mountain tops or along the leeward shores of ponds and lakes.

But perhaps the richest hunting ground of all are swamps where winds uproot the ancient trees. The exposed fan of roots, textured by rain, snow and sun, combine into fantastic patterns that are studies in contortion.

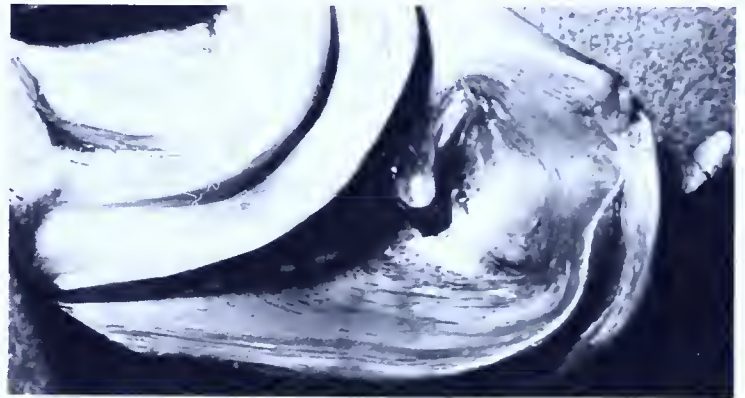
The search for decorative wood is an ideal family project. It requires a discriminating eye, a dash of imagination, some enthusiasm and a saw.

When searching for driftwood, keep in mind that an interesting form is first, followed by surface texture, grain, color and size. It should not claim attention for its form alone but for some possible utility. Among uses might be pulls for drawers, bases for lamps, book ends or clothes trees to name a few.

Driftwood is also commonly used by decorators as an abstract sculpture. Like other works of art it must be placed with greatest care. It may be best when in some niche alone. A single piece may beautify a vacant wall. A smaller one could sit well within a bookcase shelf or shadow box. A larger, handsome piece might grace a garden wall or patio.

The natural, muted colors of "driftwood" add to its charm. Tones range from light to dark. The warm rich browns descend to palest tan. Soft yellows and pale hints of green complete the palette. There is a subtle eye appeal that serves to enhance rather than detract from any setting.

Decorative wood requires some processing before it is



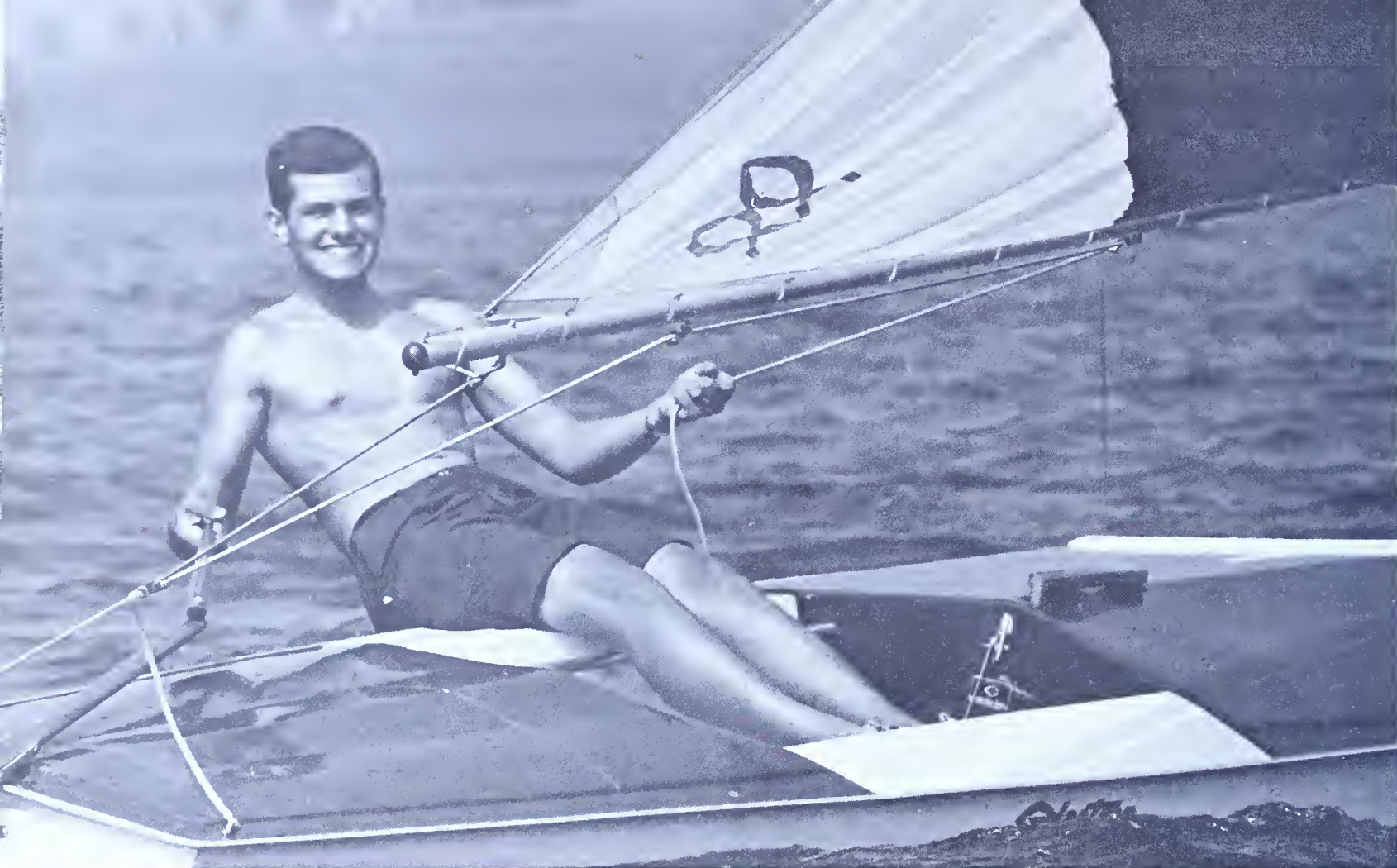
displayed. Each is an individual piece and has a personality of its own. Some are rugged and massive giving the impression of strength. Some are smooth and slender; others fanciful and grotesque. One quality common to them all is that of subtle beauty.

Most pieces as they are found contain some moisture. First step is to remove as much as possible by drying. Small pieces may be placed in an oven and subjected to low heat. (Be sure the oven door is kept open and the piece checked frequently.) Too much heat will cause the wood to crack or check. Natural drying in a protected place is best, (a heated garage is ideal) but few of us have the patience to wait.

Accumulated dirt and decaying surface wood are best removed by a stiff bristle brush. A wire brush will do a most efficient job. The surface then can be kept intact by coating it with Krylon spray.

In some pieces not only the form but the grain has an eye catching beauty. Often these pieces require long and patient work. The surface is buffed then sanded satin smooth. A damp sponge then is used to raise the grain. Repeated sandings will produce a perfect surface. Coatings of wax applied and rubbed in with sufficient force to fill the wood will build up a gloss that serves to catch the light. As in other endeavors the end result requires careful work.

A rare find is a bit of wood that by some twist of circumstance has grown into a caricature of bird, beast or man. The prize becomes a fantasy, that for a breath of time, harks back to elemental things. We glimpse the magic that wood held for ancient man. Small wonder that even today in our sophisticated world its magic is still fresh.



YOUTHFUL SAILOR BRINGS his "Sunfish" rig about on Lake Glendale, one of Pennsylvania's most popular sailing areas located near the center of the state.

SAILOR'S DELIGHT

PICTURES

by

BILL MILLER





CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA MIGHT NOT seem like the place to go looking for sailors but that's just the place to find them—and to try the sailing sport—if you're interested in this water sport and the people who enjoy it.

The spot is Glendale Lake, focal point for the Department of Forests and Waters' Prince Gallitzin State Park. It's 1,640 acres of prime sailing water for landlocked Keystone Staters who have found that you don't have to head for the coast to learn and enjoy this growing sport.

Located in Cambria County, the lake was built between 1958 and 1961 when it was finally filled, creating this sizeable pool with 26 miles of shoreline and as deep as 40 feet.

Sailboats abound on the lake throughout the spring, summer and fall months; however a drawdown of the lake this fall during the construction of a new camping area along the lake's shores put a temporary stop to the sport. However, nearly 100 sailing outfits were registered at the park office this summer as being docked at the lake. During the course of the summer many more were hauled in and out on cartops and on trailers.

Races are held often by the Lake Glendale Sailing Club and, according to observers, it isn't unusual to find 30 or 40 sailing rigs on the water at one time.

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SHORE AREA AT MARINA has a number of sailing outfits tied up—nearly 100 were registered with the park office during the past summer. Below, a sailing rig quietly slips across the water as the setting sun brings another day to a close. Many sailing rigs can be found on the water, even throughout the cooler fall months, although water in the lake has been pulled down this fall during construction of a camping area.



INTO THE WATER THEY GO! It's hard to upset one of these small sailing rigs that are so popular at the lake but this pair of water enthusiasts show that it can be done. Patrol boats docked at the lake by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and by the Department of Forests and Waters are used to keep track of activities and to provide assistance when needed.

THE S I D E W I N D E R



Maw of largemouth bass dwarfs six inch Sidewinder.



1—Place a size #4, 8x long hook in vise. (A size #1, 4x long hook will do as a substitute.) Secure size A thread at bend of hook and half-hitch, allowing about 10" of free end to hang. Don't cut hanging thread.



2—Tie in a strand of heavy chenille (white is shown) and spiral spool end of thread forward to just behind eye of hook.



6—Separate the marabou fibers at the hook bend where thread was originally secured. Grasp the thread left hanging in step 1 and bind center rib of feather to hook with three turns. Be careful to avoid binding down feather fibers.

by CHAUNCEY K. LIVELY

YOU DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO FISH A BUG to bug a bass. Old largemouth likes to lie in the cool shade of a log or a lily pad, just waiting there with a chip on his dorsal to pick a fight with someone. Being a lazy character, he won't go far out of his way to engage in a tussle—but let something nag at him from close range and sooner or later he'll come roaring out with blood in his eye and mayhem in his heart. It takes a lure that will hang in there repeatedly, leering at him; fidgeting, flirting, mocking, meddling; to make him blow his cool. And once he reaches his threshold of bugability, look out!

The sidewinder was originally tied as a fly rod version of the plastic eel or worm which spin-fishermen have found so successful. Relying on a whole marabou feather of some five or six inches in length for its action, the Sidewinder has produced some surprising results. With the marabou tied flat over the hook instead of on edge as in conventional streamers, the lure sinks slowly and allows plenty of time to work it in a likely spot. A gentle upward twitching of the rod tip, alternated with side-to-side twitches, gives the lure a seductive, slithering action which only marabou can accomplish so well. Above all, the Sidewinder should be fished slowly.

Two years ago, on a chilly September evening, my wife and I were fishing popping bugs around the northwest

shoreline of Canadohta Lake in Crawford County. Back in a little bay there was a disturbance along the edge of the lily pads, then another. It looked like a perfect setup for the big frog popper but repeated casting to the spot brought nothing.

Rummaging through the bug box, I spotted my first Sidewinder, a dark gray one, and decided this was the time for its official christening. The marabou was first soaked to keep it from floating like a haystack and three casts were made to the little indentation in the pads. As the third cast was being worked back a largemouth with a girth like a nail keg took the Sidewinder with a rush and a swirl that made my blood tingle. There was a brief wallowing at the surface and a dash toward the boat and he was off. The encounter was as brief as that. Checking the point of the hook, I found I had committed the unpardonable sin of neglecting the little hook-sharpening ritual that should precede the tying of every fly. But it was a lesson learned and it was then that I got serious about Sidewinders for bass.

On the South Branch of Michigan's AuSable River several of us were speculating about what it would take to lure one of the river's monster brown trout out of his hidey-hole. More as a gag than with serious intent, I

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3—Pull chenille forward and tie off behind eye.



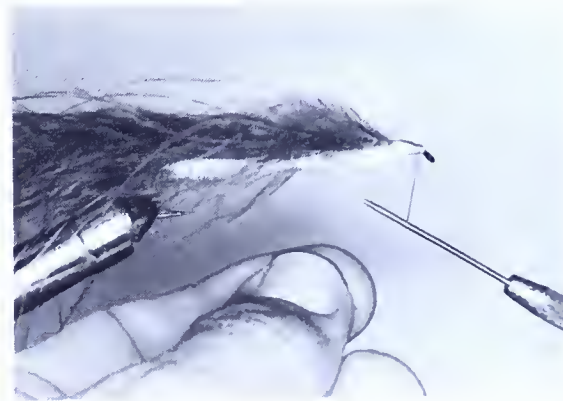
4—Trim away excess chenille.



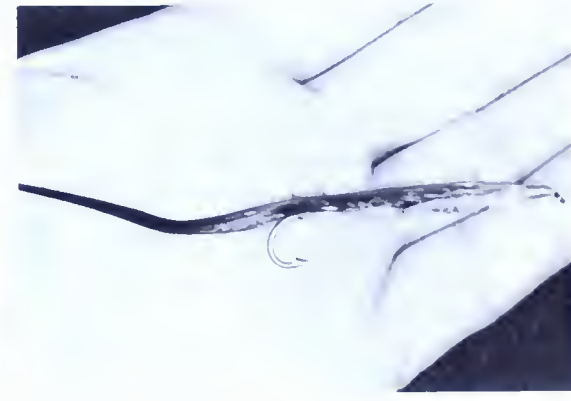
5—Pick a dark gray marabou feather and strip off the short fibers near the butt. Tie in butt behind hook eye and trim excess. After tying in, overall length of marabou should be five to six inches.



6—With bodkin point, part marabou fibers about forward of half-hitch. Spiral free end of thread around chenille and over center rib of feather. Repeat this step at 1/4" intervals until head of feather reached. Tie off ribbing thread with spool of thread. Wetting the marabou helps to keep fibers out of the way.



7—Steps six and seven prevent the long feather from wrapping around the bend of the hook and make for better durability. Now build up a nicely tapered head with thread and whip finish. A coat of head cement or lacquer on the head completes the streamer.



8—Finished Sidewinder, soaking wet.

The Sea Bag

by Bob Miller

A column of news devoted to the activities of boat clubs, flotillas, power squadrons and items of interest to Pennsylvania's boaters

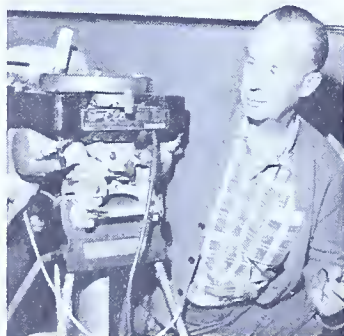
COLLECTOR

SOME FOLKS LIKE TO COLLECT antique furniture, others prefer old china, but for Charles Hoak, retired Lancaster sporting goods dealer, its antique outboard motors.

Charlie became interested in collecting old motors about eight years ago and among his small, but highly praised, collection is one of the old "knuckle busters." What cranking an antique auto can do to your arm this outboard can do the same thing to your knuckles.

A four horsepower job, complete with electrical ignition, its the first twin cycle outboard built back in 1923.

CHARLES A. HOAK with his "knuckle buster," the first twin cycle outboard built in 1923. This four horsepower model is one of Hoak's collection of old outboards which he began collecting about eight years ago.



In operable condition, as are most of Hoak's prized possessions, the "knuckle buster" has no reverse, and steering was accomplished by means of a tiller rope attached to a rudder. Also it has no water pump. Cooling was accomplished by forcing the water, via the propeller, up through the hollow rudder.

Unlike today's manually starting outboards, the 1923 version has no line attached to the fly wheel. Instead, attached off center on top of the exposed fly wheel is a metal knob which was used to crank, or turn, the wheel. Once started you left go in a hurry or else you wound up with a couple of broken knuckles.

The "knuckle buster" is perhaps the most unique of Hoak's collection: an old 1919 model, an unusual 8 horsepower job manufactured in 1929 with a copper manifold, and a 5 horsepower outboard built in 1932.

Antique outboard motors are as hard to come by as rare old automobiles. Its just as hard, sometimes impossible, to find parts if you plan on putting them in operable condition and, as a result, some of Hoak's collection contain hand-made parts which resemble, as closely as possible, the original items.

Today, as more and more people are taking an interest in pleasure boating, there's a lot of interest in the antiques especially when compared with the modern versions.

Old outboards, Hoak noted, can be found in attics, basements, stored away in barns or covered with dust in an old chicken house.

Many of his came to light while he was still in business and when he offered \$25 for any old outboard, regardless of condition, as a trade on the purchase of a new outfit.

Although retired, he continues his search in order to add to his collection which just might eventually become the nucleus of an outboard museum.

PONTOON ASSOCIATION

Lake Glendale in Cambria County, well known for its sailing activities, now sports another organization, the "Lake Glendale Pontoon Association."

Chester Rickard, of Loretto RD, is president; Edward Donahue, Patton, vice president; Mrs. Helen Busch, Altoona, secretary; and Paul Iorio, Altoona, treasurer.

There are approximately 65 members in the organization which was formed to promote and encourage pontoon boating, to conduct good sportsmanship and promote adherence to the rules of water safety.

One of its first activities during the 1968 summer season was a Pontoon Boat Parade on the lake on July 14.

COAST GUARD URGES

A late summer release from the U. S. Coast Guard urged all pleasure boat owners to know the "4 A's"—Approved, Acquainted, Assigned, Available.

The Coast Guard estimates that two million new boating enthusiasts will take to the water in 1969 and the "4 A's" were designed as a guide to the proper use of lifesaving devices.

For example:

Approved—Make sure every piece of lifesaving equipment you buy carries the U. S. Coast Guard Approved stamp.

Assigned—An approved device should be carried for every person on board, and each should know where his is located.

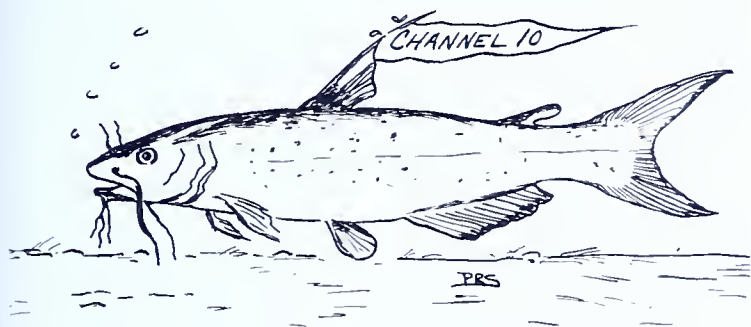
Acquainted—Learn to use the the safety devices yourself, then show everyone on board their proper use. Children and non-swimmers should wear one at all times and everyone should use them during rough weather.

Available—Always keep life saving devices ready so they can be obtained immediately when needed.



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden



TV FISH

■ My young nephew, Martin Diehl, age 8, was telling his grandmother about the fish that was stocked in Reservoir Park (Stephens Dam) at Tyrone. He kept talking about the TV fish. He knew it had something to do with TV, but couldn't remember what. The fish that were stocked were Channel Catfish.—*Waterways Patrolman CLOYD W. HOLLEN* (Blair County).

LOVED TO CATCH FISH!

■ After settling field fines of \$70 and \$20 from two defendants on the East Branch of Millstone Creek for exceeding the daily creel limit on trout, I sold them a subscription to the "Pennsylvania Angler." In the course of our conversation they told me that they loved to catch fish (I believe them) and didn't know of this magazine. They were looking forward to the first issue.—*Waterways Patrolman BERNARD D. AMBROSE* (Elk County).

DEDICATED!

■ I stopped at Jacobs Sporting Goods in Monroeville. During my discussion with Carl Labacz, the proprietor, a customer came in to purchase some lures. I learned the customer had never fished before this year and that he liked fishing so much he had given up hunting to devote all his time to fishing. That is what I call a dedicated fisherman! And he also purchased a year's subscription to the "Angler."—*Waterways Patrolman PAUL R. SOWERS* (Allegheny and Beaver Counties).

DIFFERENT ATTITUDES

■ The following letter was sent to me regarding Lake Wallenpaupack.

Dear Mr. Bartley:

Because of being caught last Saturday morning on Lake Wallenpaupack without a fishing license, I was too darn embarrassed to tell you the truth, which was that I didn't have a license. My lie has bothered me, so that I went out this morning and obtained the above license. I am sure a fine is connected with such an offense, so please send the bad news to the above name and address. I apologize for the lie and the offense.

• • •

Another letter dated about the same time was not quite so nice a letter to receive. It was in regard to a motorboat violation where a sailboat was involved and parts of this letter stated: "If you proceed with this case against me, I will have you arrested." This man also stated at the time of his violation that I was correct in that it was not a very safe thing to do.

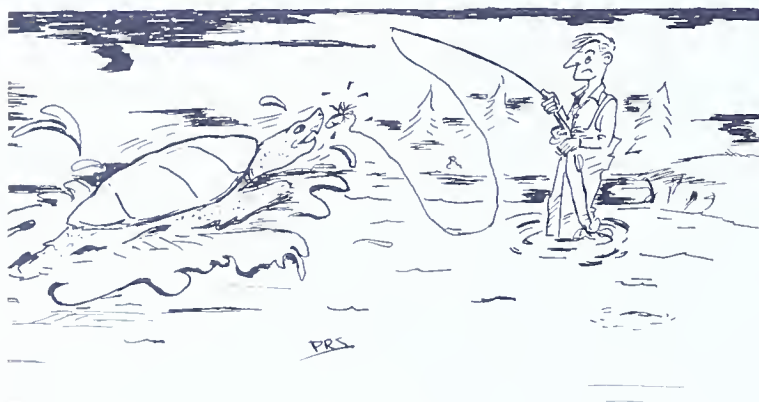
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This shows the difference in person's reactions to violations of the fish and motorboat laws of Pennsylvania. I would think that a person that admits to something that would endanger others would feel about the same as the one that fishes without a license.—*Waterways Patrolman JOSEPH BARTLEY* (Pike and Wayne Counties).

UNDERWATER SAFETY WARDENS

■ From time to time a number of names are given to District Waterways Patrolmen and their Deputies, such as Carp Cop, Keeper of the Sardines, Fish Fuzz and Crafty Water Officers. I even found it necessary to rename two of my own deputies recently. We were on patrol of the Susquehanna River using two boats. Deputies Richard Hagarman and James Kempf were in a 17 foot Gruman Canoe with a five horse air motor attached. They had just started down stream when they spotted two fishermen in a boat near the middle of the river. With Deputy Kempf at the controls and Deputy Hagarman as assistant they headed for the two fishermen in the boat to check them. Upon approaching the fishermen, Deputy Kemp found the current too strong to make a bow landing, so he went past the boat and returned to make a stern landing. However, he misjudged the distance between the two boats and Deputy Hagarman being the able assistant that he is reached out to take hold of the fishermen's boat—whereupon the two deputies found themselves swimming in the river. Not wanting to appear foolish in front of the two fishermen Deputy Hagarman proceeded with the investiga-

tion and asked one of the fishermen "How are they biting" as he cleared the sea weed from his eyes. The fishermen replied that the fish weren't biting, but in turn asked "How's swimming?" Deputy Kempf and Deputy Hagarman have now been dubbed by the other deputies as the "Underwater Safety Wardens."—*Waterways Patrolman* **PERRY D. HEATH** (Cumberland-Perry Counties).



TROPHY TURTLE

■ John Gouse told me this happened to him on Cross Fork Creek when he was returning to his camp accompanied by James Foote. It was about 11:00 P.M. and as they passed one of their favorite deep pools, they decided to give it a try for a big brown that is known to be in this particular pool. They both tied on a string of oversize night flies and proceeded to fish. Shortly John thought he was snagged on the bottom of the creek. After considerable pulling and hauling, he decided the only way to get loose was to break the leader. He took the line in his hand and pulled for all he was worth. To his amazement, the line started to move off. When this happened, John said I thought I had the biggest trout in Cross Fork Creek on. After a long hard fight John finally landed his trophy to find that he had landed a 10 pound snapping turtle. The turtle had actually taken the large night fly into its mouth. John said it was a great thrill, but a big disappointment.—*Waterways Patrolman* **KENNETH ALEY** (Potter County).

LEARNING—HARD WAY!

■ While on motor boat patrol at the Raystown Dam one evening, I watched a fisherman fighting what appeared to be a very nice muskie. The fisherman was displaying a great deal of skill during the battle, while his buddy eagerly looked on with a landing net in his hand. I could see by the size of the net that it would be much too small to handle a fish of this size. After awhile the fish tired and was brought along side the boat. The fisherman was shouting instructions to his friend on how to go about landing the fish. In all the confusion the line snapped, the fish hit the net with a swish of his tail, and the net was knocked from the hands of the would be netter. Total loss was one piece of line with lure attached, one landing net (too small anyway), and one very large muskie. Live and learn!—*Waterways Patrolman* **JAMES T. VALENTINE** (Huntingdon-Fulton Counties).

ADHERENT OPERATORS?

■ Two young men were cruising Lake Wallenpaupack and included in their gear was a cooler of beer. They stopped our Patrol Boat and asked if it was permissible to drink beer while operating a motorboat—as long as they stayed *adherent*.—*Waterways Patrolman* **HARLAND F. REYNOLDS** (Wayne County).

SOME ANSWERS—

■ Fishermen often ask what happens to all of the big fish? Well, here are a few of the answers. Clifford Vanderpool of Towanda came across three large dead ones while combing the river bank of the North Branch Susquehanna River. One was a muskie well over four feet long which is thought to have perished in jammed ice which was washed ashore by high water. Another muskie 31 inches long was found in shallow water, bit fast to a willow limb. Both were loaded with spawn. A walleye, judged to weigh ten pounds was also found close to the water's edge. All of these fish were found in one small area!—*Waterways Patrolman* **WILLARD G. PERSUN** (Bradford County).

SUCCESSFUL HAWK

■ While patrolling the Portage Branch, I saw a hawk flapping over the stream in the strong wind. As I watched, it made a dive into the water and came out with a nice trout about 9 inches long. Even the birds have good luck fishing in Cameron County—maybe that's why we have so many anglers from all parts of Pennsylvania!—*Waterways Patrolman* **STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).

"WELCOME" YOUTH

■ There seemed to be a marked increase in fishermen between the ages of 16 to 20 years. These young men and women have been a great help in the Commission's Stocking Program this year—they learn quickly and have gained the admiration of the older fishermen because of their interest in the sport. I would like to say "welcome" to these new fishermen and "good fishing."—*Waterways Patrolman* **ROBERT J. PERRY** (Columbia, Montgomery and Northumberland Counties).

GOT SIZE ANYWAY!

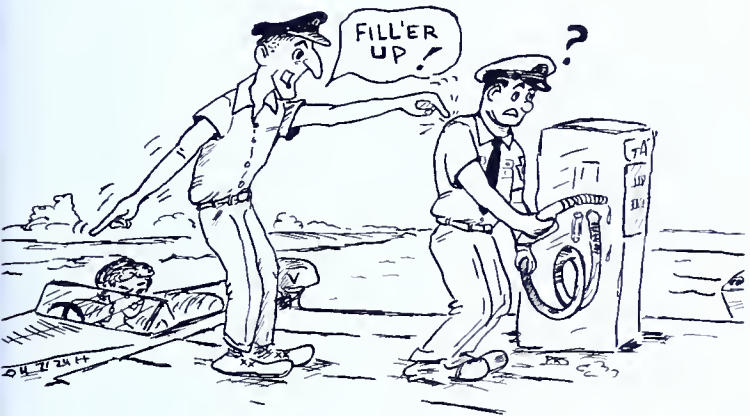
■ Game Protector James Williams and State Trooper Carl Cseko know the size of a muskie at Shawnee Lake even though they couldn't land it. They were fishing at the lake when Jim hooked a muskie. The fish gave a good battle, and finally came out of the water, throwing a loop in the line and over the tip of the rod. Unable to play the muskie or give it line, the line broke. Jim, in some manner, grabbed the line, and hand over hand was bringing the fish in, until he had it along the side of the boat, about ready to net. This time the muskie gave a lunge, cutting the line on the bow of the boat, but then didn't move far. Carl saw the tail of the fish at a certain spot along the boat and Jim, at the same time, knew the head of the fish was at the ore locks on the boat. They measured the distance between the two spots—some 46 inches! Better luck next

time!—*Waterways Patrolman WILLIAM E. McILNAY* (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

LOCK JAW

■ As many of our officers know, during the course of our duties we hear all kinds of questions. The following I think was the best I have heard in quite some time.

“When is the Fish Commission going to treat the fish in the river with Tetanus?” Thinking that one of our fishermen was a self-proclaimed biologist or pathologist, as some of them are, I was at a loss for a quick answer—but he answered my question for me when he said he had fished for two days and never had a bite. He thought the fish had lockjaw.—*Waterways Patrolman STEPHEN A. SHAB-BICK* (Wyoming County).



HIGH TEST OR REGULAR???

■ While refueling the patrol boat one day an elderly gentleman and his wife from Ohio were inching their way to the dock. The man looked at me and asked, “Is that pump regular or mix?” I replied, “That’s mix, sir.” Quite enthusiastically he urged, “Pull me in and fill’er up.” Reluctantly I motioned to the other side of the dock and said, “Sir, there’s the gas boy.” Bewildered he replied, “Oh! I’m sorry I didn’t notice the emblem on your shoulder.” The last time I was mistaken for a truck driver.—*Waterways Patrolman DONALD PARRISH* (Beaver County).

PALOMINO COMMENTS—

■ I had the opportunity to work at the Commissions’ live fish display at Lycoming County Fair this month. It was a nice display, and we received many fine compliments about it. The one fish that caused more comment than all others was a palomino trout. Many people were surprised to learn that we have stocked this type of fish in the open waters. Most said they thought such a fish was just for exhibition purposes.—*Waterways Patrolman RAYMOND HOOVER* (Tioga County).

“BEARS” CROAKING!

■ While on night patrol on the Clarion River with Warden Kopena, we came across three ladies who were standing along the Clarion River near Cooks Forest. Asking them what they were doing, they remarked “listening to the bears grunting on the other side of the river.” A noise was heard and they said “hear it?” All Joe and I heard was the large



Clarion River bullfrogs croaking. We about croaked also—with laughter.—*Waterways Patrolman BERNARD D. AMROSE* (Elk County).

HEADED FOR JERSEY—

■ Recently while on boat patrol of the Delaware River, accompanied by Special Ray Weishuhn, we saw three gray squirrels swimming the river to the New Jersey shore. One squirrel swam right up to the patrol boat and then continued on his way. Wonder if the taxes were getting too high in Pennsylvania?—*Waterways Patrolman WALTER J.. BURKHART* (Monroe County).

HUNGRY FISH!

■ Raymond Goehring of Zelinople was witness to a most unusual catch while fishing Tamarack Lake in Crawford County. A nearby fisherman who was still fishing live bait and using two rods suddenly had hits on both. Setting the hook on the first and landing his catch, he saw the fish had a second hook and line in its mouth. Much to his amazement, the fish had taken the bait on both his outfits.—*Waterways Patrolman EUGENE SCOBEL* (Butler and Lawrence Counties).

ESCAPED BLESSING—

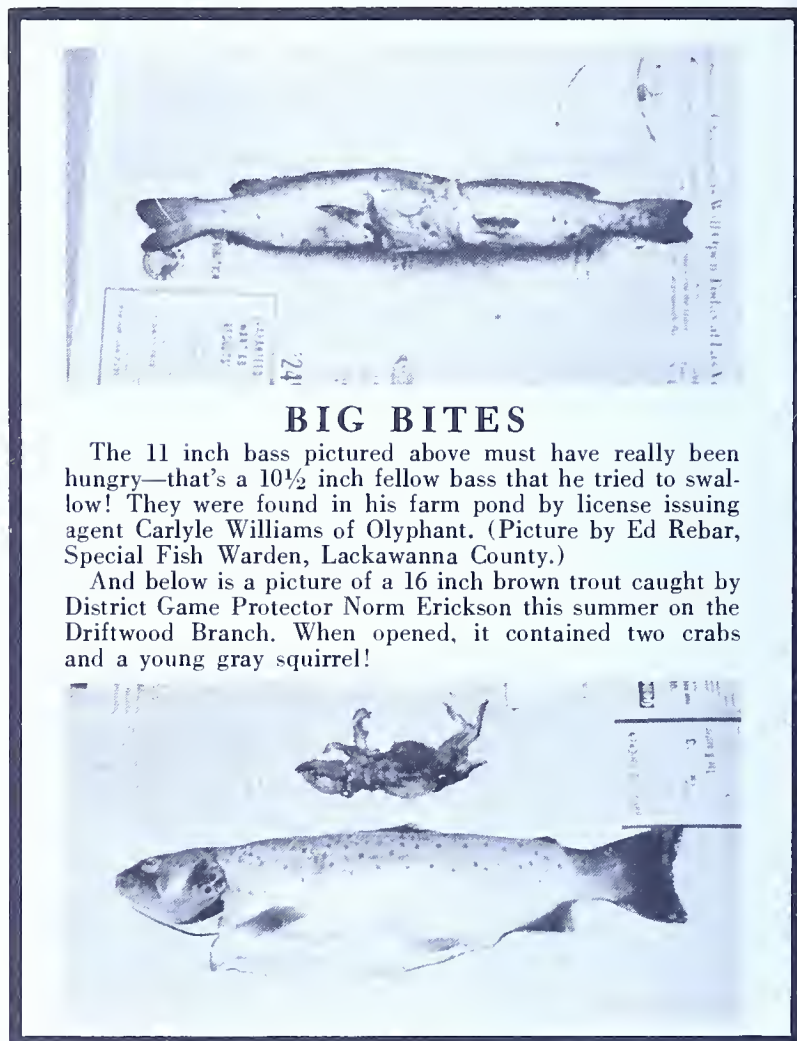
■ One day in June, while patrolling Brokenstraw Creek, I watched as a fisherman cast a big minnow, and bobber along a brush pile. After a few casts the bobber disappeared and the battle was on. Out came a small northern pike of about 18 inches. The fisherman promptly unhooked the pike and stuffed it into his basket creel. Since northern pike must be 24 inches and this fish was definitely nowhere near legal size, I decided it was time to reach out with the long arm of the law and introduce myself to the fisherman. Meanwhile Mr. Pike, finding himself in a basket of which he wanted no part, was thrashing and jumping. Just as I was about to approach the fisherman, the pike hit the right combination and came popping out of the hole in the creel. In an effort to prevent the pike’s escape, the fisherman made a fast grab, lost his balance, and joined the fish in the stream. An hour, and no fish later, I finally approached the wet fisherman, and checked his license. I was treated to a very sorrowful story of the huge pike that got away. Some people wouldn’t know a blessing if it jumped out of their basket.—*Waterways Patrolman GEORGE R. JONES* (Warren County).

THE SIDEWINDER

hauled out a six inch Sidewinder and worked it over a deep hole behind a draping cedar limb. There was a great flash of gold as a big brown hit the marabou with a vicious rap. I was so startled by the suddenness of the strike that I missed him, a poor performance on my part. I rested the water for awhile and again worked the big streamer over the hole. Again there was a golden flash which seemed to illuminate the whole pool but this time he came short and the big trout would have no more of me that evening.

A four inch Sidewinder would possibly have been more appropriate for that trout and he might have been hooked on the smaller streamer. Smallmouth bass seem to prefer the smaller size, too, but this is typical of river bass. I have found no problem in hooking largemouth bass with the large Sidewinder because they engulf the whole streamer and are often hooked well back in the throat.

It takes a stout fly rod and a heavy line to cast the big Sidewinder but the typical bass bugging outfit will do the job nicely. If you are a bass bugger who sometimes finds the bass difficult to coax to the surface, try bugging them with a Sidewinder.



BIG BITES

The 11 inch bass pictured above must have really been hungry—that's a 10½ inch fellow bass that he tried to swallow! They were found in his farm pond by license issuing agent Carlyle Williams of Olyphant. (Picture by Ed Rebar, Special Fish Warden, Lackawanna County.)

And below is a picture of a 16 inch brown trout caught by District Game Protector Norm Erickson this summer on the Driftwood Branch. When opened, it contained two crabs and a young gray squirrel!

FORGOTTEN FENCES

fence. The posts were placed twelve to sixteen feet apart with the boards pinned lengthwise to the supports with wooden pegs. Expense of materials limited the use of such a fence.

The outdoorsman indeed also respects property bounds, but to those "not in the know," bounds mean nothing. To the sportsman, a knowledge of them makes all the difference in the world between trespassing on and permission to use other person's property.

Bounds of many kinds are recorded in the earliest property deeds. Often they are the only legal evidence of land ownership. Hence their damage, destruction, or removal breaks the law.

One of the earliest bounds was the Indian trail tree. In order to mark a path for hunting, trading, or travel, the savages often bent young trees over, tying their tips to the ground. Often these tips took root, forming a permanent trail marker.

Pioneer boundary lines included a heap of stones on a stump, a series of blazed trees, and rock cairns along treeless ledges. In addition, uncounted miles of stone walls indicate the otherwise forgotten boundaries of range, lot, and property lines.

A lot corner, fenced or open, was often marked with a cedar stake driven into the ground. Three flat stones were laid around its base. The post might decay from the top; but as cedar is a long lasting wood the end would probably be sound. And the rocks would always be there. Hence the directive in an old deed—"Northwesterly by a stone wall to a stake-and-stones."

Again, stone posts set deeply in the ground not only held sign boards and wooden gates but also established boundary lines. Undoubtedly they are our most permanent markers. They are often all that is left of a former gate showing the entrance to a lot.

Stone posts were usually quarried from nearby ledges to save useless haulage. In the process, plug-drills were driven into the rock with four pound hammers. When the driller had made his row of holes, a series of iron wedges were driven into them in order to split the rock evenly. In sub-zero weather, the holes were filled with water so that the expansion of the ice would split the rock.

Bound-irons, drill holes in ledges, initials carved on a rock, sometimes marked bounds and boundary lines. A line of meadow ditches, venerable trees, and even hedges were used for the same purpose. Their variety is almost endless.

To those viewing rural fences for the first time, they give a strange thrill. They bring a feeling of coming in touch with the pioneers of long ago. They acquaint us with a long-ago forgotten industry.

CONSERVATION CLASS ON RIDLEY CREEK

by *SHORTY MANNING*



Conservation classes conducted by the Delaware County Federation of Sportsmans Clubs got a look at "stream life" as part of their program this summer when Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel joined with volunteers from the Federation to give young people of the area some instruction on outdoor and streamside topics.

Shown here District Waterways Patrolman Ray Bednarchick (left) of Chester and Delaware Counties explains to members of the group the purposes of the demonstrations that will follow along Ridley Creek at Jeffords Run. Included on the program were such things as a water flow check, a net sampling of aquatic life, electrical shocking of a stream (pictured above) and a variety of other methods and procedures used by the Commission to keep a check of Keystone State streams.



continued from page 5

NEW FACILITIES

In the meantime Fisheries Division personnel have been preparing to use parts of the old facilities on a temporary basis until plans and work on the new facilities can be completed.

"We hope to have some 400,000 fingerlings ready to leave the station by next spring," says Keen Buss, Fisheries Division Chief. "They'll be used as a supply for our Co-operative Nursery Program."

"Within a week from the time when we were notified that the legal transactions had been completed we had personnel working at the station to ready the hatch house for use this year yet."

Plans called for securing a completely disease free stock of eggs to be used at the station from the beginning. Eventually, when completed, it's hoped the station will produce somewhere in the neighborhood of about 50,000 pounds of trout a year. "This will, of course, depend on our ultimate water supply and conditions.

In addition to the changes at Huntsdale and the Oswayo Springs purchase plans are being made for renovation work on other Commission owned hatcheries as well as the purchase and development of additional hatchery sites says the Commission's Executive Director Robert J. Bielo.

"We're looking to the future when someday many of Pennsylvania's now polluted streams may once again be useable. We're also planning for the increased use of the many fine streams we already have," Bielo explains as he discusses the projects.

"Pennsylvania's future as a recreation state look bright. It's fortunate geographic location near the major eastern seaboard population centers; it's pleasing combination of mountains and gentle hills; its numerous good streams and the increasing number of impoundments are all going to attract more and more people looking for some way to enjoy the growing amount of time they have for recreation. And it appears as if fishing, already a major sport, is going to grow even more. Consequently the Commission must—and is—planning for additional and improved hatcheries, designed and built to operate more efficiently than those of the past."

SAILOR'S DELIGHT

Some of the more popular designs found at the lake include Lightening, Thistle, Flying Junior, Penguin, Sailboards, and the like. Sizes range from the 12 footers up to 22 foot.

Power boating is also permitted on the lake, but with a limit of six horsepower. Many of these rigs are used by fishermen, but another popular design found in numbers at the lake are pontoon boats.

Where do all the sailboaters come from? District Waterways Patrolman Tony Murawski reports he has talked with a lot of people from as far away as Pittsburgh "and even a good number from Ohio." Many others come from nearer communities such as Altoona, State College, Johnstown, Phillipsburg, Somerset, Clearfield, Indiana, and all the smaller towns between.

The drawdown of the lake during campground construction put a temporary stop to activities this fall but, depending on progress with the construction, it's expected water level will be back up by April of 1969—ready for another season at the lake that's a "Sailor's Delight."

continued from page 14

TACKLE MADNESS

side diner to eat a hamburger for my dinner; I still had a toothpick in my mouth. It occurred to me that if I should hook a trout, I might swallow the toothpick in my excitement. So I transferred the toothpick to the same hand I was using to flick out the line.

I was so absorbed in casting to this rising trout that I failed to see that another fisherman had approached from downstream. He had evidently been watching me for several minutes before I became aware of his presence.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but that is the most amazing demonstration I have ever seen. Would you mind letting me look at your rod?"

I held up my hand to show him that I was not using a rod at all, forgetting that I had this toothpick gripped between my thumb and forefinger.

He stared in astonishment. "Okay, that's enough for me," he gasped, heaving his fly rod into the bushes. "I have gone from light to ultra light to midge rods, but Mr. Gingrich, this is carrying things entirely too far."

Since my name does not happen to be Mr. Gingrich, I don't have the foggiest notion of what he was talking about. I can only surmise that he was referring to the current trend to tackle madness. If such was the case, I can certainly sympathize. There are limits to which you can carry anything, and some of the absurdities being carried on under the name of angling go beyond the boundaries of sanity.

I have known fishermen who got so absorbed in collecting fishing tackle that they never found time to use it. One fellow became so involved in a study of an obscure subspecies of Mayfly that he gave up fishing entirely. A friend of mine has a hobby of acquiring left-handed fly

reels. He has hundreds of them. He also happens to be right handed.

The situation is reflected in contemporary angling literature. I have no objections to the in-depth treatment of any subject. But would you believe a two volume work on june bug spinners? That is not as far fetched as it sounds.

A certain publisher—his name escapes me—has written a book in which he devotes an entire chapter to the Royal Coachman, another to something called the double-haul line, and still another to the midge rod.

I have nothing against midge rods. I happen to own one. At least it is a midge rod when I am not using it to fish salmon eggs, streamers, and dry flies larger than midge sizes. So what! What concerns me about this rod is not who invented it, or the engineering principles, or who happened to be married to whom at the time the idea for it was conceived. My problem is remembering to toss the rod in the car when I go fishing. But no one has thought to write about *that*!

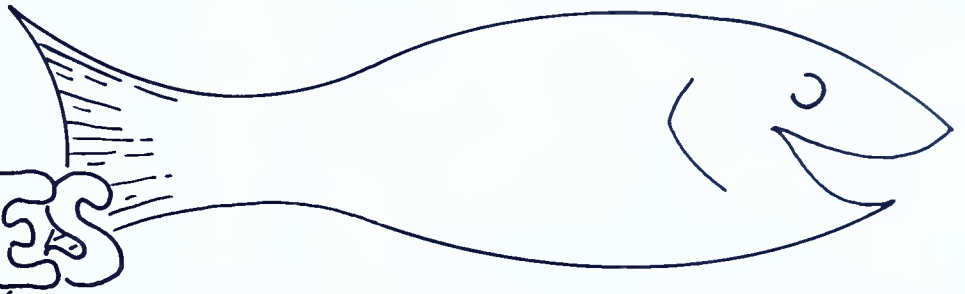
This is my entire point. We are getting so involved with nit-picky things that we overlook those very real and basic problems that concern the rank and file fisherman. Like how to keep salmon eggs from falling off the hook and how to keep night crawlers alive and in good condition in hot weather. Izaak Walton got us started down the right road, but somewhere, some of us seem to have been detoured.

Personally, I have never been fussy about fishing tackle. I believe that is true of most fishermen. So far as I'm concerned, a reel is a thing to hold the line on, and a rod is a stick to throw the line out with. I find that this casual attitude permits me to pay closer attention to the more serious details involved in angling.

After all, there is only one item of fishing equipment that is so critical that it warrants all the attention you can possibly give it. I'm referring, of course, to the wading staff. This is what I mean by getting back to basics. Every fisherman worthy of the name should own at least a dozen wading staffs and know how to use them.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



FISHERMAN Buddy Johns of New Castle holds 5½-lb., 23-in., brown trout caught on a Royal Coachman from Neshannock Creek near Leesburg Station. It is believed the largest catch from that stream in 1968. (Photo by Thad Bukowski)



CARLISLE angler Edward Ruda, Jr., 13, holds 20½-in., 5-lb., 1-oz., brown trout he caught from the Yellow Breeches in Cumberland County. He was awarded a Junior Fishing Citation.



DAN JOCKEL of Pittsburgh holds 18¾-in., 3¼-lb., largemouth bass the nine-year-old angler caught in Edinboro Lake with a live night crawler.



EDWARD COBERLY, 13, of Monaca holds the 27-in., 8-lb., carp that won him a Junior Fishing Citation. He was fishing the Green Valley Pond with spin/cast gear and a Cicada.



WILLIAM H. WAY, 13, of Mt. Joy landed this 25¼-in., 6¼-lb., carp while fishing Safe Harbor in Lancaster County using a dough ball as bait. He won a Junior Fishing Citation.



MECHANICSBURG angler John Keeler was fishing the Susquehanna in July when he landed this 38¼-in., 14-lb., 4-oz., muskellunge. It won him Honorable Mention in the Husky Musky Club.

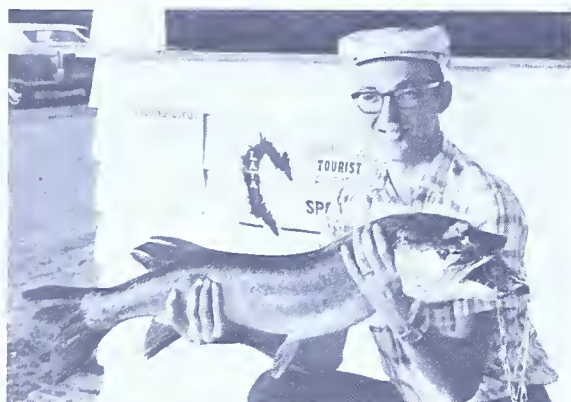
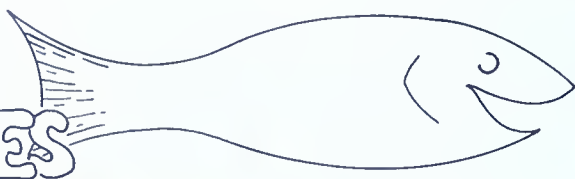
OLD FORGE fisherman Joe Morek, Jr., landed this 32¼-in., 9-lb., 11-oz., walleye in the Susquehanna. He used spinning gear with a stone catfish. It won him a Senior Fishing Citation.



FISH

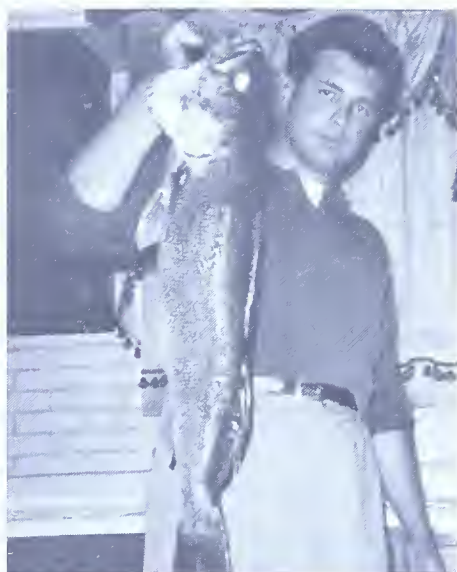
TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



MUSKELLUNGE caught by Sharon angler Michael J. Pleso won him \$25 in the Linesville Area Tourist Association annual fishing contest. Pleso caught the 38-in., 13½-lb., muskie in Pymatuning Reservoir.

JOHN ROY WISE II of Lebanon holds 29½-in., 11¼-lb., brown trout which won a Fishing Citation. With him are partners Joseph Haverneck, also of Lebanon, and Todd Sholley, age 6, of Karchville.



PHILADELPHIA FISHERMAN Anthony Greco holds 30-in., 9-lb., walleye caught in Van Sciver Lake. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



ANGLER David Mulfinger, 12, of Pleasant Gap won a Junior Fishing Citation with this 22-in., 4-lb., brown trout.



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Fritz Curtze of Erie was fishing Edinboro Lake when he landed this 31-in., 7-lb., muskie. He was trolling when the fish hit the broken pikie minnow he had on.



FRANKLIN COUNTY'S Conococheague Creek produced this 20-in., 3½-lb., brown trout for fisherman Donald Fleagle of Fannettsburg. The catch won him a Junior Fishing Citation.



MARYLAND FISHERMAN Richard Moser of Brunswick holds 21 inch brown trout he caught during the middle of the summer while fishing the Driftwood Branch of the Sinnemahoning.



KINGSTON ANGLER Thomas Raskiewicz holds two largemouth bass caught in Lake Carey. One measured 23¼-in., and weighed 7-lbs., 8-oz.; the other was 19-in., 4-lbs., 1½-oz. (Photo by Clair Fleeger)



WILSON RUN proved good fishing grounds for angler Regis Schatz, Jr., of St. Marys who came home with seven brown trout ranging in size from 13 to 19-in. one day last summer. They all hit night-crawlers.



GLENDALE LAKE at Prince Gallitzin State Park produced this 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ -in., 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb., large-mouth bass for fisherman Ralph Little of North Babylon, N. Y. Bait used was not listed.

HALLER'S BAIT SHOP TIONESTA
300 FISHING CONTEST
LONGEST TROUT 1-50.00
BASS 1-50.00
WALLEYE 1-50.00
MUSKIE 1-50.00
ALL FISH MUST BE MEASURED
CONTEST ENDS JAN. 1st

TWO BIG WALLEYS were caught by fisherman Paul Cooper of Fayette City in the vicinity of Tidioute in Warren County. Both were entered in Haller's Fishing Contest at Tionesta. One measured 31-in., and weighed 10-lbs., 2-oz.; the other was 28-in., and 8-lbs., 4-oz.



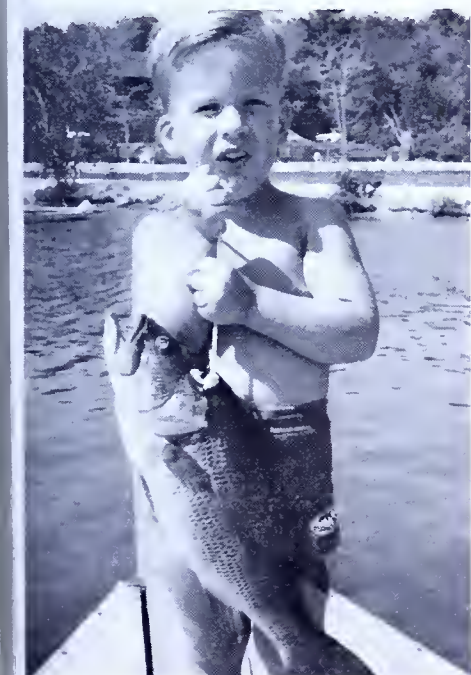
BIG LARGEMOUTH BASS was caught from Sicklers Pond in Wyoming County by John Jones, Jr., 18, of Scranton. The 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ -in., 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., catch won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



FISHERMAN HENRY WINWOOD, JR., of Butler was fishing Sinnemahoning Creek in southern Potter County when he hooked this 19-in., 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb., fallfish. The catch won him a Fishing Citation.



DAVID ADAMS, 14, of Sunbury received the 200th Junior Fishing Citation of 1968 for his 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in., largemouth bass.



IT WAS QUITE A CATCH for three-year-old Brian Rich of Chestnut Hill and he may be the youngest Junior Fishing Citation holder of the year! He hooked this 19-in., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., largemouth bass and, with some help from dad, brought it in.



BRETT WATSON, 6, son of Wyndle Watson, outdoor editor of the Butler Eagle, stands beside stringer of catfish caught at Glade Run Lake. The young angler landed all but three of the fish shown. The biggest ran 16 inches.



DADDY TAUGHT THEM how to fish. They're Lori and Lisa Qualters, twin daughters of the Fish Commission's Region Two, Assistant Supervisor Tom Qualters, Somerset. The girls won 3rd and 1st prizes in the Kiwanis Club contest.

BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From R. M. T., Pittsburgh:

"What is meant by 'net tonnage' and 'gross tonnage' of a vessel? Which is the actual weight?"

—Actually, neither the gross nor the net tonnage has any thing to do with the weight of a vessel. Gross tonnage is the total internal volume of the hull, expressed in 'tons' of 100 cubic feet each. From the total volume is deducted the spaces not available for freight or passengers, such as engine room, ballast tanks, etc., and the remainder is the 'net tonnage.' The weight of the vessel and everything on board is the displacement tonnage, expressed in long tons of 2240 pounds.

From C. M. S., Kittanning:

"What type of toilet should I order on my new house-boat; the company offers both chlorinator and holding tanks as options?"

—For now, I would suggest ordering the boat with a standard marine toilet, but with piping arranged so that a pollution-control device can be added later. At present, Pennsylvania has made no determination on the type of head that will be approved. Spend the money you save on postage to write your representatives in Harrisburg, urging them to choose a system that is both practical and will be accepted by the other states on the rivers.

From J. B. K., Portage:

"What is electrolysis, and how can it be prevented?"

—Electrolysis is a catch-all word used to describe the rapid erosion of underwater metal fittings on boats, and there are several causes. Dissimilar metals, like a bronze propeller and a steel trim tab, will react in acid or mineral waters and this is called galvanic corrosion. Stray currents from electrical circuits on the boat can cause similar damage, and this is more properly termed electrolysis. The former is most common, and can be recognized by severe pitting and wasting away of metals underwater. Best cure is to bolt on zinc anodes, available in a variety of shapes from most large marine dealers. If stray currents are causing the trouble, this can usually be corrected by bonding all the thru-hull bolts and fittings to a length of No. 8 stranded copper wire, then connecting this to the engine block.

From G. L. V., Connellsville:

"I have had fuel pump trouble on my inboard runabout twice, and am thinking about installing an electric pump. Can this be done?"

—While it's certainly possible, it is not recommended. If your ignition were left on without the engine running, the electric pump would keep pumping, and possibly overpower the float valve in the carburetor. This would fill your bilge with gasoline, and more than likely make your boat take off with a big "bang" when you hit the starter.

From N. B. T., California:

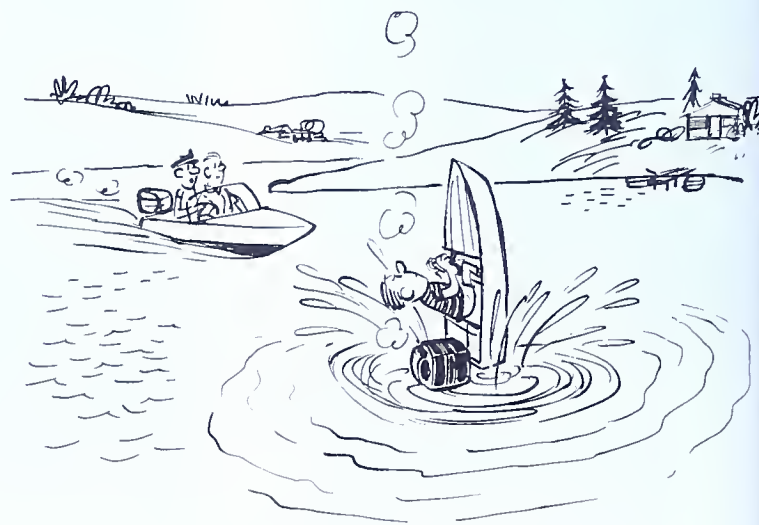
"I am considering buying a boat that has been laid up on shore for several years. It appears sound, but the seams are open as much as an eighth of an inch in places. Will the boat have to be completely recaulked?"

—You can find out by running water into the boat with a hose. If the lower seams close up and hold water within a few days, then you may assume that the rest will, too. Be sure to have a dependable gasoline-driven pump aboard when you launch this boat, and be prepared to sit up with it the first night.

From W. J. P., Pittsburgh:

"Can I convert my 19-foot cruiser from outboard to inboard power?"

—It's not impossible, but I don't think you would like the results. As a general rule, it is cheaper and more satisfactory to sell a boat and buy another than to attempt any major conversion. Your outboard cruiser was designed for a kicker, and try as you will, the change to inboard power will be something less than a huge success.



BERNHARDT

"TOO MUCH MOTOR—"

MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

RYERSON STATION

PENNSYLVANIA'S LATEST STATE PARK to offer camping facilities is Ryerson Station, located in Greene County, the southwesternmost county in the Commonwealth. This area on the outskirts of the busy metropolitan Pittsburgh district, has long been overlooked in state park development. The new facilities are very welcome indeed.

Dedicated last May, Ryerson Station State Park was opened for limited use in 1967, but many of the facilities, including the camping area, opened for the first time this season.

The park consists of 1,400 acres, located between Bristoria and Wind Ridge in Richholl Township, near the county seat of Waynesburg. This makes it conveniently located not only for Western Pennsylvanians but for residents of Ohio and West Virginia as well. Peak usage is expected to be 6,000 per day with 175,000 visitors annually.

For the angler a 63-acre man-made lake has been stocked with bass and trout. As in most larger parks, a boat rental concession and public boat launching ramps are available.

At the present time the camping area consists of fifty tent and trailer sites. Future plans call for construction of swimming and wading pools. As money is made available additional campsites and a primitive camping area will be built and the picnic area expanded.

One of the outstanding tourist attractions of Greene County and nearby Washington County is the large number of picturesque and quaint wooden covered bridges in the area.

Nearby the Monongahela River has many launching ramps for pleasure boat users. Boats of almost any type can be rented at various areas along this popular waterway.

The area surrounding Ryerson Station State Park is rich in historic significance. It was the scene of much early Indian activity.

Waynesburg houses the Greene County Historical Society which boasts a library of nearly 3,500 volumes, most of them pertaining to the history of Greene County and Western Pennsylvania. Also featured are relics of Indian days and other items of colonial times. Hours are 10-12 and 2-4 Wednesday through Saturday.

Washington, Pennsylvania, not far from the park, also has a rich past. Once an Indian village called Catfish's

Camp, it was laid out as a city in 1781. Points of interest include the LeMoyne House, now a museum, but once a stop-over on the underground railroad, and Bradford House, where the notorious Whiskey Rebellion broke out in 1791.

Streetcars are quickly becoming an item of the past in many large cities. The Arden Trolley Museum in the Washington-Greene County area has a display of various types of these electric conveyances, including the one used in the famous movie, "Streetcar Named Desire."

The Little Red Schoolhouse is a replica of the old one-room school era completely furnished as it was then . . . a far cry from the sprawling district schools of today.

Now closed for the season, summer visitors, between the middle of June and the middle of August, have the opportunity of visiting an attraction unavailable elsewhere in Western Pennsylvania. The Meadows is the only parmutuel harness racing track in that part of the Keystone State. Here one can thrill to the glamour of the racing ponies and watch the skillful maneuvers of the sulky drivers.

For those who like to travel a little farther in their sight seeing, the city of Pittsburgh, approximately 40 miles away offers a wide variety of tourist attractions.



"HOW CAN YOU STILL BE SO SMALL AFTER EATING A WHOLE CAN OF WORMS?"

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER

ANNIVERSARY

WITH THIS ISSUE of the Angler, *Casting with the Co-ops* has its first anniversary. What could be more appropriate for a celebration than to show the continued developing interest upon the part of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in this service program? We'll have to go back to July to make our point. The emphasis will be a guided tour for the student officers of three representative cooperative nurseries.

It's July 18 and the place is the H. R. Stackhouse Training School at Bellefonte. Bob Brown, cooperative nursery coordinator, is previewing the student officers on the history and technical end of the program as well as outlining the day's schedule. Then it's into the cars with the Morris Rod and Gun Club Nursery the first stop.

Arriving at the Morris site, the caravan is met by Waterways Patrolman, Ray Hoover, and Charles Broughton, the "spark plug" of the Morris Nursery project. Considerable time is spent in examining the cement block raceways, the 8 inch valve that reduces water problems, the rate of drop and water exchange, and other portions of the nursery. The student officers are lectured and questions answered. The Morris Nursery makes an excellent study with its nearly ideal but non-show setup. Notes are made and valuable lessons learned for the time when the new officers have their own districts. Credit must be given to the Morris Rod and Gun Club for their successes from their first raceway, built in 1965, to their first fish in 1966, to the current stature of the project. So ordered and on to lunch and then to the Hillside Rod and Gun Club at Blossburg.

At the Blossburg Nursery, the student officers become acquainted with the negative side of raising fish. The Hillside Rod and Gun Club Nursery has a water problem through no fault of its own. The temperature is well above what it ought to be, but the fish are in good shape and there should be a chorus of "why's" and "how come's." This chorus does develop and answers are provided by Bob Brown, Paul Byers and members of the club present at the time. The consensus answer to the survival problem at high temperatures seems to be a good exchange (flow) of water, high oxygen content and limited feeding. The Hillside Club can handle this. The fish won't show much growth, but they'll live to be stocked next spring in open waters. Time is spent with the student officers testing water, comparing feed charts, and otherwise making use of the Hillside Nursery. Then it is back in the cars and on to the next stop, the Potter County Anglers Nursery.

There's no question that the Potter County Anglers is one of the show places on the cooperative nursery list. This does not detract in the least from the smallest nursery raising the least fish—they're all in the same game which

is producing trout for you and I to catch at their expense and their labor.

However, the Potter County club is one of the larger units and it is a place the student officers should examine carefully—and they do. A brief history of the nursery is given by Howard Doud, who is the hatchery superintendent and man-about-the-fish. He tells us that finances are no problem with over 3,000 dues paying members plus donations from one source or another. The club stocks between 50 and 60 thousand fish a year with half of them two-year-olds. The grounds handle over 12 thousand visitors a year—and the statistics continue. Then it's time for the inspection tour.

It starts with the hatch house where the club is experimenting with its own egg jars and fry trays. Then it's on to the various raceways and holding ponds. There is a bit of diversion midway through the tour. About a ton—all 12 of them—of student officers crowd a narrow bridge to



STUDENT OFFICERS visit one of the many cooperative nurseries in the state. This stop was at the Potter County Anglers Club.

observe the feeding of several thousand two-year old brooks. There is a cracking sound, a few yelps and a wild scramble and the Potter County Anglers Nursery is not quite the same—it's minus one foot bridge. However, they've faced worse disasters than this in their history and so it's on with the tour to the new dam, the new well to insure water during dry periods, and some additional landscaping to beautify the area. The tour is done; the trainees are impressed, as they should be, and it's back on the road to supper and "home" to Bellefonte. That is the tour.

Now we're back in November again and ready to close this piece of reporting. The training school is over; the student officers are now officers in their own right; and we're sure of one thing about them. That is this: individually James Ansell, Warren Beaver, Edward Brown, James Carter, Robert Fasching, Roger Harvey, Edward Manhart, Frank Schilling, James Smith, John Stepanski, Allen Stiffler, and William Swab—the student officers of the tour—will find the cooperative nurseries an important and vital activity in their districts, as have the other Commission officers before them.

DO YOU BELONG...



Mr. Robert Rearick of Jersey Shore—one of Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club members with 48 inch muskellunge he caught at Hill's Creek Lake this summer.

... to that exclusive group of fishermen who have been awarded a membership in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club? Joining may sound easy—just catch a Pennsylvania muskellunge—but have you ever tried?

Catching this biggest trophy from Pennsylvania's waters isn't exactly a snap, as just about any member of the club will tell you. But with sizeable muskies turning up in more and more of the Keystone State's waters all fishermen in Pennsylvania can now fish for this species—and if you should catch one of legal size you may be awarded a membership in the "Club."

What are the qualifications for becoming a member?

FOR DETAILS WRITE:

**HUSKY MUSKY CLUB
c/o PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
BOX 1673
HARRISBURG, PA. 17120**

OR ASK ANY WATERWAYS PATROLMAN!

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DECEMBER, 1968

PENNSYLVANIA

Angler

the
Keystone State's
Official
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CONSERVATION VIEWPOINT

by ROBERT J. BIELO
Executive Director



A Word of Thanks-

December's short days, leaden skies and deepening frosts mark the coming of winter. The excellence of late fall smallmouth bass and walleye fishing quickly passes as icy crusts start to form on our lakes and ponds. Rivers and streams flow with the rustling sound of moving ice crystals as December snowfall whitens the ground.

For most fishermen December is probably the month of least fishing activity. It is, however, a fine time to get organized for some bone-chilling but exhilarating ice fishing trips later on when the new ice is thick and safe. It also is a time of holiday spirit and Christmas joy. Our streets are gaily decorated, the air is filled with Christmas carols and joyous crowds shop for gifts during this traditional period of giving.

Fortunately the spirit of sharing and good fellowship exists year-around among the thousands of streamside landowners. Through their willingness to share streamside holdings, hundreds of miles of fishing waters are made available to our anglers. These folks ask nothing of the fisherman in return except common courtesy and good outdoors behavior.

While the Christmas mood is in the air it seems to be an appropriate time to let the landowners along a favorite stream know of your appreciation of their generosity. A letter to the local paper in the area naming the stream will probably get the word to most landowners. Of course, a personal visit and expression of thanks during this off-season period would be better.

All of us in the Fish Commission also want to make known our gratitude to the thousands of landowners who share their stream banks every year for fisherman trespass.

It therefore behooves all who enjoy a day's fishing on a beautiful stream or who just like to be outdoors along a flowing waterway to extend a word of thanks to those who own this land.

We, too, send best wishes and season's greetings to our fishermen, our boaters, and to Pennsylvania's landowners who have been our patient hosts for so long.

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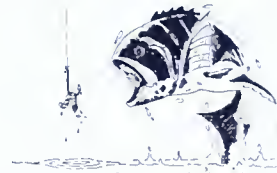
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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1968

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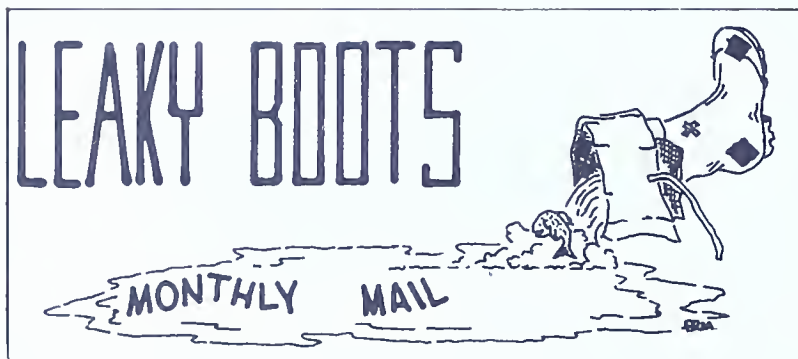
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APPRECIATES HELP—

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find an application for a Junior Fishing Citation for my son.

We have a summer cottage on the Allegheny River near East Brady and the wife and children spend a couple of months there in the summer.

My son has made friends with an elderly gentleman by the name of James Robison, who as you can see by the mailing label is a subscriber to your magazine. He has had the rare and wonderful experience of fishing with one who has lived his whole life on the river and probably knows more about fishing than the boy could learn in a lifetime of going by himself. Not only has Mr. Robison shown him where to fish, but he has also coached him in how to handle the rod when hooked into a big one. He has also taught him how to best secure bait. On this particular day they caught a lot more fish but they generally throw anything under 14 inches back.

Thanks to Mr. Robison I think the boy has become a fisherman for life and I think this is wonderful in view of what you see and hear about what many teenagers are doing with their spare time.

Unfortunately I am involved in a business in which we are very busy in the summer so I personally am not able to spend as much time as I would like with the children. I must admit I am a little envious when I come home and see him with a stringer full of 14, 15, and 16 inch bass. Sometimes it makes me feel as though I should look for some other type of work.

—Charles R. Holbein, Sr., Butler

Maybe you won't have to look for "some other type of work," just to get some time to go fishing. Now that winter approaches a whole new world of fishing is just getting underway—winter fishing, either in open water or through the ice.

Enjoyable? Ask the folks who spend practically all of their winter weekends fishing Pennsylvania's numerous waters.

And watch next month's Angler for more information about this growing sport!

FOR SOUTH-PAWS

Dear Fellow Anglers:

For years, after reading instructions on how to tie flies as set forth in the Angler and elsewhere, I have been tempted to write, telling how I make mine, which is quite different. According to Warden Hastings in the July issue, he was having trouble teaching south-paws, so here it is.

I am left-handed and I had a lot of trouble and little success when I started following the art some thirty-five years ago. But I solved it for my own personal use by closing the instruction books and experimenting and have since been turning out my version (nearly all dry flies) which suit me just fine and seem moderately deceptive to the trout.

Here's how. First wax the thread, silk or cotton, lightly. Make a few turns close to the bend of the hook; tie on the tail, then the body material and let it hang or fasten in the clip; spiral the thread to the eye and make a few turns there in case it is not fully closed; tie on the wings, if any, then bring the thread close to the eye and tie on the hackle feathers; wind the hackles, first turns between the wings and eye, and final turns back of the wings, in the process with pressure by the hackle adjusting the wing position. Then tie off the hackle feather tip *along the shank* of the hook. Repeat with the second hackle feather when using two, tying tightly and then put a drop of quite thin *shellac* on the knot; then wind on the body material from the bend to against the hackles which pushes them more into position and upright. Fasten with several half hitches and touch with the thin shellac. That finishes it.

Sometimes when I have the thread at the eye I will build up a head with it and shellac it too, but it is my inexpert opinion that building a head, and in many cases putting on wings, is a waste of time, done principally to make the angler happy rather than to deceive the trout.

I have yet to see my method or one close to it described by anyone, anywhere, any time, but I definitely feel it has certain improvements over the standard way. I find mine much more durable than the few I buy. I doubt that I am alone in finding their very weak point is the cement covered head, at least in dry flies which require frequent drying. False casting will suffice except after landing a trout when usually washing and drying with Kleenex is my practice. Soon the regular head cement breaks, the knot lets go and the hackle unwinds but my thin shellac does not just lie and shine on the head. It saturates the thread and holds.

By winding the hackles from the eye toward the bend puts the longest fibers at the front, tapering slightly from front to rear making it less likely to upset.

The most important item, next to using thin shellac at every knot which seems to hold indefinitely, is tying off the hackle feathers along the shank rather than at the head, and covering the tie-off with the body material. That makes a loose and trailing hackle feather a close impossibility.

This method may be slower than the standard, and may possibly be easier for the left than the right hand operator, although I would not know why.

Now finally, and for the first time, I have this off my mind. I will cheerfully accept criticisms from the professionals, and will appreciate comments, particularly on where I have gone wrong.

E. H. Blackburn, Everett

THANKS—

Gentlemen,

Please renew my subscription to the Angler for three years. I have been receiving the Angler for many years and find it to now be the best magazine to come to my door.

I'd also like to thank the Commission for the wonderful world of muskie fishing at Falmouth on the Susquehanna. This muskie fishing opened up a whole new world of fishing for the Anglers here in central Pennsylvania. Thanks for a job well done!

Wallace M. Farner, Harrisburg

DISTRESSED

Dear Mr. Buss:

I have read and reread your answer to the "Put and Take" query in the August issue of the Angler, and I must say that I am more than a little distressed.

First of all you state that a good many people can't tell one species of trout from another. Doesn't a hunter have to know the difference between a cock and a hen pheasant, a buck and doe deer, or a driver between a red and green light? Or for that matter, doesn't a licensed Pennsylvania fisherman have to know the difference between a muskellunge, northern pike, and chain pickerel—admittedly all quite similar, but all bearing different legal length restrictions? People have a way of learning quickly when it involves their pocketbook.

Secondly, you state that it doesn't make sense to hide the Commission's product from the fisherman and that the Commission seeks a high return from the trout raised.

My answer is that you should just take four or five dollars worth of trout and mail them to each licensed fisherman. That way you would have a 100% return. But see how quickly even the "fish hogs" would object to this. This is not to say that I am necessarily in favor of secret stockings either. Freshly stocked trout are, in plain words, stupid. It requires very little skill to catch these fish—that's why the trout population of some very good water is quickly diminished to the point that so much effort is required to catch two or three fish that it is hardly worth going out.

The past week of July 28th, I decided to fish some of the better known trout streams in our state. I fished at the fish-for-fun areas at Brookville, Bellefonte, Allentown, and Yellow Breeches. Also at the fly-fishing-only waters of Penns Creek and Falling Springs, and on the "open"

stretches of Fishing Creek at Lamar and Elk Creek. My total catch for the week was 180 trout.

All but 13 of these were taken in the fish-for-fun areas and these remaining 13 were caught in Falling Springs which is frequented by true anglers who return most of the fish to the water.

No fish were caught in the open streams. My point is this: I spent about \$100 (not a great amount) for the week's fishing—on hotels and meals. Now, I would gladly do this again, but I certainly wouldn't waste my time fishing any open water. No sir! I'd rather sit at home and watch the daytime quiz shows on TV.

Several times in your answer, you used the phrase "what the people demand." Is the present method of stocking really what the licensee wants? Nobody from the Commission ever asked me if that's what I wanted.

Furthermore, nobody ever asked any of my friends either. I'm led to believe that the Commission being politically oriented, actually enjoys the "mob scenes" created by their actions as proof that they're "doing their job."

My recommendations for improving trout fishing in our state are as follows:

1. Open many more fish-for-fun areas. Perhaps the trophy length limit could be dropped to 15 or 16 inches. This should help satisfy the angler who must show proof of his skill. In the aforementioned week's fishing, I saw not one angler on the open water of the fly-fishing areas where there is a six-fish limit. Yet, at the Fish-For-Fun in Allentown there were at least 35 to 40 other fishermen, and this was on a Wednesday. On Saturday at Fisherman's Paradise there were well over 50 other anglers, and this was in August, not generally considered a popular trout month. Why were they there? Because the fish were also!

2. Lower the bag limit to at the most four, and raise the legal length to at least 11 inches in the open streams. Begin a program of instruction to educate anglers as to the difference between the species of trout. Designated brook trout streams could remain at the present 6 inch limit. Make it mandatory that all bait and lure hooks have the barbs flattened. Also, any fish that has been too deeply hooked, should be released by cutting the leader. Also, maybe anglers could be instructed as to the proper method of handling and releasing fish that are undersized. (Press releases, sportsmen's clubs, etc.)

3. Spend less of the license dollar on raising fish and more on stream improvement and insect restoration. Hatcheries ruin the water, (maybe this is a little strong) or at least pollute the water for miles downstream. We already have enough of water pollution problems without the state making it worse.

If I have sounded bitter, it's only because I am! But please Mr. Buss do not take umbrage. I have no personal quarrel with you and I fully realize that you are in the unenviable position of being the "middle-man." Only my sincere love for the sport of trout fishing has made me say the things that I have. And also, my wish that my children

continued on page 22



DECEMBER, 1968

FISHING OUTLOOK

By-- Stan Paulakovich

As old father time, 1968 version, slowly and deliberately cranks up his reel another year is rapidly coming to a close. Looking back has many pleasant memories. From the first 11 inch rainbow which attempted to kill my muddler minnow to the 3 pound largemouth that sucked in my hair frog and to the finicky, yellow eyed Delaware River muskie that followed my lure into shore three times and slowly turned and swam away without taking it, it's been a good year.

Looking ahead to the December first opening of trout fishing in lakes 10 acres or more to the time when safe ice is covering our waters shows much promise. Most of our waters will not have the necessary 4 inch ice cover until January, but December trout fishing prior to ice is always extremely good. Newly stocked trout—among which are some lunkers, spent brood fish, and holdovers from the past season—are hungrily cruising around looking for a meal.

Salmon eggs and cheese work extremely well in some areas in early December, while in others small garden worms and minnows are a necessity. When using worms, salmon eggs, and cheese in early December I've had a great deal of success using the carp fisherman's method of putting an eyed sinker behind a split shot on the leader so that when a trout picks up the bait he feels the least amount of resistance and strikes then become catches instead of misses.

Toward the end of the month when lowering air and water temperatures form a protective ice covering, pickerel, yellow perch, crappie, northern pike, bluegill, bass and walleye fishing comes into its own. As I said before a minimum of 4 inches of ice should be your gauge for safe ice fishing. It's no fun floundering around in 34 degree water with air temperatures in the high 30's.

A variety of baits are used statewide, from minnows, worms, jigs, spoons, white grubs, mousy grubs down to such unorthodox baits as perch eyes, perch belly strips to semi cooked macaroni. All of these prove effective at times.

Old timers throughout the state all agree that first safe ice of the season is usually the best ice fishing of the year. Some unusual tactics employed by ice fishermen include chumming periodically in the hole with corn or canned dog food to attract minnows, throwing cracked eggshells or glitter used in decorating cakes, into the holes, which as they flutter to the bottom hopefully attract the game fish. Some anglers believe that cleaning the snow off the ice in about a 10 foot diameter permits more light to enter the water and attracts more fish. Even if this doesn't work the exertion will at least get you warm.

Scattered over every section of the state from Pittsburgh with its nearby North Park Lake, Cannonsburg Dam, Raccoon Creek Lake and Keystone Lake to the Philadelphia

area with its Levittown Lake, Scots Run Lake and Antietam Lake are hundreds of trout lakes which provide plenty of winter fishing sport. During late December as safe ice forms, hundreds of lakes across Pennsylvania become potential hot spots.

If you're planning a fishing trip in December the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Fisherman's Guide lists areas in almost every county where trout are just waiting to be caught. If a hunting trip is scheduled for this time, take along your fishing equipment and get in on operation Deep Freeze.

For myself, weekends I'm heading for Lake Wallenpaupack in Pike and Wayne Counties. It has miles and miles of shore line and 5670 fishable acres. I plan to walk the shoreline so long as there is open water and cast out with maybe a C.P. swing, a rapalla or even a red and white jig. Fishing for lunker trout in the 20 inch class and wall-eye which have moved close into shore is at its best in early December.

Waterways Patrolman Joe Bartley highly recommends Lake Wallenpaupack for this time of the year. Joe lives in Tafton (Zip-18464) and can be reached at 717-226-3508. Bait is available at local shops in the area and overnight accommodations are plentiful. Pennsylvania's record brown trout, a 33 inch 24 pounder came out of this lake in 1967. As an added bonus nearby Fairview Lake offers 195 acres of good trout fishing.



"WOULDN'T TOUCH IT WITH A TEN FOOT POLE!"

COMING . . .

WINTER FISHING

December marks the beginning of a whole new world of fishing in the Keystone State—it's the opening of winter fishing season. Open water this month usually provides a lot of good catches for anglers while the coming of ice a little later gives

fishermen a chance for some fruitful and enjoyable ice fishing. Check your regulations summary for the special laws that prevail during this time period.

FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA

Waterways Patrolman Jim Valantine of Huntingdon County has written a special Angler series that should provide fishermen with some good basic information about fishing and fishing methods in the Keystone State. It starts in the January

issue of the Angler and will be continued in following editions. Valantine, an above average fisherman himself, wrote the series to coincide with the many "Fishing Schools" conducted by Commission officers during the winter months.

THE MYSTERIOUS MON

Several years ago a plane disappeared in the Monongahela River. Although it would seem like an easy proposition to find a whole airplane lost in a river the size of the Mon—particularly when

the location it went down in was known—it's never been found. Pittsburgh writer Dennis O'Neil has written a story about it for the January issue of the Angler.

SNOW-MOBILING

Winter, snow, and ice have contributed to a whole new winter sport in the last few winters—snow mobiling. Jim Yoder, Pennsylvania Fish Commission visual aids man, has written a story

about it for the January issue of the Angler. Find out some of the things you can and can't do as well as some of the things you shouldn't try. It's a fast growing and interesting sport!

SIXTY FOUR PAGE SPECIAL

As a bonus to Angler readers plans are being made for a special April issue twice the size of our regular monthly editions! It will contain a number of "special" articles and stories as well as some advice on where to start off the season.

Hopefully it will also be the first of 36 issues to contain a new series of waterways maps now being prepared by the Commission's Conservation Education Division.

NEW LICENSES

December marks the end of the year—and the end of your 1968 fishing license. Don't forget to visit your local license issuing agent for a new one,

or use the license application on the rear cover of this issue of the Angler to order your 1969 tag.

CHRISTMAS

That's right! Don't forget Christmas. It's the season for giving and if any of your friends find fun by fishing or boating on Pennsylvania's waters then give them something they can enjoy all year

long—a subscription to the Pennsylvania Angler perhaps? For your convenience a special envelope has been inserted in this edition of the Angler for those wishing to make subscription Christmas gifts.

STARTING SOON WILL BE A NUMBER OF "FISHING SCHOOLS" CONDUCTED EACH WINTER BY PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION WATERWAYS PATROLMEN. NEW THIS YEAR FOR THE PROGRAMS WILL BE A SERIES OF WELL EQUIPPED DISPLAY BOARDS TO SHOW ANGLERS THE NUMEROUS KINDS OF AVAILABLE LURES AND EQUIPMENT. THEY'RE ALL PART OF . . .

Fishing FUNdamentals

by Jim Yoder

At first glance, the need for an educational program in the fine art of angling might be questionable. We've all heard, however, that old quotation, "20% of the fishermen catch 80% of the fish." Whether or not those percentages are accurate, they are indicative of the lopsided odds against the novice fisherman achieving reasonable success.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's instructional FUNdamentals of Fishing program is unique—to our knowledge, no other such program has ever been attempted on a statewide basis. Conducted by the District Waterways Patrolmen with the invaluable help of deputies, local fishing experts—some of whom are outdoor writers—and sporting goods dealers, these sessions have reached thousands of anglers—from beginners to old timers who thought there was nothing new to be learned. Regional Supervisors estimate that nearly 13,000 "students" were instructed last season.

Particularly interesting were some of the reasons given

for attending. "My husband and I are planning a fishing and camping trip this summer, something we've never done before. We want to learn all we can about fishing; what we'll need in tackle and how to use it," said one woman. A father of two boys, when queried, told me, "I've never fished but the kids have been coaxing to go fishing and I don't know the first thing about it!" "Are you getting anything from the course?" I asked. "Oh heck, yes," he said, "but every so often you folks mention something I don't understand—for one thing, what is a 'swivel'?"

Unbelievable? Not really. Those of us who have spent a number of years in the field will attest to the fact that considerable fishing tackle is grossly misused—a bait casting reel with 25 pound test braided line mounted on a fly rod being used to catch brook trout; an open faced spinning reel positioned atop the rod handle with its operator laboriously retrieving in reverse are very common sights along Pennsylvania waterways. One woman, whose husband

PFC VISUAL AIDS director Jim Yoder shows display to neighborhood gathering.



had gone upstream for awhile, complained upon his return, "That stuff in your tackle box is for the birds!" It seems she had cast out one of his floating bass plugs, let it set for over an hour, and "never got as much as a nibble!" In disgust, she reeled in the lure and stowed it away in the box. A northeastern Pennsylvania angler, having been advised that trout were hitting spinners in the lakes nearby, purchased an assortment and went fishing. One after the other, each pattern was cast out, let settle to the bottom, the rod then placed in a forked stick and our enthusiastic angler sat back to await the fireworks. Later, he cursed his friends, the dealer, and all other liars associated with fishing!

These are true, if infrequent and extreme, examples of some of the misapplication of fishing equipment. To a greater extent, however, many seemingly less important details, overlooked by the novice in his haste to get fishing, can rob a new angler of many of the thrills which could have been his.

Our training program centers around the **FUNDamentals of Fishing**. There is much in the program which will greatly improve a young angler's understanding and old timers, as previously stated, are more often than not surprised at what can be learned. The student gets a basic knowledge of "reading the water," fish habitat, the natural fish food preferences, the natural tendencies of some species—in short, he begins to learn to "think like a fish." Additionally, he learns how to properly use the tackle of his choice.

Probably no other sport has been so well provided for as fishing. Countless manufacturers throughout the state, as ardent anglers themselves, recognized a need for a "killer" lure and set out to produce it. Tried and tested to their final personal satisfaction, many of these most successful lures on the market today throughout the country are the product of some Pennsylvania angler who had a whim and stuck with it. Nationally, we have manufacturers that have been producing fishing tackle since most of us were kids (others were at it long before we were born!) together with successful newcomers in the art of fashioning the ever so versatile plastic.

Representatives of many tackle producers, aware of the scope of our instructional program, volunteered to provide equipment—in the interest of making the program more complete.

As a result of a number of conferences held with waterways patrolmen most active in the program, it was decided that new equipment displays should follow a species by species progression as does the actual teaching. Visual aids, slides, and demonstration equipment (rods, reels, lines, hooks, etc.) applicable to the species or species group under discussion, augment the instructor's tackle displays.

One display panel features conventional trout fishing tackle: fly line, leader, and forty-eight different fly patterns. Adaptable to either fly rod or spinning rod are light spinners, spoons and wobblers, miniature plugs, and assorted insect imitations in soft plastic.

Bass and walleye tackle are combined in another display since much of it is multi-use by virtue of their mutual habitat—referring here, naturally, to the smallmouth bass. The largemouth is not forgotten. Surface plugs, poppers,



ASSEMBLY of display boards required plenty of planning—and patience.

and hairbugs are featured along with conventional sub-surface plugs, spoons, spinners, jigs, and plastic artificials.

Tackle for the Pike Family: Muskellunge, Northern Pike and Pickerel is featured on a third display. Much of the terminal tackle here is simply a king sized version of what may be seen elsewhere within the displays.

Panfish, and all other species not specifically referred to elsewhere, are treated to a display of their own. Quite naturally, tackle displayed thereon is appropriately sized with additional emphasis on vivid coloration.

"What is a swivel?" Our fifth display board presents what we might term "auxiliary" equipment: swivels, snap-swivels, 3-way swivels, sinkers, bobbers and floats in a variety of sizes, shapes, and descriptions are featured here. A must for a session in still-fishing.

A sixth board, will be devoted to ice fishing. A removable tip-up (for demonstration purposes) and associated ice fishing tackle will comprise the display.

A seventh display, generously contributed by the Heddon Company, features a variety of lures categorized with respect to their running position in the water, i.e., floating, shallow running, deep running, etc.

During the day after day hole-drilling, wire twisting, etc., necessary for building the new kits our thoughts wandered—with a statistical twist. Being displayed statewide this year are 4,432 individual items, secured to 96 display panels with 1,456 dabs of epoxy glue, 7,115 pieces of wire (poked through 14,774 holes) and 544 screws and bolts!! To the above figure, add Heddon's 400 lure display spread over 16 more boards!

Helping with material for the new displays were such tackle manufacturers and suppliers as Fred Arbogast Co., Berkley & Co., Burke Flexo Co., Cortland Line Co., Creek Chub Bait Co., Creme Lure Co., Eppinger Daredevle, Falls Bait Co., Felmlee Fingerlings, Gareia, Heddon, Hildebrandt Co., Hoffschneider Corp., Johnson Reel Co., Louis Johnson Co., Kyper Lures, L & S Bait Co., Martin Reel Co., O. Mustad & Sons, Plastic Research and Development, Quarteroni Bros. Sporting Goods, Shakespeare Co., South Bend Tackle Co., Sheldon Mepps, Thomas Lures, Weber Tackle Co., Zambor's Sporting Goods, and Ken DePoe.

With this fine material, our patrolmen instructors will be extremely well prepared for the task ahead. "Student" fishermen attending "Fishing Schools" this winter should benefit immensely from these "live" displays. Perhaps they'll help equalize those lop-sided percentages given earlier!

BAITS FOR WINTER FISHING

If YOU'VE DECIDED TO JOIN the chilblain league and get in on the fun of winter fishing then here are some things you should know. You should already have warm clothing and some tackle that includes handlines and hooks, etc., and maybe you've heard rumors that fishermen are limiting out on nearby ponds. You're all set to go—the only deterrent being the lack of bait. And sometimes finding something suitable to use as bait seems like the only insurmountable hurdle.

Cheer up. Bait for ice fishing is neither lacking nor difficult to find. Insect-life, for example, stirs anew each spring, so it is obvious that life-forms continue to exist now, though it requires us to look for it in different places.

First place you might look is in corn fields outside of town. Insects such as grasshoppers, crickets and the like are here in egg-form now, but there are others more suited to our purpose, namely larvae or borers found in corn stubbles and old stalks still standing. These small worms, of creamy-white to tan color, are found by splitting open corn stalks, though this does not hold true for every stalk or every field. Farmers wish they had none. A quick search in several stalks reveals whether or not the field is infested. If none are found, search another field. Eventually you'll find some, and they are fine baits for winter fishing with trout, bluegills and perch biting readily on them.

During your walk to various corn fields, you'll quite likely pass near tall, dry, brittle stems of golden-rod. Many of these old stems have ball-like swellings mid-way in their length. Use your pocket knife to split these galls open to reveal small white golden-rod grubs inside. Break off a few handfuls of stems containing these swollen areas, keeping them intact until you reach the ice. Extract grubs as bait as needed. You'll find it necessary to put several on small trout hooks, but they have instant appeal to fish schooled below the ice-hole.



ICE FISHING on Pennsylvania's many lakes can be fun if you're properly prepared. You'll not only need the right equipment and warm clothing but also some baits suited to catching fish through the ice.

Old saw-dust and chip piles found at lumber mills or logging sites are another source of baits. Worms and grubs of the May and June beetles are often found deep within these chip piles. Some pick and shovel work will get through the frozen crust, then digging is fairly easy due to the warmth of the material caused by chemical and bacterial action.

Gather a supply of grubbers. They're dandy baits for winter, and likewise in early spring for trout and fallfish.

Perhaps you know of one or more wasp nests or "lanterns" hanging in nearby shade trees. Larvae and adults too, contained therein, are good ice-baits. Both are in a stupor from cold temperatures, but quickly thaw out when brought into heated garages or cabins. Be on the safe side by storing nests in large plastic bags with openings tied tightly shut. Once you are ice-fishing, open nests and extract grubs as needed.

You might be lucky enough to have a few worms remaining in a bucket stored in the basement. These are reliable winter baits, suitable for a variety of fish. If not,

you can often find some beneath compost piles or accumulations of leaves kept warm by bacteria and the decay process. Dig beneath this debris. You may discover a bonanza of bait.

Minnows are likewise available in springs, rills and brooks that do not freeze solid in winter. Bait wire-screen traps, either bought or home-made models, with bread crumbs, and lower into the stream. You'll catch all the minnows the law allows in a day or two for an ice-fishing trip. As you well know, minnows are great baits for trout, pike, pickerel, walleyes and perch. Keep minnows from freezing by placing the container in some large cardboard box packed with crumpled newspaper insulation.

Golden-grubs are still another excellent winter bait. These are small tannish-brown worms usually available at local grist mills and harbored beneath damp sacks of grain and, at times, in old grain itself. Millers are glad to be rid of them. They are likewise often sold in tackle-shops for as little as two or three for a penny. A quarter's worth lasts all day, unless fish feed ravenously which happens on occasion.

These are only a few of the many baits available in winter. You might like to investigate cocoons, or even cut strips of bacon.

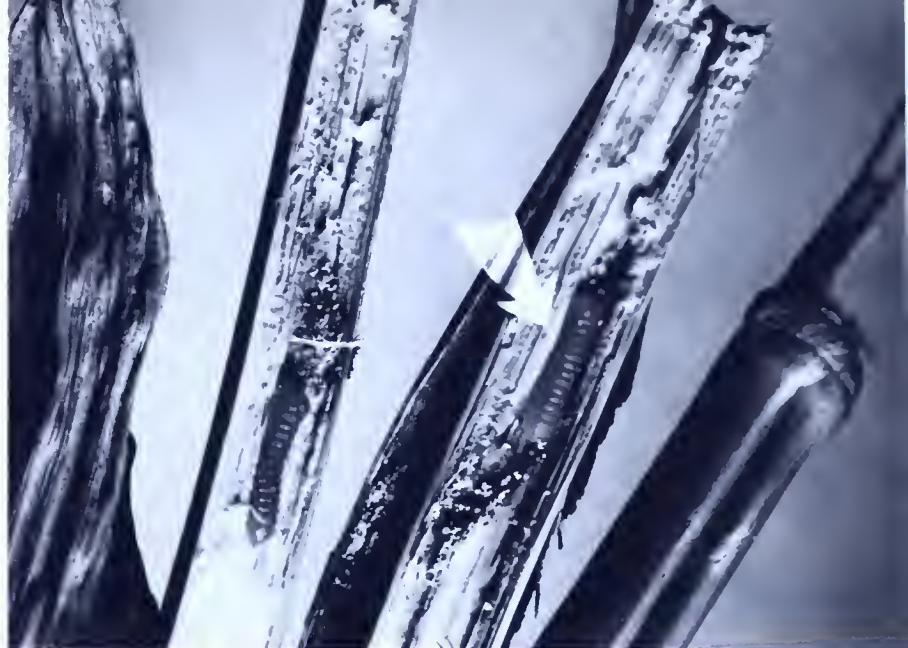
You might also consider including small spoons and trout flies as some fishermen do. One cannot suspend these lures through ice-holes and expect to attract passing fish unless they are moved or "jigged" in an up-and-down motion to make them appear alive. Then their shiny surfaces or colorful feathers will attract fish from afar as they glitter and dance in shafts of sunlight penetrating through the ice-hole. Even newer soft plastic worms work well too when "jigged" on hand lines.

Once you've caught the first fish, cut off fins, strips of belly skin and even the eyes to serve as bait. Some winter fishermen that I know go fishing with or without bait, knowing that after they catch the first one on, say, a spoon or fly, they will have a supply of cut bait for the entire day. They use this cut bait on "tip-ups" while they continue to jig small spoons or weighted flies in other holes off to one side.

Admittedly, the snow-clad outdoors gives the impression that baits are non-existent but it becomes clear as one explores the possibilities, that much is available. The point is to gather some and join the other chilblain league enthusiasts. Not much sense in letting others have all the fun. Outings on the ice are sure to become highlights of your winter.

Remember, all you need is a nominal amount of tackle. Handlines, sinkers and hooks will do, though you may want to enlarge on this assortment during the next trip out. Include an ice-chopper of some type. These tools vary so widely among winter fishermen that you'll come home with ideas for making one of your own. You may also want to copy or improve upon sled boxes or seats that you'll see being used.

One thing is certain. Your first trip on the ice will generate a great deal of enthusiasm for this winter sport. You may or may not catch your limit but it is a rare occasion when a few fish don't cooperate to make the trip interesting.



BORERS, found inside dry corn stalks, are good baits for winter.



GOLDEN GRUBS, found beneath sacks of moist grain in grist mills, are excellent baits for ice fishing.



SWOLLEN galls on golden rod stems contain small grubs. They're good winter baits.



ARTWORK—JANE KRUMRINE

Letters To The Hatchery

Each year thousands of school children visit Pennsylvania Fish Commission Hatcheries. Often, as part of their trip, they write “thank you” letters to the hatchery when they return to the classroom. Here are just six that were mailed to the Commission’s Pleasant Gap Station last spring by some of Pennsylvania’s younger residents following their classroom trip to the hatchery.

Selected by
George Magargel

Prepared by
Barbara Baum

Radio Park School
State College, PA
November 6, 1967

Dear Sirs,
We had a nice time.
It was very interesting
We still have some of
your eggs. But I do not
think they will hatch.
Sincerely
Debra,

Radio Park School
State College, Penna
November 6, 1967

Dear Sirs,
I am thank you for
showing us how you
take the egg away from
the fish. Also I am thank you
for taking us through
the fish hatchery showing
us how you hatch the eggs.
Also look on the back
Your friend
Dale Figaro

Radio Park School
State College, Penna
November 6, 1967

Dear Sirs,
Thank you for taking us
through the building that had
the eggs in it and show-
ing us the fish. We liked
all the fish.
Sincerely
Mark Malinoski

Dear Sirs,

I like to come again
to see the fish hatchery
they for pretty fish.
I like to have one

Paul Florey
Grade 4 Room 2

Radio Park School
State College
November 6, 1967

Radio Park
State College
Nov 7, 1967

Dear Sirs,
My age is tried to get out.
I Clean ther fool
every day.
Sincerely your friend
Darlene.

Radio Park School
Circleville, Ohio
State College, Pennsylvania
November 2, 1967

Dear Gentleman,
Thank you for letting us come
to visit you. I enjoyed it very much.
The part I liked best was when you
mixed the fish. I thought it looked
like making an omelet and it's all beaten
up.

One of your observing
friends,
Jane Humaine



Notes FROM THE STREAMS

illustrations by Paul Sowers, Allegheny County District Warden

WITHOUT A LICENSE

■ Wilbur Williams of McKean County and I were having our lunch at a restaurant near Kinzua Dam when a fellow from Ohio and his wife came up to us and asked what a non-resident license would cost. We explained he could either get a five day tourist license or a regular non-resident license, and what the costs were. After they thanked us they sat down at the next table and his wife said, "Honey, we may as well just keep on fishing without a license." The husband's face turned three different colors and he told her to keep her big mouth shut. Williams and I had quite a chuckle out of this and as the couple were leaving the restaurant, I said to them, (in a kidding manner) "it's not very often that people come up to us and tell us that they are fishing without a license." He laughed and said they'd go find the nearest issuing agent.—*Waterways Patrolman* **BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).

SURPRISE CARP

■ Dwight Lettie, President of the Central Division, Federation of Sportsmen Clubs found a new fishing thrill recently. While fishing Mahoning Creek near the village of Hamilton, he tied into a twenty-five inch carp. This, the first carp he had ever caught, gave him quite a battle. Mrs. Lettie can now be found most every evening at work over a hot stove making dough-balls.—*Waterways Patrolman* **JAMES F. DONAHUE** (Jefferson County).

NO ANSWER

■ I was explaining the cross breeding of the golden trout and the rainbow trout to get the palomino trout, when a youngster asked what you would get if you crossed the hellbender and the eel. This I couldn't answer.—*Waterways Patrolman* **CLOYD W. HOLLEN** (Blair County).

FISHING SALESMAN

■ Mr. Ray Figard a salesman for Sears, Roebuck and Co. of Bedford, is an exceptionally good salesman, besides being an expert fly fisherman. A day or so before trout season last spring Mr. Figard was exercising his ability as a salesman, and doing a little thinking about the opening day as he sold a lady an automatic clothes washer. When the service men delivered the washer, they discovered that there was no running water in the house! An automatic washer without water—this doesn't stop a good salesman, who has his mind on fly fishing. He came home with a nice catch of trout on opening day.—*Waterways Patrolman* **WILLIAM E. McILNAY** (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

THREE CREWS

■ The Bucktail Rod and Gun Club has about completed a new 50-foot raceway for the raising of trout for the county streams. One evening when help was needed to

assist a mason lay blocks the president was skeptical about having enough show up for work—to his surprise 25 men and boys arrived. That evening one crew built a small stream improvement dam, one crew worked on the raceway and another worked on the new rifle range.—*Waterways Patrolman* **STANLEY G. HASTINGS** (Cameron County).

NEXT TO DOUGHBALLS I LIKE???

■ Special Warden Steve Wasler and I were preparing for motorboat patrol one day when we noticed large schools of carp foraging for food in the Beaver River. Steve said, "I believe they're feeding on cicada falling from that tree." We decided to check. On closer inspection, I turned to Steve and said, "Would you believe mulberries?"—*Waterways Patrolman* **DONALD PARRISH** (Beaver County).

SPEARED WALLEYE

■ Recently Andrew Hutchison, National Park Ranger, apprehended two persons on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River with a walleye which weighed 9½ pounds and measured 30½ inches in length. They had shot the walleye with a mechanical spear gun with the aid of skin diving equipment. Since this occurred on the New Jersey side of the river, the two were turned over to the New Jersey authorities for prosecution. They turned out to be Pennsylvania residents.—*Waterways Patrolman* **WALTER J. BURKHART** (Monroe County).

SHE'S THE EXPERT!

■ At the Elk County Anglers Club Meeting one of the members was kidding another member. It seems that one of our fly fisherman's wife ties flies and sells them—at least that's what we were led to believe. But after some questioning we found out that the husband uses his wife's custom tied flies, and he sells his own creations because his are not as good as hers.—*Waterways Patrolman* **BERNARD D. AMBROSE** (Elk County).



The Sea Bag

by Bob Miller

A column of news devoted to the activities of boat clubs, flotillas, power squadrons and items of interest to Pennsylvania's boaters

WATER SKIING

"Water skiing is not for me, it's for the youngsters!"

Faced with this kind of response, Jim Baum, president of the Pequea Ski 'n Crutch Club, might just come up with this reply, "You're all wet. Water skiing isn't for any particular age group, anyone can enjoy it."

"However," warned Jim, "you must consider your age. Water skiing can become quite strenuous so you've got to keep in shape."

"Don't expect to take off some nice warm afternoon and hang on to the end of a tow rope for any length of time. Instead work up to it with a series of short tows with plenty of relaxation in between. Just don't overdo it the first couple of times."

(Jim's remarks came a few weeks after a skier, in his 40's, apparently suffered a heart attack and drowned on the lower Susquehanna River.)

The Pequea club was formed about six years ago and just this past summer began rejuvenating its activities, under Jim's direction, with two water ski shows, both based on a Safe Boating theme.

Both shows, the first of this type on the lower Susquehanna for years, were well received although Jim had to admit that it's sometimes hard to find a suitable location along the river shore for such an activity.

For one thing, he said, the public wants to be able to see what's going on so you've got to find a place where you can perform reasonably close to shore yet avoid shallow water, rocks and submerged tree stumps.

Secondly, the acts must follow one another with as little wasted time in between as possible.

Jim served as president of the club during 1968 with Larry Weaver as vice president, Betty Hiesey, secretary; and Vickie Baum, treasurer.

His hopes for the '69 season include more shows, more active members, colorful costumes and entertainment to provide the general public with the type of show they came prepared to see.

NEW SKI CLUB ON LAKE CLARKE

Last summer also marked the start of another ski club in Lancaster County, its second, known as the Lake Clarke Water Ski Club.

Spearheaded by Charles "Chip" Debus, the organization has nearly 50 charter members ranging in age from eight months to 48 years. The eight month old doesn't ski yet but is an associate member.

The associate membership was established for the benefit of the parents, and others, who may not be interested in actual skiing but, instead, like to take an active part in promoting the organization and aiding in carrying out the variety of activities that are planned.

One of the first projects, and several parents showed up to wield hammers and paint brushes, was construction of a ski jump. When completed, it was towed into position on an out-of-the-way section of the river where it was put to good use during the remainder of the summer.

Chip said two shows are in the planning stage for 1969. One is set for the July 4 weekend and the other during the latter part of August or early September.

Jim Dahm, of York, is the first president; "Chip" Debus is vice president, and Bea Price, secretary-treasurer.

Members of the Lake Clarke club come from Reading, Lancaster, York, Columbia and points in between. In fact, membership is open to anyone.

NEW FLOTILLA CHARTERED

Lebanon Flotilla 55, U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, the ninth flotilla in the Fifth Division, USCGA, Southern Area, received its charter during a dinner meeting at Hershey.

Lt. Cmdr. John R. Massman, U. S. Coast Guard, Gloucester City, N.J., made the presentation. Earl C. Snyder, past commander, Lancaster Flotilla 52, was MC.

Officers of the new flotilla are: Richard J. Braungard, Myerstown, commander; Charles H. Stetler, Palmyra, vice commander; Everett A. Sanders, Lebanon, training officer; Ralph S. Lutz, Lebanon, public education officer; Richard Berger, Cleona, publications officer; George W. Swanger Jr., Lebanon, secretary-treasurer; Harold G. Donough, Palmyra, Courtesy Motorboat Examination officer; H. Boyd Hess, Palmyra, operations officers; and Harry J. Sauley, Palmyra, public relations officer.

BUY PROPER SIZE JACKETS

A small aluminum fishing craft, overloaded with six persons including two or three youngsters, became swamped on the Susquehanna River this past summer and one child, about three years old, drowned.

This tragedy, the climax of what was to have been a joyful Sunday afternoon outing, revealed that many parents are reluctant to purchase the proper size life jacket for their youngster.

Instead, said one marina operator, they apparently would rather buy something two or three sizes too large and let the child grow into it.

These are the same parents who would frown on buying shoes two or three sizes too large, or even clothing for that matter, simply because their child would look ridiculous.

However, as far as their child's life is concerned, they would rather trust to luck and an oversized life jacket.

CUSHIONS DOUBLE AS DISTRESS SIGNAL

That International Orange life jacket or cushion you have on board makes an excellent distress signal in case of an emergency. Simply wave it back and forth.



**FISHERMEN CAN STILL
FIND PLENTY TO DO AT
THIS TIME OF YEAR. OPEN
WATER (AND SOON ICE)
PROVIDE TWO KINDS OF ...**

WINTER FISHING

by Jim Stinson

WINTER FISHING? Listed as a question, it might make a lot of Pennsylvania anglers pause and reflect—some dubious and others who have tried it, thoroughly convinced.

For example, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Opossum Creek Lake, located in Lower Frankford Township in Cumberland County has become a mecca for winter trout enthusiasts. It comes in two phases which doesn't necessarily mean just ice fishing.

Phase one then could be called the open water stage—from December 1 to freeze-up. A generous stocking had been completed prior to the opening day of the winter season last year. The weather remained mild and all was in readiness for another go at the trout. December first

CLARENCE GLESSNER (left) of Shippensburg ready to release one of the many trout he caught while fly fishing the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Opossum Lake last winter before ice capped the lake. Below, fishermen Jack Bonitz and Don Bowman, both of Harrisburg, hold a couple of trout in front of their portable ice fishing shanty on the same lake.



came and fishermen arrived in numbers, but action was slow. Bait fishermen took a few and the hardware boys with their spin rigs picked up a few more. And what was more frustrating was the fact that the trout could be often seen circling in the area of the boat mooring section of the lake. What to do?

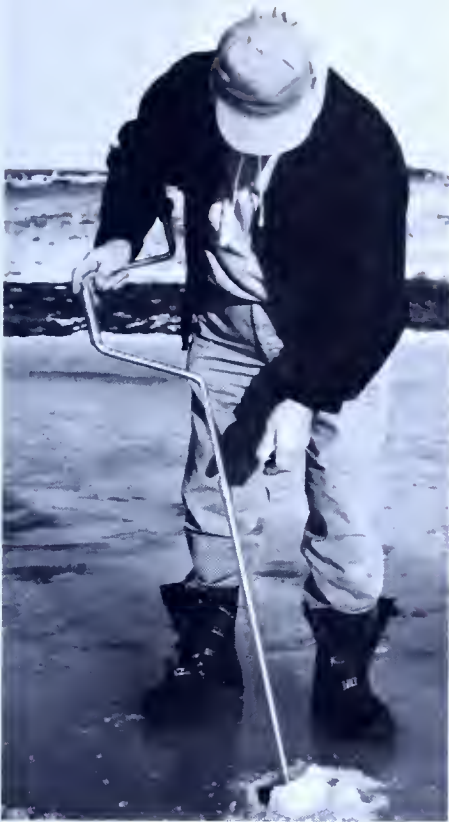
A couple of fishermen from Shippensburg—Clarence Glessner and Walter Howland, by name, provided the answer. No bait—no spinners—instead it was the long rod, the thin leader and a small wet fly. The men chose their spots and went at their sport with a professional touch, oblivious to the curious stares and doubtful glances of their fellow fishermen. Soon both rods were bent and two trout were landed and released. This process was repeated again and again from that day until colder weather put an end to the conventional fly fishing by covering the lake with a skim of ice.

Meantime the word spread and others unwrapped fly rods and for a period of several days the trout were active on small muskrat nymphs, black ants, and similar patterns while things still remained slow in the bait and spinning departments. Then the bottom fell out of the glass, or as nearly as it came to that in this area, and phase one was over.

Now it was time for phase two, the ice stage. It wasn't long before the lake had a four-inch safety layer and a few days later more than twice this amount of ice covered the surface. Word spread that ice fishing was a going thing on Opossum Lake. The cold but sunny days saw the lake dotted with fifty, sixty and occasionally a hundred or more fishermen crouched over tip-ups, jigging rods, and make-shift ice rods.

And finally the bait fishermen came into their own. Minnows proved most successful with earthworms, meal worms and grubs all taking fish. Anglers, using jigs and lures designed for ice fishing, found the fishing slow and unsteady. An apparent switch had been made from phase one.

The relatively heavy fishing pressure seemed to be made up of anglers out of the immediate area. A spot check of fishermen showed home addresses in York, Hanover, Chambersburg, Harrisburg, Camp Hill, Shippensburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg and a few from the Newville region.



GETTING READY for some ice fishing is Harry Bentzel of Mechanicsburg who cuts hole through ice at Opossum Lake.



TIP UPS STRUNG across part of the lake give angler a number of chances at some winter trout catches.



ROWLAND PAGE of York oversees one of his tip-ups. Earlier he lost a muskel-lunge while ice fishing there.

Nice trout fell to the tip-up rigs. Mark Bentzel, Mechanicsburg, landed a 17 inch rainbow with a minnow as bait. It was his first ice fishing experience.

Rowland Page and his son Joe from York lost a musky while trying to bring it up through the small opening in the ice. They were back every day after that but no more muskies. However, several limits of trout did reward them for their efforts. Page, incidentally, set his tip-ups in a straight line from shallow to deep water with a variety of baits. Minnows proved the most successful and a large one on a strong line was always set for the return of the muskie.

Evers Shank, daughter Beth, and Rogers Herr, all from Carlisle, proved the exception to the minnow rule. Their successes came with earth worms as bait. The shallow, upper end of the lake was their favorite spot and paid off with several nice rainbows and a couple of brook trout over several visits.

Trout weren't the only species caught. A group of young fishermen from Harrisburg located a school of bluegills in mid-lake. Flags were popping up all over the place

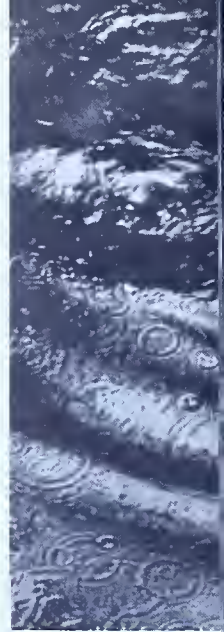
and a sack full of the small but delicious pan fish was lugged off the ice at the end of the afternoon. An occasional bass was caught and at least one other fisherman reported another losing battle with a muskie.

A carnival atmosphere began to prevail and the lake looked like any other lake miles to the north. Tents appeared and Jack Bonitz and Don Bowman, both of Harrisburg, set up their slick five-sectioned ice shanty complete with heater. Ice fishing was becoming a way of life in an area that a year or two ago would have had fishermen scoffing at the possibility of such an activity.

The final product of the two phases of Opossum Lake—like a lot of other Pennsylvania Lakes—proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that there could be fine winter fishing in an area not normally noted for it. Open water or closed, there was something for all anglers to enjoy. Fly fishermen didn't have to quit because the calendar said it was the wrong time of the year. The bait fishermen had their innings when the ice covered the lake. And a lot of people got quite a bit more mileage out of their fishing licenses and tackle than they ever did before.

ANGLERS along shoreline of Opossum Lake early during winter season before ice forms.





MAINTENANCE SUPERVISOR Dan O'Neill and marine service specialist Dean Klinger check plans for Middle Creek Dam prior to underwater inspection (above). Klinger then begins a descent into old power pit (above center) and gets ready to make inspection dive (above right) while (below) Dan O'Neill and Louis Winnicki discuss possible gate depths while Klinger waits below.

Keeping PFC Public Facilities In

Operating Order Can Sometimes Be . . .

WET WORK

Each year thousands of Pennsylvania residents as well as non-residents use the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's numerous public facilities. Some stop at an access area only long enough to take a look at (or a few pictures of) the beautiful waterside scenery. Many others bring boats for an afternoon's cruise on one or more of the many waterways. Of course, many bring along fishing outfits and catch a stringer of their favorite species of Pennsylvania fish.

Keeping the Commission's many facilities in operating order for this increasing public use is a big job and occasionally requires some unusual maintenance measures.

Such was the case this fall when plans were made to check the breastwork and gates of the Middle Creek Dam in Snyder County. The dam creates a 62 acre impoundment (known to many area residents as Musser Dam) and provides some good fishing for a variety of species. The area was purchased in 1956 by the Commission. As a former power dam, gates which were used to control the flow through the turbines had not been used for a long time. Maintenance called for underwater inspection of the gates as well as the dam breast prior to some planned work.

Called in to help with the project was marine technical services specialist Dean Klinger of the Commission's Marine Services Division. A former watercraft safety officer with a varied background in boating and water oriented activities Klinger climbed into scuba diving equipment and proceeded to make the necessary underwater examinations of the facility.

Meanwhile, unscheduled cloudbursts didn't slow up the operation as maintenance supervisor Dan O'Neill and repairmen Ed Hartman and Louis Winnicki began disassembling and cleaning the mechanical drives of the gate controls.

A few hours after inspection started a drain was opened and, the water pulled from the turbine supply reservoir and the facility was ready for any necessary additional work.





TOM EGGLER
Editor
Pennsylvania Angler

HEAVY RAIN DIDN'T HALT inspection as O'Neill and Hartman feed line to Klinger who prepares to make second dive (above). Gears used to control gates had to be dismantled, scrubbed and lubricated prior to inspection dives (below).

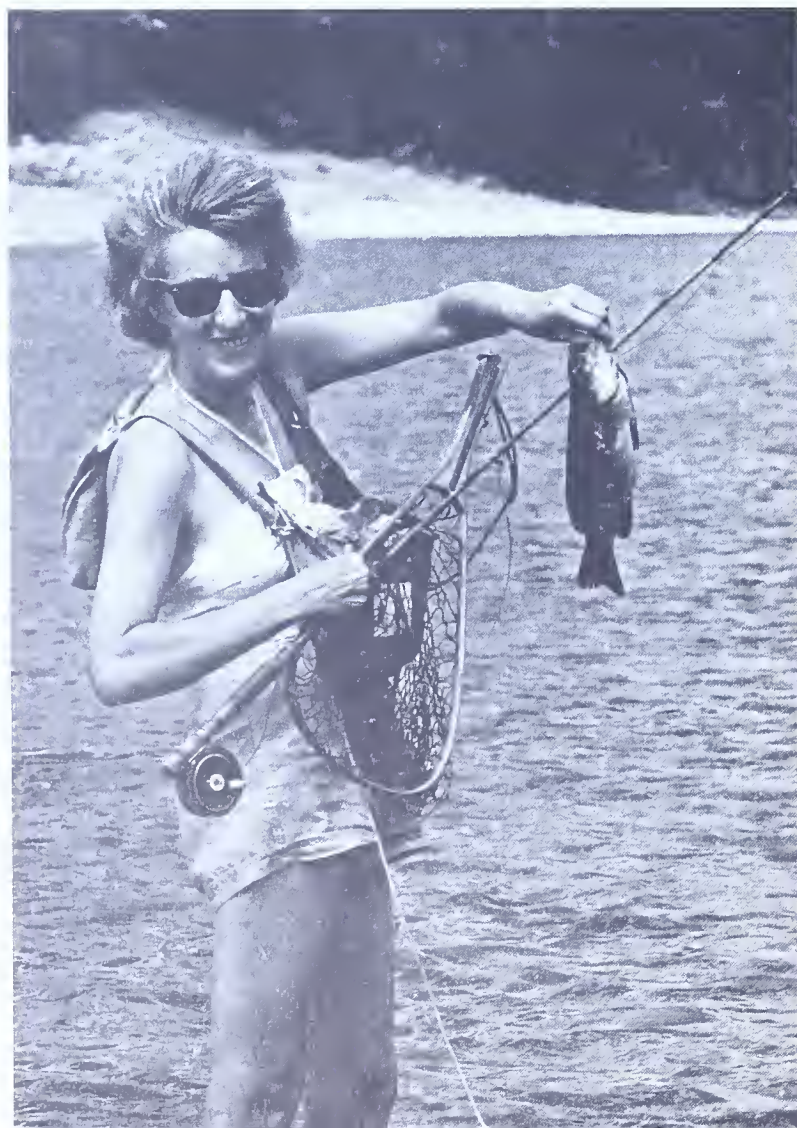


FLY TYING/CHAUNCY K. LIVELY

The Hair Crawdad

THE CRAYFISH IS ONE OF OUR MOST COMMON fresh water crustacea. A cousin of the salt water lobster, he is the same culinary delight to foraging fish of all kinds that the lobster is to humans. Crayfish are at home in most fresh water lakes and streams and they are particularly plentiful in our bass rivers, where the smallmouth feed on them extensively.

Soft shell crayfish are the prize of the bait fisherman



who is lucky enough to find them for he considers them the bait supreme. The soft shell condition is brought about by periodic moulting, when the crayfish sheds its outer skin, and apparently it is particularly succulent at this time. But bass eat hard shells and soft shells alike and the powerful digestive processes of the smallmouth have no problem coping with the armor plate of the hard shell variety. Certainly the requirements of an artificial crayfish do not include making a distinction between soft shells and hard shells.

Crayfish are particularly active in shallow water in the evening and after dark and the artificial should be capable of being fished in thin water without hanging up. The Strawman-type of deer hair body used in the "Crawdad" is sparse enough to sink, yet it has enough buoyancy to sink very slowly. The use of orange polar bear hair with grizzly bear hair as claws admits to a predominance of orange in the color makeup of crayfish. The stiffness of bear hair, coupled with a unique method of positioning the direction of the hair, keeps the claws in a semi-spread attitude when retrieved. The crayfish is a back-swimmer, using his rear abdominal plates as flippers for locomotion. The bucking, kicking motion of the prototype is difficult to achieve in the artificial but a sharp twitching retrieve simulates the general action and bass find it attractive.

The "Crawdad" fishes much like a conventional bass bug, except that when being used with a floating fly line it fishes just under the surface, where strikes can be seen. During the day, when bass are not cruising, I like to fish the Crawdad across current to midstream boulders. Often good bass can be teased out of their hiding places when they are not actively feeding. During early morning and evening hours watch for foraging bass in shallow water along the shoreline.

Bass cruising in the shallows can be as shy as trout and if the water is clear a cast directly over a fish will often spook him. Here the trick is to false cast the "Crawdad" to crack the moisture out of it and lay it down softly well above the bass, just as you would fish a dry fly to a rising trout. Allow the artificial to float with the current until it is near the fish, then give it a sharp twitch with the rod tip. This makes it duck under the surface and a bass will often pounce on it as it breaks through the surface film.

Good work can be done with a sinking line, too, when bass are in deep water. But if you want your "Crawdad" to sink quickly and run deep, use a leader no longer than four feet. The buoyancy of the lure is such that if a long leader is used, the line sinks properly but the leader angles upward toward the surface until the lure is directly downstream. With the shorter leader the sunken line pulls the lure under more promptly.

It's easy to make the "Hair Crawdad" and it is light enough to make casting a pleasant proposition with an ordinary bugging outfit. But best of all it has bass appeal and that's the most important criterion a lure can have.

Bass foraging in shallow water are duck soup for the "Crawdad."

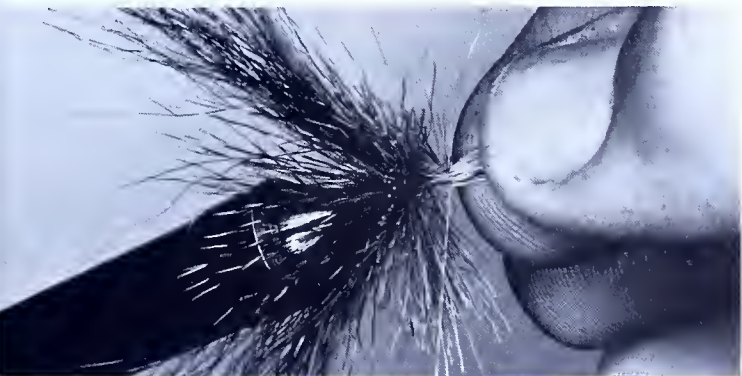


Tying the Hair Crawdad:

1.—Fix a size #4 hook in the vise and tie in size A Nymo thread just ahead of bend. Bind on a bunch of orange-dyed polar bear hair with tips of hair extending over eye of hook. Then tie on an equal bunch of brown grizzly bear hair over the polar bear hair. Hair should be about twice the length of hook shank.



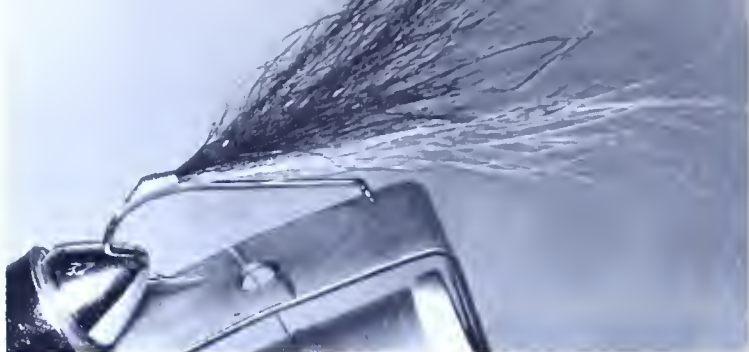
3.—(Top view) Divide hair into two equal parts and bend each half outward, away from each other, at right angles to hook shank. Make a close spiral wind of thread of about 3/16" around the base of hair on each side, still maintaining the top and bottom position of grizzly and polar bear hair. Bend hair back to 45 degree angle, with tips pointing slightly upward. Half-hitch thread just forward of hair base. Coat windings with cement to lock position of hair. Hair now represents claws of crayfish.



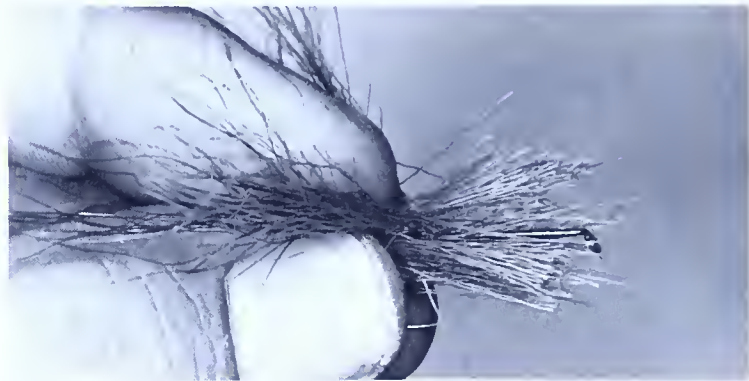
5.—(Top view) Cut a small bunch of deer body hair, about the thickness of a match stick, and lay it along the far side of hook shank. Holding butts of hair with right hand, take a turn of thread around hair and hook and tighten, causing hair tips to stand out at right angles.



7.—(Top view) Repeat step six until eye of hook is reached. Four or five small bunches of hair should fill hook if spaced properly. This is a Strawman-type body, tied horizontally instead of vertically and the general appearance should be of overlapping x's. Whip finish thread at eye of hook and apply head cement.



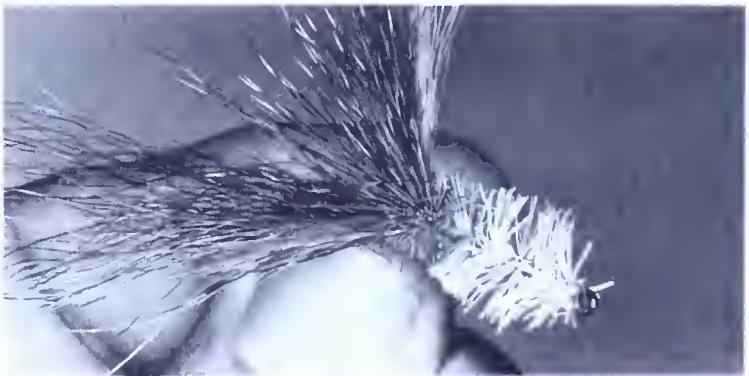
2.—Trim hair butts on a bevel at bend of hook and cover trimmed butts with tying thread.



4.—(Side view) Cut a medium size bunch of deer body hair (natural color) from hide and grasp tips of hair with left hand. Force butts of hair over base of claws so that hair surrounds hook with butts facing hook eye, as shown. Still maintaining firm grip with left hand, take two loose turns of thread around hair just forward of claw base and pull thread tight, causing hair butts to flare. Tips of hair should now cover windings at claw base. Spiral thread forward with four close winds and half-hitch.



6.—(Top view) Pull hair butts to other side of hook shank and make criss-cross windings around hair. Spiral thread forward four turns and half-hitch.



8.—Trim body hair to this shape and the Hair Crawdad is completed.

THIRD AND FOURTH CLASSES OF H. R. STACKHOUSE TRAINING SCHOOL

- FOURTH CLASS -



JAMES E. ANSELL
Lawrence-Mercer Co. Dist.



JAMES R. CARTER
Erie Co. Dist.



EDWARD W. MANHART
Luzerne Co. Dist.



JOHN E. STEPANSKI
Dauphin Co. Dist.



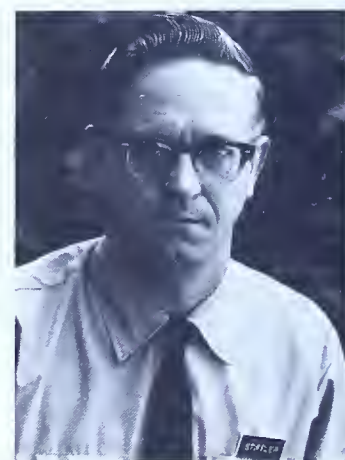
WARREN L. BEAVER
Western Crawford Co. Dist.



ROBERT E. FASCHING
Lackawanna Co. Dist.



FRANK SCHILLING
Philadelphia Co. Dist.



ALLEN STIFFLER
Indiana Co. Dist.



EDWARD W. BROWN
Clearfield Co. Dist.



ROGER W. HARVEY (Res.)
Adams-North York Co. Dist.



JAMES R. SMITH
Allegheny Co. Dist.



WILLIAM C. SWAB
Somerset Co. Dist.

Pennsylvania boaters and fishermen will probably be meeting (or have met) some of the men pictured on these two pages—they're the most recent Waterways Patrolmen graduated from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's H. R. Stackhouse Fishery and Conservation Watercraft Safety School.

Shown on page 20 (opposite) are the twelve members of the fourth class graduated from the school just this September. On this page (below) are the men who graduated as the third class of officers from the training center only last November.

Future issues of the Angler will carry pictures of the Commission's other waterways officers.

- THIRD CLASS -



JOSEPH K. HOUCK
Lehigh Co. Dist.



GEORGE W. KANN
Sullivan Co. Dist.



CLAUDE M. NEIFERT
NE Watercraft Safety Officer



PAUL F. SWANSON
Centre Co. Dist.



GEORGE R. JONES
Warren Co. Dist.



WILLIAM E. MANTZELL
Washington-Green Co. Dist.



DONALD PARRISH
Beaver Co. Dist.



JOHN W. WEAVER
Northampton Co. Dist.



JAY B. JOHNSTON
Bucks Co. Dist.



ANTHONY MURAWSKI
Cambria Co. Dist.



EUGENE SCOBEL
Butler Co. Dist.



AMMON ZIEGENFUS
Berks Co. Dist.

continued from page 3

Leaky Boots—

and grandchildren may be able to enjoy true sport fishing for trout.

Ronald S. Kommer, Darlington

I have read your letter of interest and must admit that at one time I, too, had very similar ideas as you do.

First, I would like to note that it is far more difficult to tell the species of trout apart than those species you mentioned in your letter. The trout family does have a few characteristics that overlap. For instance, I have seen brown trout with vermiculations on their backs the same as brook trout. I have seen brook trout with no red spots and little marking on their backs. These are very similar to lake trout. I have seen brown trout so heavily spotted that they resemble rainbow trout; rainbow trout with such large spots that they appeared at first glance to be brown trout. On top of all this confusion, the environment and food the trout eat determine, to a large extent, their basic color and appearance. Lake run rainbow and brown trout for instance, are very, very silver in certain areas. Brook and brown trout from a fertile limestone stream are often very heavily pigmented. I believe it would be very unfair to expect the occasional angler to distinguish species when we old-timers have to take a second look to be sure.

You noted that freshly stocked trout are very stupid. This is probably quite true, but you might have also added that any trout which has never been fished over is stupid. This includes trout in virgin lakes. Legal trout planted in the fall of the year, after trout season closes, are usually caught the following year on the first day. Staying in the stream does nothing to make them any wiser or more wary. I admit that we aim for a high return of trout, since trout cost a goodly sum to plant. If we had only a 25% return on stocked fish, then the cost of planting fish would be four times the cost of a 100% return. Of course we never reach a 100% return, but we attempt to make our stocking an economical venture.

I don't believe we have the right to waste three-quarters of the fishermen's money in trout stocking programs. We must be concerned with economics.

I am very happy to hear you enjoyed our fish-for-fun areas around the state and also the fly-fishing areas. I would like to point out that we have found it necessary to stock at intervals all during the year in the fish-for-fun areas. If we don't, the catches drop off, either because the fish are lost in one manner or another, or they become so highly educated they cannot be taken with artificial baits.

Even in streams with a good sustaining population of trout, over 90% of the fish are stocked fish. In actuality, the toughest fishing is not on our fish-for-fun areas, or our fly-fishing only areas, but on the open stretches of some of our better trout streams. I don't feel there is any stigma

attached to fishing in open waters for trout because these educated fish are the most difficult to catch and present a challenge to the best of anglers.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission does attempt to provide fishing for people with different desires and we might say "what the people demand." Just as you enjoy the fish-for-fun or fly-fishing only stretches, some people enjoy fishing the heavily stocked areas of the southeast or the southwest. Not necessarily because they prefer fishing there, but because it is the only available place they can fish in the evenings. However, these people do "demand" fishing; and we as a government agency do our best to furnish these fish, just as we do our best to provide the type of areas you desire.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the "mob scenes" are due to the good fishing that has developed with our stocking program. We wish we had more water so that we could spread out the anglers, but we cannot create streams and, in very few instances, can we create trout lakes because of the climatic conditions or sources of the water.

I am very interested in your first recommendation, but I think it would destroy the original concept of fish-for-fun areas. If we lower the trophy length to 15 to 16 inches, then we might as well lower it to 9 or 10 inches. I think it is quite obvious that the Fish Commission could not afford to stock all 15 to 16 inch fish. I don't believe those who fish-for-fun are trying to prove their skills to anyone; but, rather, they go there because they feel they can catch a few fish.

In your second recommendation, I think it can be summarized by saying that if we confuse the regulations as you mentioned, people would quit fishing in disgust. The effort to understand and comply with what you mentioned, would be very difficult. In addition, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is very much involved in teaching people to fish. Fishing schools are held all over the state each winter and spring.

In answer to your third recommendation, the reason you caught 180 fish in one week is not because the areas you fished were that productive, but because the Fish Commission had stocked these areas heavily with trout. I might note that we are now planning devices to clean up the effluent from the hatcheries.

I do not wish this letter to sound as if it is a rebuttal to everything you say, but only to show you that there are many different aspects to consider. It is easy to produce good trout fishing, but it is the varied interests of the anglers which complicate the methods.

In addition to all our hatchery programs, the Fish Commission intends to build a program whereby people can fish unstocked trout. This so called wilderness program will soon be considered by the Commission, and I am sure you will read about the details in the local news release.

I hope I have outlined a few ideas for you and that you will give them your full consideration.

Keen Buss, Chief, Division of Fisheries

A PFC SALUTE TO SOME
ACTIVE OUTDOORSMEN

Butler County's Junior Conservation School



OUTDOORSMEN WHO BACK UP THEIR interest in conservation by contributing time and effort toward a better future aren't always easy to find. But Western Pennsylvania's Butler County isn't lacking active outdoorsmen who contribute their services to operating a Junior Conservation School in the county each summer.

It all started in 1956 with a class of 15 boys from various parts of the county. Numbers attending have varied from year to year. In 1968, 27 spent a week at the camp. The school itself is the result of efforts of the Butler County Sportsmens' Conservation Council, an organization of affiliated clubs in the county. The grounds of a member club—



RETREAT CEREMONY at the Butler County Conservation Camp during the 1968 training session, above, while to the left a sign marks the entrance to the Butler City Hunting & Fishing Club grounds where the school is held.

photos by R. J. BIELO, PFC Executive Director

the Butler City Hunting and Fishing Club—are used as the training center.

Beginning at 7:00 A.M. each day (6:30 on Friday) the boys receive training on a variety of outdoor topics from a number of different instructors.

Included on the program are such things as the identification of many of Pennsylvania's birds, animals, reptiles, fish, trees, and plants. Natural history and its connection with conservation are also explained.

In addition the boys also may learn the basics of canoe handling and boating safety; shooting and hunter safety;

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FISHING INSTRUCTION is included on the training agenda of the camp. Centered in the picture at the left are Ken Weitzel and Len Green of the camp and Eugene Scoble, Pennsylvania Fish Commission representative. In the picture on the right boys attending the school are shown along the pond where fishing and boating instructions are held.



SPEAKER

Delegates to the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs annual fall meeting in Harrisburg this September heard National Wildlife Federation president Dr. Donald J. Zinn speak on the values and need for conservation education programs in the nation's educational system. Zinn stressed the need for the country's young people to know and understand the environment in which they live and the things they can do to manage and conserve the nation's resources.

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Junior Conservation School

swimming and first aid procedures; forest protection and forest fire prevention; soil conservation measures, tree planting and other outdoor conservation topics.

Instructors come from a number of walks of life, but all are expert in the field they teach and each contributes his time to the program.

The Council, a member of the Northwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, is made up of the following clubs: Boyers Sportsmen's Association, Breakneck Beagle Club, Butler City Hunting and Fishing Club, Evans City Sportsmen's Club, Harrisville Deer Hunters Association, Mars Rod and Gun Club, Moraine Conservation and Sports Club, Oneida Bowhunter's, Polenta Sportsmen's Club, Richland Sportsmen's Association, Saxonsburg District Sportsmen's Club, Slippery Rock Sportsmen's Club, Tarentum District Sportsmen's Club, Western Pennsylvania Coon and Fox Hunters Association, Zelienople-Harmony Sportsmen's Club and the C.L.B. Hunting and Fishing Club. Also, during 1968, two non-affiliated clubs participated. They were the Butler Kiwanis Club and the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Chairman of the school is Leonard A. Green, one of western Pennsylvania's most active outdoorsmen and currently president of the Northwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Aides in 1968 were two other well known area sportsmen, Ken Weitzel and Hubert Ferguson.



RETIREES

Arthur L. Walker, long time Indiana County District Officer for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has retired after 22 years of service. Walker, 62, was commended by fellow employees and sportsmen's clubs of the area at a banquet held late in September in Indiana. The well known officer was presented a Certificate of Honorable Retirement on behalf of the Commission by Law Enforcement Division Chief Harold Corbin (left). Other gifts and tributes were paid the retiree by fellow officers of the region as well as by area sportsmen's organizations.

Since the program was initiated over 300 boys have attended the sessions. Of that number 22 are now either working in the conservation field or are training for it.

Boys attending the school are picked from different areas of the county and are sponsored by member clubs. Each club is allowed a quota of two for each summer's session.

GRADUATION SPEAKER

Dr. H. B. Charmbury, secretary of Mines and Mineral Industries, was guest speaker at graduation exercises for the fourth class of officers to go through the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's H. R. Stackhouse Training School.

Dr. Charmbury, well known for his contributions toward cleaning up Pennsylvania's waters, spoke to the class and those attending the ceremonies of Pennsylvania's steps toward even greater improvement of treatment facilities for pollution caused by acid mine drainage in the state's coal regions.

The class, graduated from the school in late September, was dedicated by the Commission to Pennsylvania's Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs in recognition of conservation work carried out by that statewide organization.



MARSH CREEK DEDICATION—



Dedication ceremonies for the Marsh Creek watershed project at the site of the new Stanley Hamilton Dam were held this fall near Wellesboro. Attending the dedication were Kermit Moore, Tioga County Commissioner; Paul Martin and Raymond Hoover, Penna. Fish Commission representatives; Dr. Donald Williams, Soil Conservation Service Administrator; and Mrs. Stanley Hamilton, wife of the late county commissioner after whom the Lake was named.

BOATERS "CLEAN UP" YOUGHIOGHENY



CAPTAIN JACK CORNISH, Col. Wayne Nichols, and Burl B. McVickers stand in front of pile of debris picked from the Youghiogheny Reservoir at "clean up" operation held there this fall.

ANOTHER CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN of the Youghiogheny Reservoir has been completed and was "a great success." Its conclusion was marked by a bonfire early in September, after the project was completed by area boaters.

District Engineer Col. Wayne Nichols met on the site where all the debris was deposited, with Mr. Burl McVicker the Reservoir Manager, and Capt. Jack Cornish, President of the Castaway Yatch Club, which sponsored the clean-up and congratulated the group for their efforts.

Among other things, the engineers hauled away 200 drums brought to the debris pile. The other rubbish was burned at a bonfire Saturday, September 7.

One boater, James Nelson, Jr. of 132 Homewood Avenue, Belle Vernon, really worked hard, along with other members of his family. They brought in 12 of the tags that the Engineers had placed on old logs, broken docks and on other pieces of debris. Prizes awarded by the business people of the area added to the fun.

LICENSES PRESENTED

Paul Antolosky, (left) superintendent of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's H.R. Stackhouse Training School, accepts a personal collection of fishing licenses that date back to 1923 from fisherman Frank Peters. Mr. Peters, whose collection is believed to be one of the most complete in the state, donated the collection to the Commission for display at the training center. (photo courtesy Centre Daily Times)



MODERN CAMPING

by

DEL & LOIS
KERR

TIME HAS A HABIT of clouding many details. One memory that is bound to stand out crystal clear through the years occurred last summer in an immense portion of Pennsylvania State Forest land. Although we have been a family of both hikers and campers for more years than we care to count, we combined the two for a week last August for our first attempt at wilderness backpacking.

This was an experience we'd recommend to anyone who could do without the fancy frills of luxury camping. Many modern campgrounds with today's deluxe facilities make camping almost as easy as the "push button" living of our day-to-day existence. Backpacking, of course, is different.

It was refreshing to get far away from civilization and into the wilderness strictly on our own, where any so-called conveniences had to be provided by ourselves. It's worth it, if just for the tremendous sense of self-confidence; for a closeness with nature not easily obtained when your nearest camping neighbor is only arm's length away.

Before the trip, we spent weeks poring over catalogs from camping supply houses, backpacking manufacturers and distributors of light-weight dehydrated foods. We read every scrap of literature we could find on the subject. In the end we selected packs manufactured by the Colorado Outdoor Sports Corporation, a firm that deals exclusively in ultra-light gear.

The head of the house, of course, carried the heaviest load. The nylon pack was fastened to an aluminum pack frame that made carrying a fly rod, small buck saw and other items possible. Packs for other members of the family were similar, but with built-in metal framework.

All packs had four zippered compartments. This is, in itself, a tremendous improvement over the old canvas rucksack where everything was dumped together in one large open bag. Invariably the needed item would be on the bottom. With compartments, load can be stabilized and maintained.

We found all packs to be extremely comfortable. We also had with us down sleeping bags, which compress into a smaller package than the more popular dacron or other acrylic fillings; small foam pads, and a nylon Camponaire tent, measuring approximately 6 by 8 feet. Although large enough to sleep the four of us, the Camponaire was small enough to fit into one compartment of the pack. The tent weighed less than seven pounds, collapsible poles and all.

We took a minimum of cooking utensils . . . a small coffee pot, small skillet and a small oval enameled roaster, which fit well into the pack and provided an excellent utensil for the one-dish meals that were the mainstay of our diet. For "china" we took four plastic bowls with tight-fitting lids. Most one-dish meals were served in the bowl itself. The lid served as an additional plate for side dishes.

This plus silverware and a plastic cup apiece composed our mealtime gear.

All cooking was done over an open fire. We carried a small U-shaped metal grill, which only weighed a few ounces and hooked onto the side of one of the packs. This with a few rocks provided a quick fireplace everywhere we went. We just didn't feel the convenience of a small stove plus fuel would be worth the added weight.

Some dried or dehydrated foods are now available in the local grocery stores. For a wider variety though, the distributors of camp foods are suggested. Most of the foods tasted much better than we had anticipated. We found the four-man packs ample, although some outdoorsmen feel they are inadequate. Addresses of backpacking food catalogs can be obtained in many camping and outdoor magazines.

An average supply of food for one person per day should run less than two pounds. Multiply this by the number of persons and the length of the trip. Raisins and tropical chocolate bars or hard candy are quick, energy-building snacks for the middle of the day.

Water was obtained from mountain springs along the way. We found sufficient quantities even in dry midsummer. In spring it would naturally be much more plentiful. It's wise to carry halizone tablets or chlorox for purification.

There are many trails in Pennsylvania where backpacking is welcomed. A few we would suggest are the Susquehannock Trail in the north, the Loyalsock Trail in central Pennsylvania, the Baker Trail in the west, Horseshoe Trail in the south, and, of course, the Appalachian Trail in the eastern section of the state. State forests and the Allegheny National Forest offer a variety of trails. Contact the district forester or forest ranger in the vicinity for information.

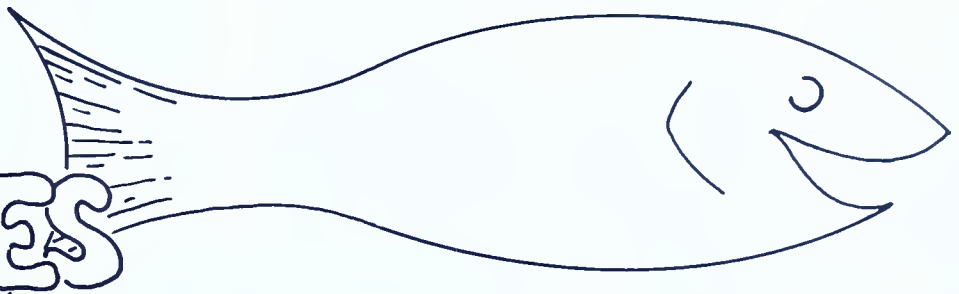
A week is probably an ambitious venture for anyone not used to hiking. A weekend jaunt is a good beginning trip and loads will be considerably lighter with less food and clothing to be toted. In warm weather, the load can be further lightened by using plastic ponchos—a necessary gear item—for lean-to's and ground cloths, thus eliminating the necessity of the tent.

A minimum of first aid gear should be carried along with a snake bite kit as a precautionary measure. We found the moistened paper towels in individual foil packets really convenient for wiping perspiring faces.

Once you've experienced the thrill of setting up your own primitive campsite deep in the forest and seen and hear close by all the wonderful sights and sounds of the forest family, we're sure this type of camping will become a favorite pastime with you. It has with us.

FISH

TALES



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ————— FROM FISHERMEN



ICE FISHERMEN Kenneth Bird of Hawley, Herbert S. Berg Jr., of New Brunswick, and John S. Vanderveer of Piscataway, N.J., hold a stringer of pickerel they caught during the annual Lake Wallenpaupack ice fishing contest sponsored by the Wayne County Chamber of Commerce. Berg won a trophy for his catch.



SUNBURY ANGLER Ray Boyer holds 16½-in., 2-lb., 10-oz., bullhead that he caught while fishing the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County. Boyer holds a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation for the catch.



MICHAEL WILCZEWSKI of Dickson City won a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation for the 10½-in., 14-oz., bluegill he caught from Long Pond in Wayne County.



SCRANTON ANGLER Joseph Fogmeg holds big largemouth bass he pulled from Lake Winola. It measured 24½-in., and weighed 7-lbs., and won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER Citation Winner Wilbur Young of Kinzer and Sally Myer with the 22½-in., 6-lb., 4-oz., smallmouth bass Young caught while fishing Octorara Reservoir.



OUT OF STATE ANGLER Mike Fink joined forces with local angler Edward Marriott to land this fine catch of largemouth bass and bluegills they caught this summer.

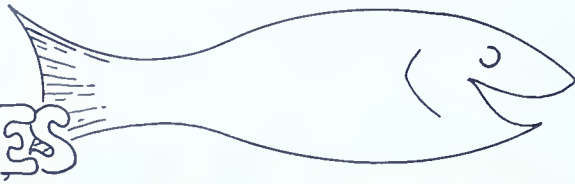
KEVIN SMITH of Connellsville holds 31-in., 7½-lb., northern pike that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



FISH

TALES

A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN — FROM FISHERMEN



FORMER CITATION winner Mrs. Donald Klopp of Lebanon scores again! This time it's a stringer of walleyes from 17 to 19 inches all caught in the Susquehanna River.



FISHERMAN Nelson Moser of Laureldale holds 19-in., 4½-lb., largemouth bass he landed this summer while fishing Maiden Creek in Berks County.



HAZELTON FISHERMAN Anthony M. DeCusatis holds 23¾-in., 6-lb., 8-oz., largemouth bass that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. He caught it at Pocono Summit in Monroe County while casting with a Bossen Heddon.



DR. HARVEY SCHOLL of East Greenville holds 22-in., 4-lb., 10¼-oz., smallmouth bass that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Citation.



LANSDALE fisherman John Veneziale holds 21-in., 4½-lb., smallmouth bass caught in Perkiomen Creek on a home-made cedar plug, last August.



YOUNG FISHERMAN Clifford Fullom of Camp Hill holds 26-in., 7¼-lb., channel catfish he caught while fishing the Susquehanna River.



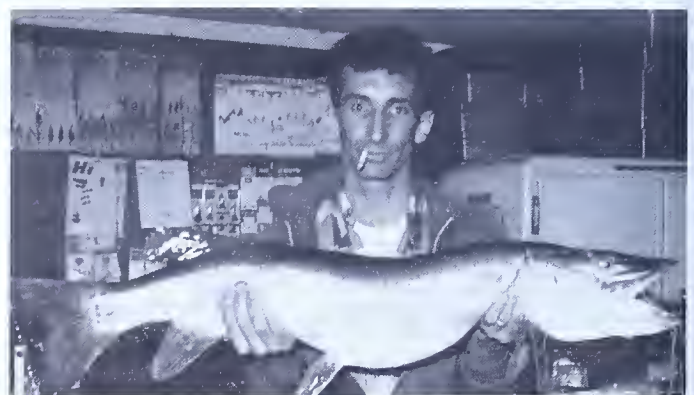
ALLEN HEIBERGER of Johnstown holds big rainbow he caught at the Ridgeway Reservoir this fall. It measured 27-in.



ALBERT DEITZ of Mt. Carmel holds 31¾-in., 16-lb., 7-oz., northern channel catfish he caught while fishing the Susquehanna River near Northumberland.



14-YEAR-OLD Danny Kerstetter of Shamokin Dam won a Jr. and a Sr. Fishing Citation for this 11¼-in., 15-oz., rock bass.



HUSKY MUSKY CLUB member George Ferko of Sharon holds his award winning catch. It stretched 45-in., weighed 36½-lbs., and came from the Shenango River. Ferko also won a Pennsylvania Angler Citation for the catch.



SIX-YEAR-OLD Valerie Goss of Huntingdon won membership in the Husky Musky Club with this 36-in., 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb., musky she hooked in Raystown Dam.



SENIOR CITATION winner Mrs. Pauline Leach of Clarks Summit holds a 16-in., 2-lb., 2-oz., yellow perch she caught while fishing Walker Lake.



THESE THREE YOUNG FISHERMEN proved that the ice fishing clinic they attended last winter at Totem Lake was helpful. From left to right they're Lorene Shoemaker, 10, of Lacyville with a 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in., pickerel; Bret Shoemaker, 7, with a 21-in., pickerel; and Kathy Shoemaker, 9, was wasn't quite so lucky.



FRANK CHMIELEWSKI of Dupont won a Senior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation last summer when he landed this 23-in., 7-lb., 6-oz., large-mouth bass while fishing Johnsons Pond in north-eastern Pennsylvania's Lackawanna County.



FISHERMAN THOMAS MARQUIS of Jeannette holds the 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in., 10-lb., 6-oz., brown trout he caught from Starling Run way back in June several years ago. With him are some of his fishing friends. Bait used was not listed.



THREE BIG FISH caught by 5-year-old Richard Youngkin included an 18 $\frac{7}{8}$ -in., black bass, a 20-in., walleye, and a 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in., northern pike.



ANGLER WILLIAM BRINTON of Honey Brook holds pair of big brook trout. The biggest, 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in., 2-lbs., 6-oz., won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



MUSKY FISHERMAN Clair Davis of Rosston with the 30-lb., 49-in., muskellunge he caught at the mouth of Crooked Creek in the Allegheny River as Rosston. (photo, Kittanning Daily Leader Times)

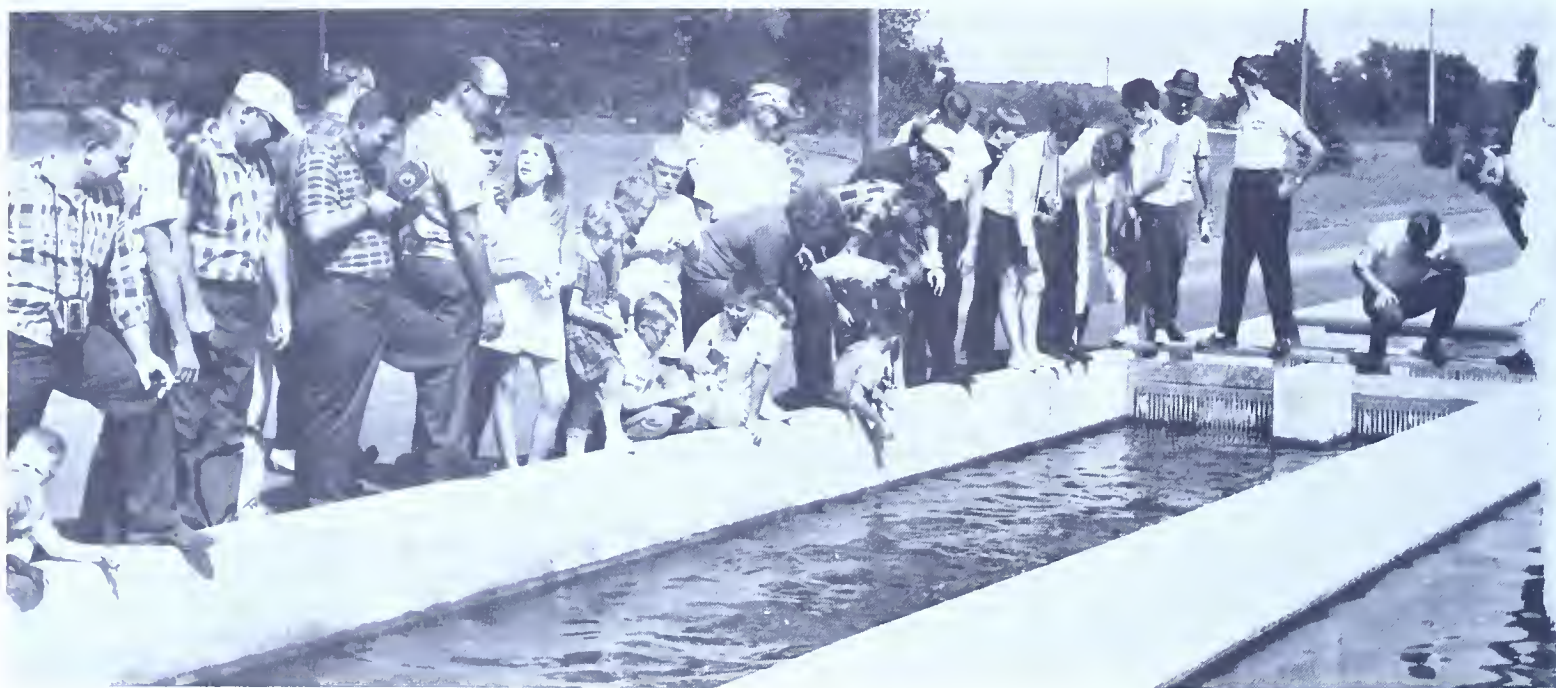


EVEN DOZEN! That's what this musky was for fisherman John Pape of Punxsutawney—the twelfth that he's caught. It measured 41-in., weighed 21-lbs., and was caught from the Allegheny River.

CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By **BILL PORTER**



A GROUP OF Cooperative Nursery club members examine one of the new raceways at Huntsdale. In all over 200 club members from throughout the state looked over the new installation.

COOPERATIVE NURSERY PEOPLE have a tendency to congregate whenever there is a chance to talk, work on their pet projects or anything related thereto. An occasion was provided by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at its open house and tour for Cooperative Nursery people of its Huntsdale facility back in September. Over 200 registered guests responded with one enterprising group from Lancaster, under the guidance of their local waters patrolman, Sam Hall, hiring a bus for the occasion.

The register read a bit like a roll call of the county. Representatives from Venango County, and Erie County were there from the northwest. Schuylkill, Carbon, Perry, Adams, Franklin, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lehigh, Cumberland, Dauphin, York, Cambria, Chester, Columbia, Fulton were some of the others.

Names of sporting clubs sponsoring cooperative nursery projects appeared after some names and addresses. A few examples included: Jefferson Sportsman Club, Hope Fish and Game Club, Port Clinton Fish and Game, Little Hi Trout Nursery, Unami Fish and Game, Hasting Sportsman Club, Northeast Hunting and Fishing, Adams Fish and Game Association, West Chester Fish and Game, Millerstown Sportsmen, West Perry Sportsmen, Skeet and Sportsmen Association, Shippensburg Fly Fishing Club, Northeast Hunting and Fishing Club, Polk State Sportsman Club, Ephrata-Beartown Sportsman Club, Waynesboro Fish and Game, Mercersburg Sportsmen Association, and the Carlisle Fish and Game Club. Many guests registered only their address without identifying their club and still others arrived late after the registration table had closed.



COMMISSIONER Frank Masland of Carlisle registers in the guest book upon arriving for the cooperative tour while to the left Ted Dingle, Huntsdale superintendent, prepares to welcome the visitors to the hatchery.



all in all it was quite a representation. Now it's time to take a look at the day's agenda.

As "cooperation" is a byword among the nursery sportsmen so was it a word with the Commission personnel involved, weather conditions and everything else that went to making the day a success. Ideal conditions existed and Huntsdale Superintendent, Ted Dingle, had a justifiable smile on his face as he welcomed the assembled guests prior to the start of the tour. Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, spoke warmly of the success of the tour.

Commission employees from Huntsdale conducted small groups to various demonstration areas about the hatchery grounds. Metro Dorosh, hatchery foreman, handled one group; Superintendent Ted Dingle took another large group; Bob Burgard conducted a third; while Clarence Dingle directed a fourth. A planned pattern was followed with emphasis on the lower recently completed rebuilt area of the facility. A contrast between the old section above the hatch house with its earthen ponds was made with the new concrete raceways so that visiting amateurs could re-visit with their own varied nurseries.

There was considerable emphasis on new methods of feeding and sorting fish. Richard Griffie attracted a lot of attention with his automatic grading device that could be set up in a raceway with fish being sorted about as fast as they could be dipped out of the holding area. This grading has been a problem for many co-op nurseries and a lot of questions and pictures were taken of the operation.

Other exhibits included a weight-count arrangement at the side of the raceway with the scales attached to the tank truck. This is a faster process than the old hand count method and requires fewer operations and handling. Again visitors took notes as Harp Main and Jim Anthony of the Fish Commission went through the demonstration.

For large operations, Preston Dick and Herman Walker demonstrated feeding operations by using a truck to feed fish. Dry pellets were broadcast into the raceways as the truck moved over a hard surface roadway designed for easy access to the ponds. On the same series of raceways, Edgar Beam illustrated the ease of draining and cleaning concrete structures. Various transportation units and special uses was the area for Nev LeDane, Fish Com-



VISITORS EXAMINE a food and nutrition display, one of the several things set up to help teach cooperative nurserymen more about rearing trout.



BY THE BUSLOAD—that's how this group from nearby Lancaster County arrived! Their group, accompanied by Lancaster County Waterways Patrolman Sam Hall, represented several of the different co-op projects in that county.



GROUP GATHERS along one of the new raceways to watch one of the several demonstrations of hatchery techniques used by the Commission. Included were such things as modern feeding and fish grading systems.

A HUNTSDALE TOUR

mission employee, to explain. A big tanker with a load of trout in it attracted the attention of all visitors. Indoors in the hatch house additional demonstrations added more interest and more note taking. Joe Rhoads, Sheaffer, John Alspaugh and Glen Sheaffer showed comparative old and new methods in grading young fish, and treatment of eggs, fish spawning using anesthetics and the new jar hatching methods. Some visitors displayed curiosity at the activity; most seemed concerned with recording in their minds, on paper or film something they could use to improve their own operation.

And so the day ended on a very satisfactory note with a lot of people, interested in fish culture, both amateur and professional realizing that *Casting with the Co-ops* is basically a good thing for the state's fishermen.

HUNTSDALE HATCHERY FOREMAN Metro Dorosh answers questions about trout rearing asked by visitors.



BOATING

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



By **Capt. JACK ROSS**, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

From K. B. C., Altoona:

"Repairs to my outdrive unit cost over \$150, and the dealer claimed the warranty wouldn't pay because the damage was due to a nicked propeller. Is this possible?"

—Not only possible, but very likely. Even a small nick or bent blade edge can set up vibrations that are not noticeable, but very quickly wear the propeller shaft bearing and seal. Once the seal has clearance, water enters the lower unit and displaces the lubricant, and the gears chew one another to pieces. Outboard and outdrive props should be replaced or reconditioned at the first suggestion of damage, and at least annually even if they appear perfect. The lower unit lube should be checked every time the boat is used, and if water is present, an overhaul is needed. Outboard and outdrive lower units will give many years of dependable service with only routine maintenance, but any small trouble, if neglected, will quickly result in major damage.

* * *

From C. J. T., Brockway:

"I recently replaced the old 1½-horse engine on my fishing boat with a new 5 hp. model, but the boat doesn't go any faster. Would a different propeller help?"

—Sorry about that, but the information you give on your boat indicates that it is a displacement type of hull. The top speed for a displacement hull is about one and one-third times the square root of the waterline length, or in the case of your craft, about five miles per hour. No matter how many horses you hang on the back, the boat will still make five miles an hour. Fast boats lick this limitation by skimming over the water, rather than ploughing through it.

* * *

From J. F. S., Meyersdale:

"How can I determine the condition of the inboard engine in a boat I am considering buying?"

—First, see if the engine starts readily and idles smoothly. Accelerate in quick bursts, with the clutch disengaged, and listen for any knocks or thumps which could indicate a bad bearing. The oil pressure gauge should read no less than 20 pounds at idle, and from 45 to 60 at anything over half the top RPMs. Check the compression with a gauge you can borrow from your gas station, or buy for under \$5.00 at any auto store. All cylinders should read at least 100 pounds, with no more than a five-pound variation between any two. Finally, see if the engine will deliver its top rated RPM under load. If the power plant passes all these tests, you can be reasonably sure it will give good service for years to come.

From G. H. L., Grove City:

"Is nylon line really worth the extra money? Are there better synthetic ropes than nylon?"

—For use aboard pleasure craft, the synthetic lines are certainly worth their cost, which is about twice what manila runs. The synthetics will not rot, while manila is quickly deteriorated by damp conditions. The synthetics are about twice as strong as manila, size for size, easier to handle and lighter.

Nylon and Dacron will stretch and absorb shocks, then return to normal length when slacked. Polypropylene will float, and is used for ski tow lines for this reason. For all-around use, nylon is very good and slightly cheaper than Dacron, although the latter is somewhat more flexible.

* * *

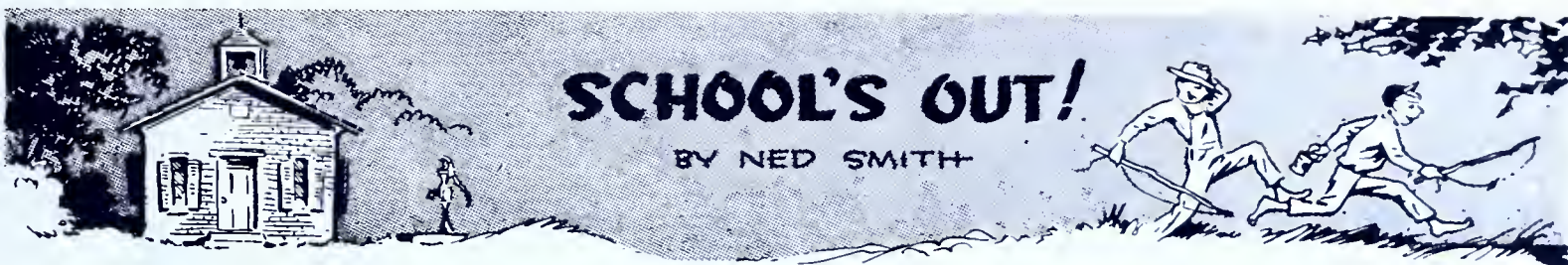
From T. N. S., Warren:

"The cleats and other hardware keep pulling off my fiberglass boat, and putting in larger wood screws has not solved the problem, as the wood backing blocks seem to be split. What should I do?"

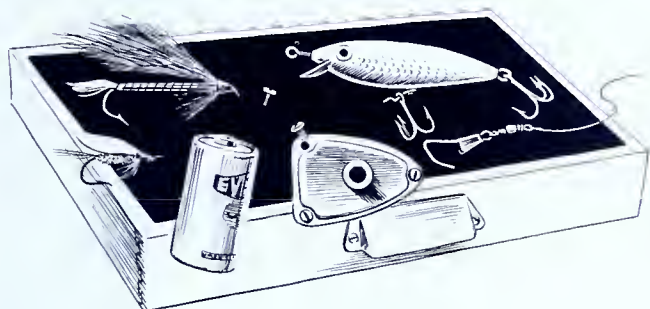
—Your best bet is to cut backing plates from ⅛-inch brass or bronze, drilled the same as your cleats. Apply these behind the present wood blocking, drill out the holes, and use chrome plated bronze or stainless steel through bolts with nuts to attach the hardware.



"... and if your kleptomania gets worse, try to pick me up a couple of props for my cruiser."



NEW LURES FROM OLD



TACKLE IN MOTHBALLS

EXCEPT FOR THE THROUGH-THE-ICE VARIETY, fishing is just about over for the year, and for most Pennsylvania anglers the long wait until springtime is beginning. Will your tackle be ready, willing, and able to serve you without a hitch next March or April? Part of the answer depends upon how much care you give it now.

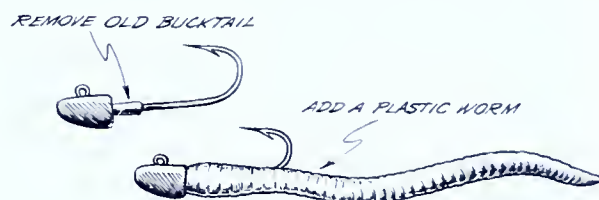
Anyone knows boots should be hung up, rods and reels wiped off, tackle boxes cleaned out, and rods stored straight so they won't take a set. But there's more to it than that. For instance, have you checked for such annoying details as loose screws? Under constant use the small screws that hold your reels together sometimes work loose and can drop out at the most unexpected times. So do those that hold scoops and hook hangers to plugs, to say nothing of screw-eyes. Tighten all of them.

Hooks should be sharpened. Bent hooks should be replaced, if possible. Bending them back into shape often weakens them, and re-shaped fly hooks, especially, are apt to break when a big fish is hooked. Now is the time to get rid of them or consign them to the pan-fishing department. While you are inspecting your flies remove the bits of leaders from their eyes; don't wait until you are on the stream to do this. Then store the flies in a screw-top jar along with a few dichloride nuggets loosely wrapped in paper to keep the hackles from sticking to them.

Lines and leaders weaken with use. Cut off the first yard or two of your braided casting line and spinning monofilament. Fly lines hold up well, but tippets should be renewed. Discard level monofilament leaders and the snap swivels, too, if they've seen lots of use.

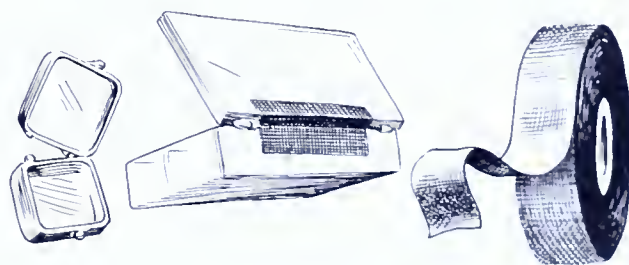
If you carry a flashlight in your tackle box as I do, or perhaps a penlight for night fishing, remember to remove the batteries before you store it over the winter. Worn out, leaking batteries will soon ruin a flashlight.

Some of these suggestions seem wasteful, I'll admit, but in fishing it's better to throw away a piece of equipment before it breaks than to have it let go when you've got a big fish on your line, or when you're miles from the nearest tackle repair shop.



DON'T SCRAP THOSE LEAD-HEADED JIGS when their bucktail skirts wear out. They can be fitted with other skirts or, if you're not adept at that sort of thing, they can be used to weight plastic worms. Cut off a six or seven inch length of plastic worm and thread it on the hook, pushing the severed end up over the shoulder to which the bucktail was tied. Black or purple worms make this a deadly lure for farm pond bass, and a lot of other fish. If they don't hit when you use a normal jigging retrieve try letting it settle to the bottom, then work it back *very slowly*. When a fish picks it up give him slack for a few seconds then set the hook.

SHORT SHORTS



The hinges on most plastic fly boxes and pocket tackle boxes are easily broken, but they can be quickly repaired. Fasten the lid to the box with a strip of Mystic tape or several strips of plastic electrician's tape to form a serviceable hinge.

A chain stringer usually gets tangled in everything in the tackle box. Avoid this by putting it into a reel bag, a marble bag, or a tobacco pouch.

A discarded hall runner or length of other carpeting on the bottom of a metal boat eliminates a lot of banging and clanking.

It's almost impossible for a lone paddler to control a canoe in a wind when he's sitting on the stern seat. Instead, paddle from nearer amidships—kneeling on a boat cushion or sitting on your tackle box. Place a few rocks in the bow for ballast, but keep them far enough back so they fall clear of the deck in case of an upset.



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Applied
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fee (\$5.00)

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☐ **NON-RESIDENT**
fee (\$9.50)

All non-residents 12 years old or older

☐ **SENIOR RESIDENT**
fee (\$2.00)

All Commonwealth residents 65 years of age and older

☐ **FIVE DAY TOURIST**
fee (\$5.00)

All non-residents wishing to fish for no more than five consecutive days.

NOTE: Remittance must be made by certified check or money order—no cash. Return postage should also be included.

NAME _____

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SIGNATURE
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I certify that the above is a true and accurate statement.

DATE _____

LICENSE No. _____

OCCUPATION _____

SEX _____ AGE _____

HEIGHT (feet) _____ (inches) _____

WEIGHT _____

HAIR COLOR _____

EYE COLOR _____

PLACE Town _____

OF State _____

BIRTH Nation _____

CITIZEN OF (country) _____

MAIL DIRECTLY TO:

MISCELLANEOUS LICENSE DIVISION
PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17127

NOTE: Licenses may also be purchased directly from any county treasurer, official issuing agent, regional office of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, or regular waterways patrolman.

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